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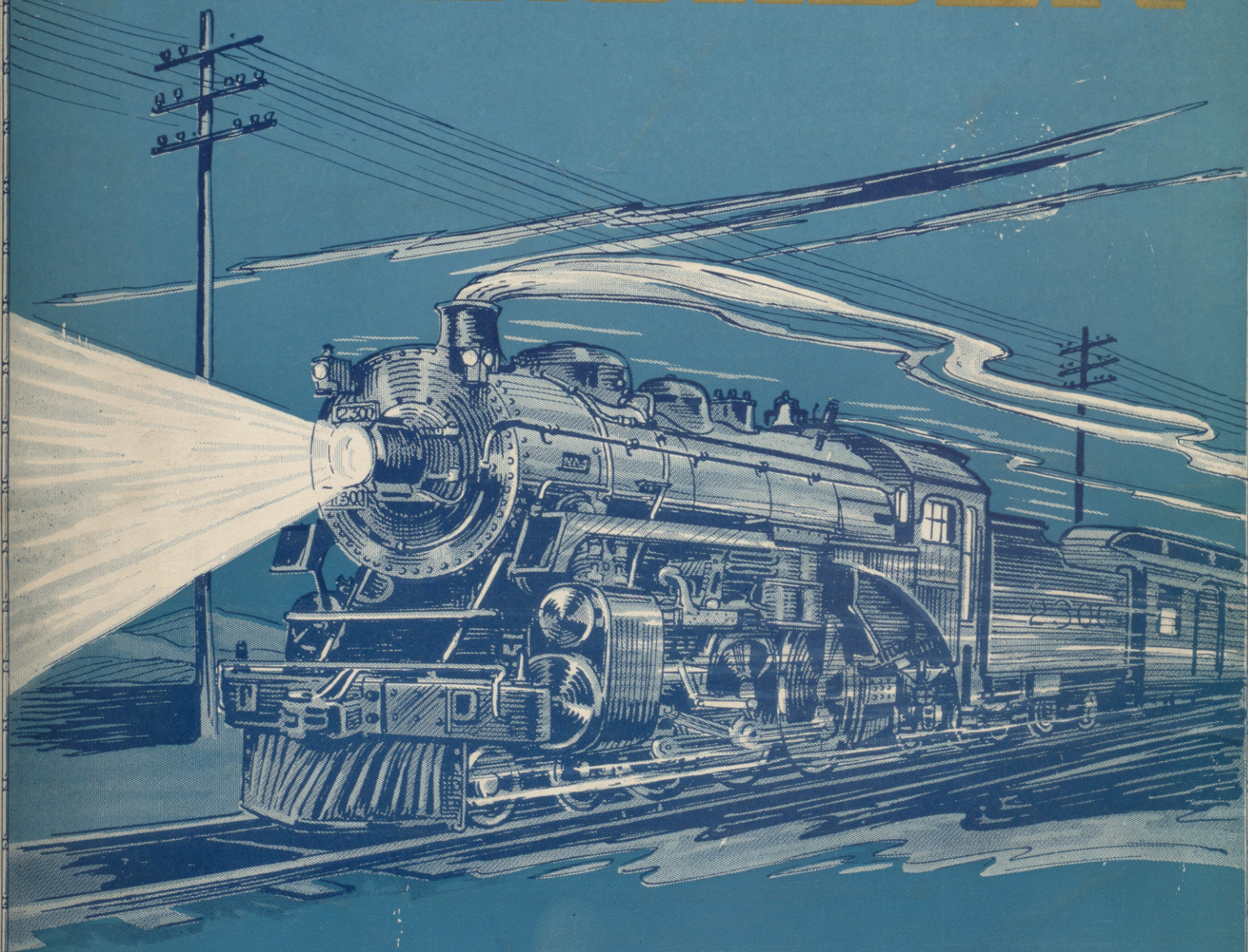
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VOLUME X
NUMBER 3

1926

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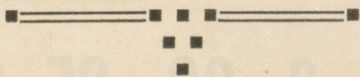
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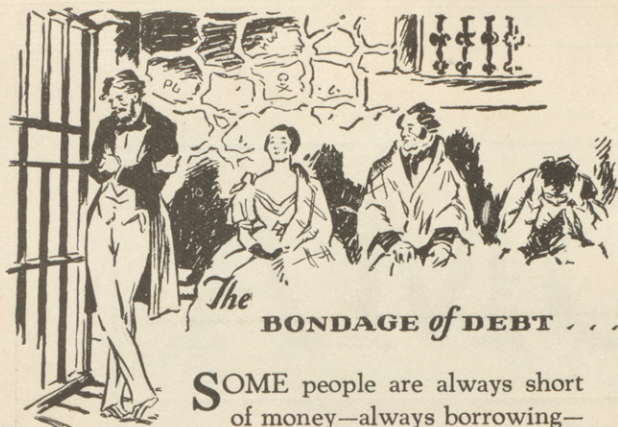


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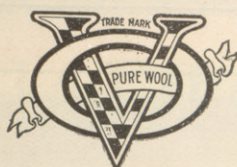
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17

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SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX

No. 3

FREIGHT RATES AGITATION

THE fact that both the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways report increased business, and lower operating ratio, should be a matter for congratulation, as there is no better indication of the upward trend of conditions of trade and commerce in the country.

The fact is being used, however, as a further argument for lower freight rates, and it is not nearly as good an argument as might appear in a casual thought. No consideration is given, for instance, for the lean years, for the claims of employees, and, in the case of the C.N.R., for the bill of debt which decreased rates must add to, with the Canadian people as a whole to foot it.

Canadian railways are not, of course, free agents in the matter of fixing freight rates. They are subject to the regulations and revisions of the Board of Railway Commissioners, a Government body representing the public interests. The present enquiries into freight rates are a result of group agitation, largely on the part of farmers. If the agitation were successful, and the Board of Railway Commissioners were to order a downward revision of rates, certain classes of the community would merely benefit at the expense of other classes, as there is practically no margin to work on. Railway workers would probably feel the pinch of lower wages, or at least be unable to secure the increases to which some of them feel entitled.

As it is, freight rates in Canada, particularly on agricultural products, are said to be the lowest in average anywhere in the world. They are considerably lower than the rates charged on competing roads in the United States. The cutting of freight rates would be very liable to amount to unfair treatment of Canadian companies.

(OVER)

AFTER THE SUMMER-WORK



LOOKED absently out of the car window the other day and my eye suddenly fell on a clump of tall yellow-topped flowers. "Golden rod!" I gasped, suddenly awed at the sight. "Summer is over."

No matter what the date on the calendar—whether the season be late or early—one begins to entertain the meditative thoughts of autumn as one spies again the "dear common flower that growest beside the way, fringing the dusty road with harmless gold." Lank spikes of sweet clover have replaced the wild rose that perfumed the hedges of June, and instead of the limitless green spaces of early summer the landscape is now a tapestry with the gold of ripening grain, the soft grey-green of stubble fields and the snow that is flowering buckwheat.

Dahlias flaunt their gaudy heads where peonies bloomed two months ago and holly-hocks stand in austere dignity against grey old garden walls, while the evanescent fragrance of honeysuckle has deepened into the perfume of phlox—that odor which, by the mellow sun of noonday or the witchery of the moon, comes drifting towards one in palpable waves of intoxicating sweetness, calling up memories of romance in old-world gardens of long ago.

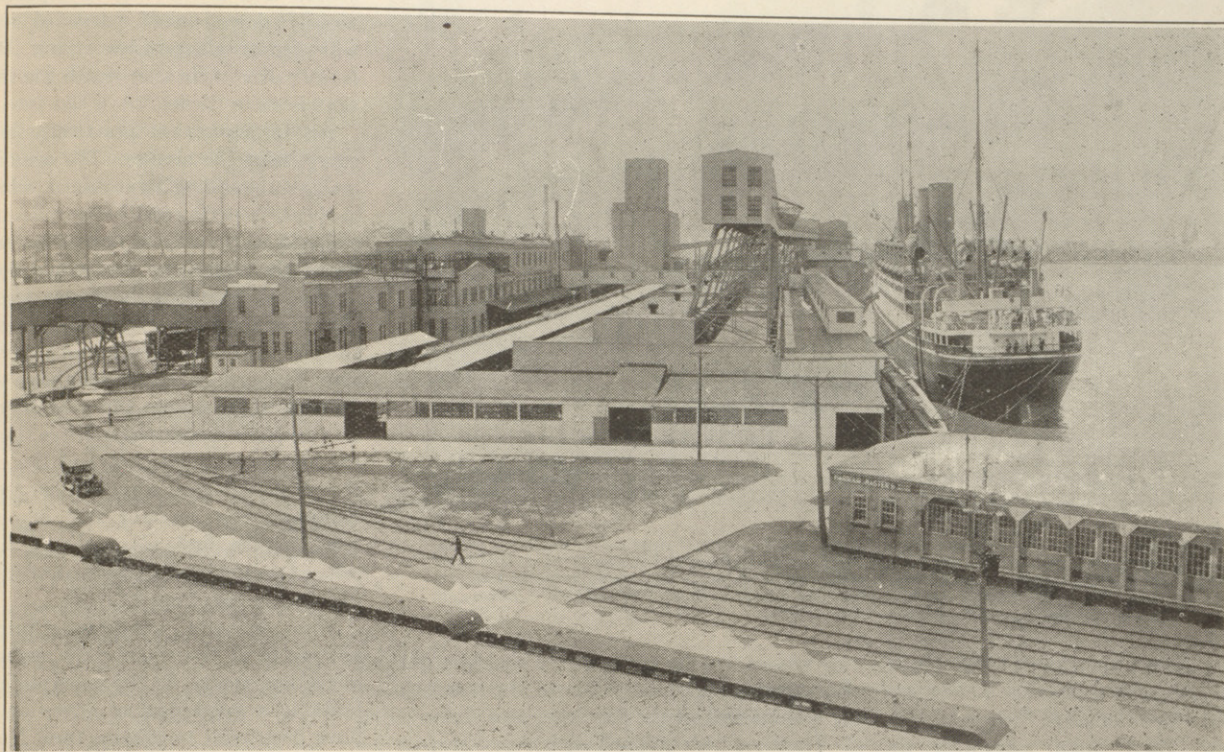
This all means that the pageant of another summer has floated into the dim recesses of the past. Every day sees bronzed holiday-makers wending their disconsolate way back to take up the thread of life in the business world. Office routine is periodically interrupted while more or less bored individuals, whose vacation has long since faded into a hazy memory, listen to animated accounts of thrilling bouts with abnormal fish or hair-raising tales of "stepping on the gas" and annihilating distance in the latest model of the automobilist's art.

The airy feminine apparel which flaunted itself in shop windows a few weeks ago has been replaced by the heavier and more sombre-hued toggery for autumn's chilly days, and illimitable spaces are devoted to the exhibition of text books, pencils, scribblers and other accessories calculated to mollify the grief of young Canada as it wends its doleful way back to the classroom.

Despite the varied griefs at summer's passing, however, bright spots stand out here and there to compensate for the decline of the languorous, sun-bathed days of July and August. For those whose recreation is by choice of a more vigorous nature the tang of an autumn morning, with the prospect of a strenuous like cross-country, which will end by a blazing hearth fire when the shadows of evening fall, is without equal for sheer moral and physical enjoyment. And even winter, rugged and austere though he is, brings with him many joys, distinctively his own, which for some quite offset the severity of his nature and even make him desirable before the milder matured months.

Despite the cynic's laugh and the boredom occasioned by the thought of resuming the daily grind, there is a wholesome exhilaration in the prospect of doing an honest day's work and receiving a well-earned pay envelope at the end of the week. Moreover, the recreational hours of the colder months, though widely differing from those of summer, offer opportunities for entertainment which in many respects surpass in ultimate advantage those of a more care-free nature.

Canada's Ellis Island



The Canadian Pacific has done something new in the way of facilitating accommodation for its passengers sailing from the port of Quebec. A special train, called the "Steamship Special," leaves Montreal on the morning of a Quebec sailing date. The S.S.'s, Empress of Scotland, Empress of France, Montroyal, and Montlaurier all clear from that port. This "Steamship Special" runs direct to the ship's side, and arrives in plenty of time to allow passengers to look after baggage and get comfortably settled on board. The above photograph shows the S.S. Montroyal alongside a Canadian Pacific shed and illustrates much better than words the proximity of the rails to the ship. The photo also shows the immigration sheds in which thousands of immigrants, who disembark at Quebec from boats which continue up the river to Montreal, are efficiently handled and placed in trains for the West without having to leave the cover of the sheds.

CANADA is always aware when it is open season for immigrants in the United States. The Republic is taking pity on starving and stricken Europe to the extent of permitting those of its nationals who have been able to force their way to the front in the rush for passages to get into the stretch for American citizenship, apparently on the principle that the survival of the fittest should work both ways.

Canada always knows about it because every day it seems the heartrending particulars of some harrowing episode are telegraphed to Canadian newspapers—the brutal tearing from its mother's arms of a three months' old infant which was careless enough to be born elsewhere than in the United States; the separation of husband and wife because the latter's citizenship right did not include matrimony beyond the confines of his country; the near rejection of beautiful young maidens who only manage to break down stoney-hearted opposition by soft violin strains and are admitted by sobbing officials on the free tariff list which applies to artistes.

Whatever be the truth of it all, and there are many quite intelligent people who regard these accounts, being newspaper stories, as exceptions, the impression is created in the Canadian mind that Ellis Island is a particularly hideous form of confinement and torture to which immigrants voluntarily subject themselves, much as the early Christians did,

in expectation of a commensurate reward. In his comparative viewpoint the Canadian looks upon the operation of Ellis Island as a sort of Spanish inquisition conducted in a black hole of Calcutta and marvels that the United States can be so callous and yet have more continuously coming up for punishment. He realizes, of course, that the Republic, with a population of 110,000,000 people, in admitting more people from Europe, is merely carrying on a sort of extension to its benevolent post-war work on that continent. But to anyone familiar with the processes of Canadian immigration it is astonishing that any nation, no matter how great, can get away with it. In Canada a cross look to a newcomer is regarded as rankly unpatriotic.

Canada spends a great deal of money in advertising and other ways to secure immigrants and once they have been prevailed upon to embark and have set foot upon Canadian soil it becomes her doubly difficult task to hold them. Almost inevitably they will sooner or later hear about the fully developed neighbor to the south which so frequently obtrudes itself in a disconcerting way and upsets all preconceived calculations by unexpected tariffs and other moves. Canada, with eight and a half million people, cannot afford to take the same chances. The immigrant is her hope of future nationhood and consequently her Ellis Island is more

like the reception room of a royal prince just coming into his kingdom.

Owing to the fact that the St. Lawrence freezes up solidly for several months of the year and that water-borne traffic is so much cheaper than all rail as to outweigh all other considerations, Canada's Ellis Island is divided into two parts, or rather, there are two complete Ellis Islands. That for winter use is at Saint John, New Brunswick, and for the summer, at Quebec. This situation results in the necessity for maintaining two complete sets of immigration buildings and the seasonal transfer of all immigration machinery, including government officials, steamship and railroad staffs, and the various altruistic camp followers bent on completing the newcomer's assurance of welcome.

All connected with port immigration affairs and they constitute a goodly army, possess two homes or none at all, being merely seasonal campers. This makes their uniformly urbane attitude towards their work the more remarkable.

In the fiscal year 1923-24 Canada received 148,560 immigrants, an increase of 104 per cent over the previous year. British immigration increased in the year by 104 per cent, and continental by 237 per cent. It is very clear that the period of post-war depression is passed, that the Dominion is benefit-



Large numbers of Scottish miners who are sick of the general strike are turning their thoughts to Canada. Here are six representatives of a large group of miners who sailed from Glasgow to Canada on the Canadian Pacific liner "Montclare." These men are bound for the mines in Ontario and Alberta.

ting to some extent from the United States quota law, and that altogether a new era has dawned for Canadian trans-Atlantic immigration. Saint John concluded the busiest season in the movement of people it has experienced since the war and at the present time a hectic activity prevails at Quebec. People from all parts of Europe are coming in large numbers and Canada hopes to hold them permanently.

With all this great anxiety to secure immigrants and the exceeding joy when they are gathered into the fold, it must not be imagined that Canada does not take certain precautions against her future at the hands of these people. Nor is she governed by sportive instincts to give preference to those who can fight their way to the front or who travel on boats which cover the ocean more speedily. Restrictions of various orders have been in force since the conclusion of the war, and even now, when what is considered an open door prevails, health, morality and a reasonable assurance against unemployment and becoming a public charge are necessary qualifications. The investigation and examination is throughout very thorough but is conducted in such a way that so far from resenting it the immigrant is rather inclined to congratulate himself on his good fortune in being chosen for admission to such a select country. The entire treatment which features his admission supports this.

Consideration for these new citizens that are to be Canada's, permanently, it is hoped, is given even before they leave Europe. The arms of the Dominion extend across the ocean as if to assure them they have made good choice in the matter of a new home, and to be of good cheer for all will be well. An immigrant hostel, known as Atlantic Park, has been established and is jointly operated at Southampton, England, by the various steamship companies dealing in immigrants. There immigrants from the continent, waiting

for vessels to take them across the Atlantic, find temporary haven with all the comforts of a home and all the privileges of a club.

The hostel is equipped with every modern convenience for comfortable housing and healthful recreation—second and third class bedrooms, nurseries, dining halls, gymnasium, tennis courts, study rooms, theatre, shower baths, and an apparatus for disinfecting clothes. For all the privileges of this very complete establishment immigrants pay seventy-five cents per day. It is little wonder that many, especially those with a predisposition to sea sickness, become so attached to this temporary home as to only with difficulty be prevailed upon to leave it.

In the summer months the welcoming, fatherly hand of the Dominion extends up the St. Lawrence to the vessel which has entered the gulf. There is a little village known as Father Point, many miles below Quebec, where the St. Lawrence is still an ocean, its farther shore invisible, in which ninety-five per cent of the inhabitants are river pilots. It is from this point that the pilot boat takes out the navigator who is to guide the vessel through the channel up to Quebec, and later perhaps Montreal.

But he does not go alone. Following him up the rope ladder attached to the ship's side, with greater enthusiasm and only less agility, is the personified glad-hand of the Dominion in the shape of the colonization agent of the railway company, an appointment which testifies to the psychological insight of a presumably soulless corporation.

The colonization agent is especially selected for his exceptional human qualities and Marathon stamina. He must be a combination of polyglot encyclopaedia and fatigueless foster parent. Wherever there is any necessity he raises drooping spirits, he radiates cheer left and right, answers literally hundreds of questions as the first individual encountered who might know something at first hand

about this cryptic land and generally smoothes the way for arrival at the immigration sheds. Where a colonization agent has been well chosen and is working to capacity a previously downhearted party of immigrants will arrive at port worrying themselves frantic over their true worth for the destiny that is to be theirs.

An immigrant is practically assured of entry before he arrives. The examination of really outstanding importance, which is the medical, is performed before the immigrant embarks and he is subjected to another on board the vessel by the ship's doctor who makes his report to the immigration officer. The final medical examination is very brief and the percentage of rejections is remarkably low. Those unfortunates who have contracted diseases on the voyage and have been detected by the ship's doctor never leave the ship, and are transported both ways at the expense of the steamship company. Where a steamship company has brought out an immigrant who, in the first place should have been refused on medical grounds, it is subject to a fine by the government.

Ships bringing immigrants into Quebec are run in at the wharf right against the immigration sheds. In the construction of this building a great deal of attention may not have been paid to architectural beauty, but they certainly have the appearance of solid comfort and proof against the weather. The landing shed itself comes right to the edge of the wharf so that the lower end of the gangway is inside it. Save for the brief period on the gang plank the newcomer is never for an instant exposed to the elements and should the weather prove inclement it is probable that even the gangway is covered.

As the immigrants step ashore they are skilfully and diplomatically herded into a passage way which leads up an incline to the examination room. This requires a real study in human psychology and an intelligent and diplomatic handling of immigrants, who are full of cheer, and hope, laughing and exchanging light badinage as they toil upwards weighted down by all manner of hand baggage. Whilst yet they are pouring down the gangplank the heavier luggage is going over the side and moving into the shelter of the same shed.

The examination room is arranged for expedition and to subject the immigrant to the least possible delay and discomfort. He enters the room at one end and in the space of a few minutes is at the other end an accepted citizen of Canada. Several long, wire-enclosed passage-ways run the length of the hall and the immigrants file past the inspectors. The examinations, medical and civil, occupy merely about one minute each, and about three hundred and seventy-five immigrants can be handled in the course of an hour. Having reached the other end of the room all worry about his getting into Canada ceases and the immigrant has but to make his preparations to reach the particular part of the Dominion he has decided shall have the benefit of his presence. He descends to the waiting room below.

There is no black hole aspect about this. The entire building is 500 feet by 60 feet, the floors are of polished hardwood, and the walls and ceiling are painted a clean gray. It is electric-lighted, steam-heated and well ventilated. It is well fitted out with wall and central seats and has a comfortable seating capacity for 300 persons. Every consideration has been given to the comfort and convenience of the new settler, who, without going outside the building, can make every arrangement there for continuing his journey farther west.

None but officials are permitted in the building, and the immigrant sees no one else until he has departed, so opportunities for exploitation of any kind are obviated.

The first thought of even immigrant parents is usually for their children, and a modern nursery has been established and is operated by the Red Cross under an expert nurse. There are electric stoves on which food may be prepared, and even certain articles of diet are provided. The nurse in charge, who generally seems multiplied to four or five, will even look after the children whilst the parents hunt sustenance themselves. Substantial meals are obtainable at very low rates at the end of the hall.

The next thing is to make provision for the railway journey, rather an awing affair to the immigrant with the formidable yards of ticket instead of the familiar square inch of pasteboard. Booths of the different railways are located in the same room and, furnished with their tickets, the travellers pass on to another part of the same building where the baggage from the steamer's hold has been arranged under initial letters so that it is located without any difficulty. There are numerous customs officers, to each of whom is attached a railway baggage man, and it is



Large numbers of Scottish children are included in the passenger lists of the Canadian Pacific liners. Here is a group which sailed from Glasgow to Canada on the Canadian Pacific liner, "Montclare". The group includes children from Forres, Troon and Hawick.

a matter of only a minute or two until the luggage is examined and checked and the immigrant's worry on this score ceases. It will be found on the platform at his destination.

There is only one thing more to be done before the arrival of the train and that is stock up with food for the journey. Formerly this was the only irritating feature of the immigration sheds. The store for supplying immigrants with provisions was let to a private contractor who was not above taking advantage of the peculiarly favorable circumstances and exploiting the immigrant, a practice which caused a certain amount of unfavorable comment at all times. This has now been

remedied. The store is operated by the government which sells everything to the immigrant at cost, and the immigrant who may have a large family and be travelling to the other end of the country is assured of good food for the entire journey at the lowest possible rates. The immigrant has been at the sheds scarcely an hour and already he has been accepted for Canadian citizenship and is ready to proceed on his railway journey.

When the boat was yet coming up the river special trains were pulling in at the triple track at the opposite side of the shed to the landing wharf, and as he stepped off the boat into the shed, so the immigrant steps out of the shed into the train. Altogether he is seldom more than from two to three hours at the terminals, and at the end of that time the special trains are speeding westward to distribute their human content into every part of the Dominion. Canada's Ellis Island is once more deserted and immediately makes preparations for the reception of the next immigrant boat.

Everyone has been anxious to do all possible for the new arrivals and make them feel at home. At times there seem to be as many workers, voluntary and otherwise, as immigrants. In addition to the permanent government immigration officials there are interpreters, passenger and colonization men of the railways, nurses, ministers of all denominations, and representatives from practically every benevolent society. No wonder the immigrant begins to put a value on himself.

There is nothing wrong with Canada's Ellis Island. Trainloads of happy people from practically every country in Europe leave it every day, full of confidence and hope. Potentially they are good citizens already. The cause of any subsequent seepage must be sought in the economic conditions which lie beyond.



"Canada's Ellis Island" holds no fear for these youthful Britishers, arriving to cast their lot among the folk of the new world.

The Better 'ole

A Day After Trout in the Laurentian Mountains, Its Start was a Flivver, but it had a Whale of a Finish

By R. S. GALLOP

MY business in Montreal was finished and as I had a couple of days to spare before I had to be back on the job, I decided I would "go afishing". But where!! I found it quite a problem. We, of the south, have an idea that anywhere in Canada one has simply to go down to the end of the street, drop a fly in the old swimming hole, and catch them by the score. All tribute to the railway folders. But Montreal has grown away from that, and I was surprised to find that very few people one met had the faintest idea as to where to go. Those who knew, maybe, wouldn't tell. Well I have all kinds of sympathy with them, but I am not going to follow their example. Even the hotel people were poorly informed and I almost despaired.

However, noticing a striking display of fishing tackle in a sporting goods store, I went in to have a look anyway and, talking to the proprietor, got the first authentic information. He was most courteous and after giving me workmanlike tips regarding the best type of equipment for trout said:—"Now I'm going to ring up Mr. Poole, of the Tourist Department of the Canadian National Railways, and tell him I am turning you over to him." That was all there was to it. Mr. Poole had the whole matter under his hat and suggested all sorts of trips after Muscallonge, Grey Trout, Ouaniniche and Speckled Trout. Nothing but the latter would do for me, although had more time been available, I should have indulged in my life long dream of capturing that silver arrow of water, the Ouaniniche, in his tempestuous habitat. As my time was limited, however, Speckled Trout it had to be and the matter was soon settled.

Mr. Poole telephoned to Rawdon station, in the Laurentians, and made all arrangements, and four o'clock saw me in the comfortable chair car of the Canadian National Railways from Moreau Street Station, bound for the Laurentian Mountains in general and Rawdon in particular.

For the first twenty miles the scenery was flat and not very interesting, but immediately after we began to enter the foothills, I at once awakened from the dose into which I had fallen and began to take notice. The Laurentians have not the awful majesty and imposing grandeur of the Rockies, but have a charm all their own, and one seems so much closer to the scene which gives it a kind of personal appeal, as it were.

The country adjacent to these foothills seems for the most part to be given up to the growing of tobacco, an apparently profitable industry, as indicated by the prosperous looking farm houses surrounded by the fields of healthy looking green tobacco plants and flanked by drying sheds with their rows of tobacco hung up to mature—the home of "TABAC CANAYEN" in all its flavor.

Flight in a Flivver.

The next half-hour proved all too short, and after snorting and panting its laborious way over a high trestle bridge spanning the Ouareau River, the engine stopped at Rawdon Station.

There I found a flivver "a-raring to go," and after picking up three of the passengers and crowding them and their luggage into the 'bus, off the driver started en route for Lac Archambault—the gem of the Laurentians. For the first few miles the road was fairly passable as sand roads go. Then we struck some pretty bad going which gradually got worse. Some of the hills were "scarifying", but the final catastrophe was not yet. We had got half way from anywhere when, striking a corduroy bridge with a terrific crash—our flivver gave out. Little wonder after the horrible treatment it had received. We tried in vain to move it, but the driver figured the gears were all gone, or something. Anyway, we couldn't move the darn thing at all and there we were, fifteen miles from anywhere, a bad road and a storm brewing.

Suddenly appeared (from Heaven apparently, as no one saw him come) Joe Riopel, of St. Emile de Montcalm. He ambled up in a disreputable looking Ford. "Bo jour", said Joe, "Gone bus, eh?" It was a gone 'bus, but Joe did not intentionally pun. Joe had a look—"Tink she's bad job for sure." Then appeared another car which honked at us to move to allow her to pass. We had been trying to move the thing for half an hour. Joe grinned a most ingratiating grin, and stooping down grabbed the flivver and heaved the rear end bodily across the road so as to clear a passage. We fairly howled at his expression and Joe thought it was a good joke, as though throwing Ford cars around was his usual method of doing the daily dozen.

I took a chance,—"Voulez-vous retourner a Lac Archambault?" Some request to ask a man to turn and drive fifteen miles and back in what was to develop into a particu-

larly nasty night, and over almost impassable mountain roads! Joe scratched his head and thought a minute, then grinned and said: "C'est currec"—sure—So Joe swung his car into the bus and over a pile of rocks and reappeared miraculously going the other way. How his tires were not punctured and his axles bent the Lord and Henry Ford alone know and I do not believe the latter has the slightest conception what his cars endure at the hands of the Quebec habitant. He ought to come to the Laurentians to see. I am sure he is missing his greatest advertisement.

Joe at the Wheel.

After tying our baggage on the "bus" somewhere, in much the same way as a sailor "casts his anchor", Joe hopped in and tried his engine a couple of times. Nothing doing! "She's cole," says Joe, and hopping out pushed her along to the brow of the next hill, a few yards away, gave her a shove and hopped in. Away she went and the engine started with a terrifying clatter. We cheered—Joe grinned some more and away we went.

There's a special providence guarding fools and children and I guess Joe must have been the sole survivor of triplets with three guardian angels all his own. He kept them all busy that night. We passed a rig!! Joe didn't sound his horn but sailed gaily into the ditch and out again without a pause. I asked—"Why no horn?" "She's gone bus", said Joe. Later on I remarked: "Your lights aren't very bright, Joe." "This one gone bus, too," replied Joe, pointing to the left one. All this time we had been heading straight into what appeared to be a huge black wall with lightning playing through it.

I had visions of the storm of a week before when barns and houses were blown for yards and I can tell you it was terrifying. Suddenly the storm struck us, and the wind blew sheets of rain through that car, and the top shook until it rattled again. I thought it would have left us bodily. Suddenly, peering ahead through the drift, I caught a glimpse of a white face, and yelled to Joe. We were nearly on it when Joe took another of his sudden excursions into the bush and out again, and a horse and rig were swallowed up in the blackness behind.

"Dat brake she's not much good," said Joe. That settled it! I had had some hopes of winning through before, but now I resigned myself to my fate. A rattle-trap Ford on a black beast of a night with one piece of light;

no horn and no brake, on some of the worst roads in the world, and raining hard. But stop—that's not the worst. After plunging under his own momentum down one hill we shot hal.-way up the other and swerved back. "Just put stone under wheel," said Joe. "Dis clutch not so good, got to fix her." So we piled out into the rain and put boulders behind the wheels whilst Joe ripped the entrails out of the car and fixed something with a pair of pliers and some hay wire.

We Arrive.

On his way around the car he shook one of the rear wheels which had been clacking continually for the last mile or so. Then he smiled and said: "Dis rim she's pretty loose, but she correct, I guess." God help us, thought I; there are two more chances for Davy Jones' locker, or wherever fool motorists go. Yet the master driver brought us through floods and bushes, over corduroy roads, and rocks, up hill and down dale, through streams and God knows what—fifteen good miles, and landed us safe but wet at the camp we were bound for—then turned round and started off back home nineteen miles away with a promise to come back and fetch us the day after next. One could not possibly go back on such a sportsman as Joe. We gave him a couple of dollars extra, which at first he refused to take, then grinned that infectious grin of his and said, "Merci M'sieur, byneby you come back in Fall, we go for moose. I took sports last year Lac Ouareau Dam. One hour, one moose, c'est correc"? It sounded too good, but I believe him and next Fall I am going to try it out.

The other three passengers and myself had got fairly well shaken together on the way up, but over the supper table we got further acquainted, and I found them most congenial fellows, indeed. Owing to the fact that the fourth member of their party had been unable to go at the last minute they were actually glad to have me make a fourth as they had two canoes and three cannot fish from one canoe, and a single man in a canoe in any kind of a breeze is almost as bad. I protested that I was only in the way in a canoe, but the one whose canoe mate had not turned up, over-ruled all objection. "Even if you can't paddle I need some ballast for the bow of the canoe," said he smilingly. That settled it! I was to be the living ballast.

That wasn't all—there was I, a perfect stranger, taken into their midst, put into the bow of a very well equipped and serviceable canoe and told—"to fish my damn head off," whilst this cheery sportsman paddled me round the livelong day; took me to all his favorite spots; cooked me a mid-day meal that the Ritz could not equal, gave me the big day of my whole life, just out of pure good fellowship and seemed more than delighted when I proved to him that I was able to handle my flies in a workmanlike manner, and rarely lost a fish after he was well hooked! I won't tell you his name, lest you impose on

his good nature, but we will call him Bill, and I won't say what I thought of him, lest his ears burn, but deep down in my most pleasant memories is a very warm feeling of gratitude for a real sportsman, for he could fish as well as paddle—but of that anon.

Skimming the Limpid Waters.

Dawn was scarcely breaking next morning when a slight pressure under my ear awakened me, and I at once recognized the old "Shikari" method of quietly rousing a sleeper, and out I hopped and into my togs. In a few minutes we were skimming over the placid surface of the lake to all seeming floating in mid air, so limpid was the water and so calm the surface. Everything was reflected as from a mirror; a light mist lay on the surface of the lake, which was still plunged in shadow, whilst the tips of the surrounding hills glowed pink with the rising sun. From far out by "the narrows" came a faint twittering, the "boch na chérie" or red winged blackbirds, nesting among the submerged stumps. We afterwards christened them the Sergeant-Major Bird, as close up their notes exactly imitated the "Properly at ease" of the battalion sergeant-major.



The Falls, at Rawdon, Que.

I had my tackle rigged and was trailing my flies behind to soak the cast, when to my surprise I hooked a trout right beside the canoe. Verily, thought I, the yarn of the man in these mountains who had to hide behind a tree to bait his hook cannot be such a flight of the imagination after all.

Then Bill, who had been paddling silently along, like myself, I imagine, wrapt in the beauty of the morning, stopped long enough to ask me if I'd mind—if when we struck the trout he could fish the same water. He said he would paddle and I could fish, but the trout usually ran in pairs or small schools and when I got a rise he would "like" to fish the same water without waiting for me to hook and land my fish. He had made me free of his fishing haunts, and actually felt he should ask me if he could fish, too! Can you beat it?

Dipping in and out among the submerged stumps we began to get fish, now one, now two, Bill all the time superbly handling the canoe, and at the same time getting his full share of fish. "Just behind that sunken log," he'd say, "I think there might be one." Sure enough, there he was right on top of my tail



Gathering his winter's supply of "tabac", at St. Henri de Taillon, Quebec.

fly as soon as it touched the water. This happened not once but many times till I turned and said—"Man, have you got the name and address of every gol durned fish in the lake?" He grinned.

The other canoe had long since joined us and was also getting excellent fishing. They were about fifty yards away when suddenly arose quite a hubbub. "Back up!" "I'm fouled!" yelled the bow man. "No, you're not." "Yes, I am." "Watch out, you mutt," etc. Then a roar of laughter. We paddled over to see what was up. One of them had hooked a small trout, which, taking advantage of the fact that its captor was lighting his pipe, had made a bee-line for the bottom and apparently got fouled in a submerged branch—hence the excitement. Imagine their surprise, however, when the supposed branch with the small trout in its jaws started to move out into deep water. Hence the laughter. A big grey trout, about nine or ten pounds, had come into the shallows in search of a meal and the hooked fish had run right into it. There was only one thing to do and he did it—grabbed it and beat it for home. The hook pulled out of the smaller trout's jaw. That's all—but it was funny.

Gamey Fish

I shall never forget the beauty of that morning. The flies floating down to the oily surface, and the resultant leap and struggle as our captives splashed towards the canoe. They were not big fish—about pan size—but they were gamey and after caught were a picture to look at with their silvery and pink spotted sides. Of course, they were not coming all the time, but quite often enough to keep up the interest, and we

had got about five each when that breakfast appeal could no longer be denied, and we paddled back to the house. It was later than we thought but Madame had kept an eye on us, and big bowls of porridge and cream arrived at the same time as we did, followed by a bounteous supply of bacon and eggs, and excellent coffee. Our appetites needed no stimulant and the inner man was soon fortified.

A smoke after breakfast, whilst we watched Madame's "bon homme" skilfully clean and ice our catch, then off again for the day. Where? Bon homme said, "Trout en masse at the dam". Trout always were "en masse" somewhere with "bon homme", but he knew what he was talking about—so we took his advice.

Bill appeared with a ruck sack and a tomahawk in addition to his fishing tackle, and all I had to do was to step into the canoe, seat myself on an oil coat rolled up in the bottom, lean back on the thwart and be paddled smartly over the surface of the lake, now fretted by a little breeze and reflecting the sun's rays from thousands of gleaming facets. It was a four mile paddle up to the east arm of the lake, but those husky shoulders of Bill's drove us across the distance in just over the hour, a wonderful paddle, surrounded by delightful scenery, first the broad expanse of the lake rippling in the breeze, then a winding arm overshadowed by high hills, pine clad and green clear to the sandy beach, and still calm and full of beautiful reflections.

At last we arrived at a small shack on the edge of an inlet at the end of which was a dam—the driving dam of the St. Maurice Paper Company, whose logs are brought across the lake and sluiced down the dam

on their way to the paper mills. For aught I know this may be printed on the product of one of those logs.

We got out and stretched our legs and leaving our dunnage on the shore, paddled slowly round the inlet. Here the bigger fish lie, and they come more slowly—but, oh, boy! I tasted Heaven that day when they did come. I got excited and lost a fish now and again when I shouldn't, but all the time there was that unselfish sportsman in the stern keeping the canoe quietly in position, offering a word of advice or pointing out a scarcely perceptible bubble that indicated a feeding fish and ready with the landing net when they came alongside. Only once did he demur. There was I in the bow, shouting, "Quick, quick with the net, I've got the original he-whale on here." Bill grunted and said, "Jove! I've got his two elder brothers on at once. Land him yourself, I'm busy."

A Good Catch

Ten each of these beautiful fish did we land that day before three o'clock, every one over a pound, and the biggest, two-and-three-quarters, all just as silvery as a sea trout and just as full of fight and dash. Superb!

Then ashore for dinner, and what a meal—canned soup, fried trout fresh from the water, bacon, beans, toast and marmalade and coffee that the Windsor Hotel could not equal. Bill prepared the meal. "Bill likes cooking," said one. "I believe Bill likes doing anything that makes somebody else feel good," said I. Anyway, that meal made me feel good—too good, in fact, to do anything but lie round in the sun and bask and lazily watch the water boiling below the dam. The roar of the falls and the occasional song of the white throat with its "Sweet sweet Canada, Canada, Canada," soon lulled me into unconsciousness, and there I slept until Bill came along and roused me, remarking that there was just time for a few casts below the falls before we started for home.

So I wended my way round the end of the dam and down a little path to a rocky point below, from whence I could reach the back eddy from the falls. The water roared down through the chutes, throwing the spray high in the air, and swirled eddywise round the pool, boiling over a cheveux de frise of entangled logs at the lower end. A disastrous place, thought I, if one hooked a heavy fish. It nearly was, but that I found out later.

Changing my flies which had become rather frayed from the morning's encounter, I stepped out and cast out in the eddy. No response. Again—no response. "Try the edge of that patch of foam," suggested Bill. Oh, boy, what a splash! But he missed it. "Give him a rest before you try again," said Bill. So we sat back for a few minutes whilst I took off my drop flies, leaving only the tail fly. I was stalking that fish and did not want to take a chance of his getting my drop flies fouled in a log. I knew he was

as much as I could handle and would take matters into his hands the minute he was hooked—"if" he were hooked. That was the question. It was soon settled—my fly had barely settled on the edge of the revolving foam when it was engulfed and the battle was on.

Landing a Beauty

For the next ten minutes my heart was in my mouth. The first rush of that "ol timer" was towards the bottom. I feared my rod would break before he desisted in that attempt. I could imagine the chaotic state the bottom of that pool was in, with logs coming over the dear knows how many years—quite a few, I was sure, were still there, and the old fellow knew, too, as he kept persistently boring down. Then suddenly he changed his tune and rushed to the surface, and further, exactly where the rush of water from the chutes struck the lower level. My line went slack, and my jaw dropped,—Gone!!!! But no, the line tightened again, this time to a worse strain than ever. The old boring tactics were repeated this time, aided by the current and right toward the jam of logs, at the foot of the pool. My rod was as a reed shaken in the wind and I felt that the end had come. A quiet voice at my elbow said, "Try and veer him into the eddy to the left." It was Bill. It sounded foolish to try to veer that old whale anywhere but where he wanted to go. Like Steve Brodie, however, we will try anything once, and, by Jove, it worked! The old boy changed his mind and beat it back to the head of the pool, but the old force was abating and the strain was not so fierce. A couple more rushes across and back and he began to turn on his side. A little later and he showed white and a moment or two after that Bill had a net under him. "Not so big," said he, "three pounds." Well, all the more honor to him for the scrap. Three pounds of electricity backed by approximately fifty pounds of water was all I wanted with light tackle.



Arthur Stringer, the Canadian author, has stated that the province of Quebec is noted for two things, the St. Lawrence River and large families. He might also have added that the ages attained by these families is another feature of no mean importance. The photograph shows five generations of one French-Canadian family at St. Alphonse, Quebec.—Photo, Canadian National Railways.

The other two arrived just then and we (for my part, reluctantly) decided it was time to make for home. The wind had gone down and we dug in for home, singing as we went. Presently the moon peered over the hill, purpling the shadows, and making the paddle up the arm a trip through fairyland, as each broadening ripple gleamed in the moonlight.

That finishes my yarn—the rest was not interesting, although the hearty supper and dreamless sleep were extremely satisfying. At day-break the honk of Joe's horn, now duly repaired, outside, warned us to be afoot

and without further mishap we were transported to the station and in due course to Montreal.

Do you know of a "better 'ole"? If so—go to it.

Now—I am in a quandary. What shall I do next year? Get Mr. Poole to arrange a trip for me after Ouaniche, or go back to Archambault and stay over for a trip after moose with Joe Riopel? I rather think it will depend on whether I could connect with that arch-sportsman, Bill. Maybe I'll do both.

When Pigeons Race

Few people realize the huge amount of money that is invested in the sport of pigeon racing in England.

It is the most democratic of all sports. Anyone can participate, and races often include birds from the Royal lofts at Sandringham and from the humble homes of miners or mill hands.

There are nearly 4,000 racing societies, and the King is President of the National Flying Club. Nearly every town has its pigeon club.

Most of the birds are valued at from thirty shillings to five pounds. Some would fetch fifty pounds, and the "star" birds range up to a hundred pounds.

For the Continental races, confined to over two-year-olds, huge contingents are sent from

Lancashire and Yorkshire to places like Arras, Marseilles, Jersey, or Paris. The return journey is accomplished at a marvellous speed.

With the wind, on a short journey, pigeons have been known to attain a speed of over a mile a minute. One pigeon accomplished a journey of 477 miles at 1,531 yards a minute, while another did a flight of 517 miles at 1,476 yards a minute.

E. R. Y.

There's a Difference

Lord Dewar said that most men did not wake up to find themselves famous; they usually dreamed they were famous, then woke up.—"London Morning Post."

Fine Book by C.N.R.

THE Canadian National Railways have recently issued a very interesting and informative book which is likely to be of value to a widely varied public. The title, a most comprehensive one, is self-explanatory: "Maps and Information Issued as Aids to the Development of the Mineral Resources along the Canadian National Railways in North-eastern Canada."

Liberally illustrated with cuts of industrial plants in this section of the Dominion, the publication is a mine of information on this, one of Canada's basic industries.

Portuguese is the language of about 30,000,000 people.

The Continent's Largest Playground

Jasper National Park, Embracing 4,400 Square Miles of Wild Mountain Grandeur, is Set Apart by the Dominion of Canada as a Sanctuary for Wild Life and a Vast Recreational Retreat for Man

THE Swiss Alps are known the world over, but during the last few years a vast new mountain playground has come into prominence. World-travellers, sportsmen, mountaineers and lovers of the great silent places now realize that it is not necessary to leave the American continent in order to holiday among some of the most stupendous, awe-inspiring mountains in the world, for up in the Northern Canadian Rockies is an Alpine playground equal to several Switzerlands rolled into one, a glorious mountain kingdom, just as Nature planned it, all in its pristine majesty, unspoiled and unmarred by man.

It is Jasper National Park, the largest national playground on the continent, embracing 4,400 square miles of wild mountain grandeur, set apart by the Dominion of Canada as a sanctuary for wild life and a vast recreational retreat for man. It lies up in the province of Alberta, on the trans-continental line of the Canadian National Railways, of easy access by through train service from Chicago.

Numberless Attractions

Within the precincts of this glorious Alpine Park you see Nature at the height of her sublimity. In it are broad flowering valleys through which mighty rivers go singing. There are sublime snow-clad mountains, a number of which have not even been named and hundreds of which tower between 7,000 and 10,000 feet in altitude while Mount Edith Cavell, the highest and most outstanding mountain in the park, rises to an altitude of 11,033 feet. It stands as a monumental shrine to the brave English Red Cross nurse whose name it bears. There are glaciers both small and great, forever chiselling and filing the granite cliffs into castle crags and mountain cathedrals; wild mountain torrents, leaping through gorges and tumbling in white foaming cataracts; snow fields and clear sparkling lakes that gleam like liquid jewels amid the dark green pines and poplars that flank the mountainsides. The swift-flowing mountain streams abound in Dolly Varden and Rainbow trout and while no game may be taken in the park, guides may be procured at Jasper Park Lodge to conduct parties to the big game country, just beyond its confines.

While in Jasper National Park the visitor may live the life of the veriest vagabond and

experience all the thrills of the early explorer and adventurer without any of the inconveniences, for while the park is for the most part just as Nature planned it, hundreds of

JOURNEY'S END

By Alfred Noyes

KNOW'ST thou where that kingdom lies?
Take no lantern in thy hand.
Search not the unfathomed skies,

Journey not o'er sea and land,
Grove no more to east or west,
Heaven is locked within thy breast.

Splendors of the sun grow dim,
Stars are darkened by that light;
Thoughts that burn like seraphim
Throng thine inner world to-night.
Set thy heel on Death and find
Love, new born, within thy mind.

In that kingdom folded lie
All that eyes believe they see;
All the hues of earth and sky,
Time, Space and Eternity.
Seek no more in worlds apart,
Heaven is folded in thy heart.

trails wind through the valleys and around the base of the mountains. There are also a number of good motor roads while on the shore of Lac Beauvert, that lies like a great emerald in the broad valley of the Athabaska River about three miles from Jasper Station, stands a rustic Alpine Chalet, known as Jasper Park Lodge, where the best of accommodation is obtainable.

This attractive hostelry consists of a main lodge, containing a large lounge with huge stone fireplace, dining-room, ball-room, billiard room, barber shop and twelve bedrooms, a number of one-roomed, two-roomed, four-roomed and twelve-roomed sleeping cabins, set among the trees close to the main lodge. All are built of logs, their artistic rustic architecture blending so completely with their rugged natural surroundings that they

seem to form part of the scenery. All are electrically lighted with modern conveniences throughout and have a bath and running water in each room.

Guides and ponies may be procured at the Lodge and dozens of enchanting trips made to various outstanding peaks, canyons or cataracts. Adventurous spirits find real sport in going off with a pack train, on a trip lasting several days. Those who do not care to engage in so strenuous a journey may make the trip on horseback to Signal Mountain, Whistler Mountain, or Caledonia Lake and return in one day, while those who are stopping over at the park for a few days only enjoy the motor trips to Maligne Canyon and Pyramid Mountain. You may climb to your heart's content for there are dozens of mountains close to the Lodge that may be negotiated by the inexperienced climber. When weary of riding, hiking, and climbing you may recline in a canoe and drift and dream on Lac Beauvert, enjoy a swim in the cool limpid waters of some Alpine tarn or pack a lunch basket and go off to some little lake to picnic or fish for half a day. There is a good tennis court at the Lodge, and dancing is indulged in almost every evening, but whatever you do, wherever you look, are the sublime, awe-inspiring mountains on guard.

Coupled with Jasper National Park is the Triangle Tour of the Canadian National Railways, now famous the world over as being the most beautiful of all railway journeys—a trip, combining the most magnificent views of snow-clad mountains, rugged canyons, rushing rivers and majestic water-fall, and a 550-mile boat trip, through the placid waters of the Inside Passage of the Northern Pacific Coast.

The Triangle Tour is formed by Mount Robson, the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies; on the east, Prince Rupert, the finest natural seaport on the Pacific Coast, and Vancouver. Combined with Jasper National Park this Triangle Tour offers the most attractive holiday available in North America.

Obliging its Folks

"This plant," said the gardener, "belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady. "How kind of you to look after it while they're away."—"Progressive Grocer."



ATHABASCA FALLS, JASPER NATIONAL PARK

C.N.R. Photo

*HERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling.
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in.*

*It hastens along conflicting strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.*

—Robert Southey.



THERE IS ABUNDANT LOCAL COLOR IN THE BUSY LIFE OF THE MARKET FAIR

Sometimes you come upon colorful market fairs going on in the shady "Place" of the town, where, under huge green umbrellas, are spread out the most tempting array of glowing fruits and vegetables, hats, shoes, pottery and cheap jewelry. The populace is always bright and jocular, and friendly to the stranger.

A Third-Class Vagabond in Southern France

By ANNE MERRIMAN PECK, in the "Cunarder"

Illustrations by the Author

FRANCE is a land of infinite charm, whatever way you take her, but she has special intimacies to reveal to the traveller who chooses to leave the beaten track. There is a sense of adventure, of getting really acquainted with the country and people, to be obtained by travelling about third class, which makes up for a certain lack of creature comfort. Some knowledge of French is necessary for this vagabondage since one encounters small hotels and tiny villages where English is not spoken.

Last summer an adventurous friend and myself were among the many to take advantage of alluring tourist third cabin offers, discovering that it is possible to have a most comfortable and jolly voyage in this manner.

We were consistent in our scheme from the start, taking a third-class ticket in the train from the boat to Paris, where we spent some happy days. Reason-

able ones, too, for we hunted out one of the many small hotels which can be found on the Left Bank in such little gray streets as rue Jacob, rue de l'Université, or rue Bonaparte.

Our destination was Marseilles and the South. A third-class ticket to Marseilles saves about 100 francs over that of the second class. Last summer we paid 111 francs. A wise friend had tipped me off to the possibility of reserving a seat when buying one's ticket at the station. This is especially important when travelling third class since it is likely to be crowded and a strategic position by the window gives one some control of the ventilation.

So, armed with our reservations "coin de fenêtre," and accompanied by "big box, little box, band-box, and bundle" (we were dispensing with a trunk) we betook ourselves to the Gare de Lyons for the night train to Marseilles. I feel always quite a

thrill about the departure of night trains from the big stations of Paris. They stand, waiting, all the little doors swung invitingly open. The lights, the streams of laden porters, the inviting waggons of fruit, chocolate and cakes on the platform, all give a pleasant excitement of travel. We found our places and stowed away the bags; then on the platform we watched gay, voluble family groups, all come to see off some departing member, and were irresistibly tempted by the waggons of pillows to be rented at 2 francs the pillow for the journey. Probably we should never have a chance to lay a weary head upon one, but we had hopes.

Finally, at the cry of "En voiture, s'il vous plait," we all scrambled to our places. With the shrill hoot of the French engine we were off. Night in the third class is not exactly a comfortable thing, but looked at in the light of an adventure, it may be found interesting. We were glad to see the dawn, however, and to dash out on the platform of some big station for a cup of coffee and "brioches."

About 10.30 we reached Marseilles. Refusing the bustling taxis we packed ourselves into one of the nice jogging carriages which are so much more fun and were off through the sunny turbulent streets, deafening with the continual high-pitched "honk-honk" of motor horns.

I had been given the address of a cheap hotel by a nice old man in a Paris art shop, the Hotel des Colonies, rue Vacon, a tiny street very near the Vieux Port. It is a funny ramshackle old place, but very comfortable. Rooms are from 9 francs up per day with "petit déjeuner" for 2 francs 50.

The Vieux Port is a place of endless fascination. Sit at the Café sans Pareil directly opposite the white flag-bedecked dock where



AN ARAB IN A MARSEILLES CAFE

The St. Jean quarter, its streets swarming with vivid life, is half Oriental, half Italian. The Café sans Pareil on the Vieux Port is a place of endless fascination.

street with the whole busy harbor before us, and ate the best "bouillabaisse" in the world, accompanied by good white wine. That was a special occasion, for "au Basso" is not cheap and we were intent on economical living. In the course of our explorations we found some tiny restaurants in side streets, serving a decent meal "prix fixe" for five francs, while up in the town on the lovely shady Cours Belsunce are many restaurants offering din-

ners for twelve francs. We found one nice place with a terrace where we had a delicious meal for six francs.

Days of enchanted exploration may be spent around the Vieux Port. There is the St. Jean quarter, its steep torturous streets swarming with a vivid life, half Oriental, half Italian, all flavored with French. We discovered a whole street of fishwives, husky flamboyant creatures crying their wares in strident tones. And such gay fish! Rose-colored, silver, blue, they looked as though they had come out of an aquarium.

From Marseilles we started on a wandering journey along the coast toward Nice, stopping whenever we felt inclined. Nothing could be more pleasant in spring or early summer. The third-class carriages are airy and not too crowded, except when one



TWO PROVENÇAL TYPES

The little towns of Haute Provence teem with picturesque groups, all unconscious of the pictures they make. The villages are most quaint and delightful.

encounters soldiers or sailors on leave making for their homes.

We always managed to pick up conversation with some of our travelling companions, the charming, friendly country people of France. Nearly always there would be something entertaining to watch, such as a pair of peasants who had been into Marseilles to sell their fish and were returning with a live hen and rabbit reposing on a bed of "haricots verts" and lettuce in the fishy wicker hamper. And one gay little woman shelled peas which she had purchased in the town market on the whole return journey to her village.

We made a long stop at the charming little fishing village of Cassis. From the station a lumbering autobus transports passengers through a country of stuccoed villas and little farms, olive trees, and dusty white roads, until suddenly at the foot of the hill the sea appears, a strip of intense blue beyond the jumbled orange roofs of the town. Here life moves at a very leisurely rate. There is swimming, from a beach just outside the town, heavenly swims in the crystal-clear water, so buoyant that one bobs about like a cork. There is all the daily business of the fishing to watch—the work with the nets, the departure for the sea in the afternoon, the return late at night or in the early morning with the catch.

On Sundays and holidays fishermen may be engaged to take people out on the sea to visit the famous Calanques, those strange fjord-like indentations of this part of the coast, where the sea runs deeply into the land, surrounded by steep jagged cliffs. They are very unusual and fantastic, well worth a visit. Half the fun is the boat ride over the marvellous ultramarine billows of the Mediterranean in the little rocking fishing boat, even though it most unromantically runs by motor instead of sail.

There are several places to stay in Cassis. If you are



FISHWIVES IN MARSEILLES

They are husky creatures, crying their wares in strident tones. The fish are lovely in color—rose, silver and blue.



A CORNER OF OLD PROVENCE

Charming old houses, irregular in line and mellow in color, make Provence a veritable picture-book. The peasants, in distinctive costume, add just the right note of human interest.

looking for a view choose the Hotel Panorama, perched on a hill above the town looking over the sea. While in the town, and the centre of its life, is the amusing little Hotel Liautaud, much frequented by Sunday banqueters from Marseilles, and possessed of an outdoor Café only a few feet from the sea. We found it possible in nearly all the little places where we stopped to obtain pension rates at whatever hotel there was, for from twenty-five to thirty-five francs a day.

About halfway between Marseilles and Nice there is another delightful fishing village, St. Tropez. This is a larger and much busier port than Cassis, but very picturesque. We left the main line at La Foux, taking a little branch train which wandered along slowly, but did finally reach its destination.

St. Tropez has a new town, very much frequented by Parisian visitors, but it has also fascinating old fishermen's quarters and a harbor full of picturesque brown-sailed fishing boats. Across the bay white peaks of the Alps rise above the near-by country. If one wishes to make a long stay it is possible to rent pretty little villas at a low rate. There is, too, a reasonable hotel, the Continental.

The lure of these little coast towns along the Mediterranean is great, but we hankered to explore the inland country of this romantic Province. It possesses enchanting variety. Winding white roads lead you from one adorable village to another. You wander along intimate walled lanes overhung by silvery olive trees, catching glimpses through high grilled gateways of charming gardens set about quaint pink and creamy villas. Groups of twisted decorative pines or slim tall cypresses are varied by a palm tree rising from the midst of some garden. Above the olive orchards and villas rise bare scrubby hillsides fragrant with rosemary and lavender, and great patches of scented golden broom.

The P. L. M. runs autobuses on many interesting circuits of towns. We used them sometimes but preferred adventuring on the back country lines which took us into unexpected and little-known places. We made Aix-en-Provence the headquarters for much of our autobus vagabondage. This sleepy aristocratic old town, ancient capital of Provence, should not be missed. It has always been a university town and in its past days of importance was the home of many noble families whose influence is still apparent in these wide-shaded streets with their many lovely fountains and stately old buildings. Here the famous poet of Provence, Frédéric Mistral, came for his education. He and his enthusiastic friends began here the revival of the Provençal tongue and literature which had been so long neglected. On the Cours Mirabeau are two reasonable hotels, Hotel Nègre-Coste and Hotel de France. The Hotel Nègre has the advantage of a sidewalk café where it is pleasant to linger over coffee on a summer evening. Aix may be reached from Marseilles by train or tram (the latter the more attractive way) and I believe also by bus in the summer.

We found several bus lines leading out from Aix over a wide circuit of country. We tried every one and many an adventurous happy day did we have in consequence.

Sometimes we came upon lovely colorful market fairs, going on in the shady "place" of the town, where under huge green umbrellas were spread out the most tempting array of glowing fruits and vegetables, hats, shoes, dress goods, pottery and cheap jewelry. Wonderful old women looking like fairy-tale grandmothers in their huge leghorn hats with frilled white caps underneath, cajoled the passer-by and joked with their neighbors. From one such old dame we bought fresh figs just dripping with sweetness to eat as we went along. When we stopped to sketch in some such square we were overwhelmed with populace, eager with interest and wanting to know if the sketches were to become paintings for exhibition and if we should sell them for large prices in America.

Riez is a point of departure for bus lines going through little towns of Haute Provence, adorable villages and most interesting country of bare hills and wild crags, of lovely green valleys with their rivers and marching poplars, and occasional quaint Provençal farms,—a Country altogether different from the mellow land along the coast.

Riez has a decent little hotel for a night's stop, the Hotel des Alpes. It is also famous for the four beautiful columns standing all by themselves in a meadow outside the town, remains of a Roman temple. This town is the site of a big Roman settlement, nothing of which remains but these columns presiding in lonely state over placid fields and little farms, and another group on a hill above the town.

Ramblings about Provence are not complete without a visit to Avignon and Arles, so in spite of the white hot glare of these towns on a summer day we planned to stop there on our way back to Paris.

Avignon has a busy modern life going on within its ancient ramparts, and is overshadowed by the tremendous Palais des Papes now reclaimed from the humiliation of being used as a barracks. From the stately impressive palace this artist carried away one memory — the Pope's dressing room, a tiny place most delightfully frescoed with gay huntsmen and quaint animals, coursing through a wood of delicate bird-haunted trees. Avignon is also famous in all our minds for the bridge of the old French song, "Sur le pont d'Avignon, tout



WHERE THE BOATS LEAVE FOR THE CHATEAU D'IF

A kaleidoscopic crowd of humanity streams by this white, flag-bedecked dock. French sailors with their rakish red pompoms, Oriental dignitaries, fishwives with baskets on their heads, all make a bright pattern of color and movement.

le monde y danse."

Arles, of course, has many fine Roman ruins, but more fascinating to me was the Muséon Arleten, the Museum in which has been preserved all the ancient beauty of Provençal life. Very near this museum my companion and I, hot and hungry, came upon the humble little Hotel de la Poste where we were fed and cooled by a most friendly proprietor and where I am sure one could spend a night reasonably and comfortably.

When we arrived in Paris the next morning, weary and dirty, we felt that this journey was a fit climax to our third-class wanderings.

In the Footsteps of Douglas

WHEN Sir James Douglas, then a factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, established Fort St. James on the shore of Stuart Lake, he little thought that he was opening a pathway beyond the reaches of civilization which later would be followed by hundreds of white men in search of rest and recreation. But today, almost on the site of the old Fort St. James, which is still in existence, there has arisen Douglas Lodge, a log-cabin bungalow establishment where the tourist in search of the Last Great West finds it surrounding him on every hand. Here he follows in the footsteps of the old adventurers and fur-traders, who named this section of Canada New Caledonia and looked upon it as the capital of all the land from the North Pole to San Francisco.

Relics of the earliest days of the fort are still in existence for the tourist who is of a historical bent, for the Fort was established in 1806 and has been continuously in use since that time.

There are no white men living north of this location yet, but one can take a launch or canoe and travel through a wonderful waterway of lakes and rivers for two hundred miles—or, the old Hudson's Bay trails are still in good open condition for those who prefer this method, and plenty of the best pack horses are available.

Two Indian villages nestle on the shores of the lake, one adjoining the Hudson's Bay Post to the south; the other one mile to the north; both with their tiny church steeples and bells that tinkle at morn and night.

Douglas Lodge is three miles up the lake, and consists of a Community House and necessary offices, with bungalows, all of log construction, artistically finished and furnished, extending around a little bay, where sparkling waters lap on a pebble beach. A

magnificent view is afforded across and up the fifty miles of lake. Around and behind are the gentle slopes in virgin forest, with beautiful birch and poplars near the shore and shadowy firs as the land recedes.

Numerous Attractions

There are charming walks along the shores. Half a mile north, just before the lime-stone bluff comes down to the water, one finds the old lime kiln. It is long since it was last used, but interesting, as showing the needs and ingenuity of early pioneers.

Another trail, about two miles, leads up to Mount Pope, 2,200 feet above the lake, on whose round knob stands a government surveyor's main triangular station. From here one can see forty-two lakes, large and small, including Babine Lake, one hundred and ten miles long, and the distant Rockies to the east, and the Coast Range to the west.

Launches and canoes can be obtained, with or without guides, to travel up the lake to Pinchi or Tachie Rivers, where are quaint Indian villages—up these rivers to other lakes, all in a great and glorious new country where none but the trapper and a few able hunters and fishermen have penetrated. Trout are very plentiful and form the staple diet of the Indians; they will take fly, spoon or piece of tobacco tin impartially, when in the mood. Rainbow trout run to twenty-five pounds, lake trout to forty pounds. Moose are common throughout; deer and fur-bearing animals plentiful; black bear are everywhere, and there are a few grizzlies. There are plenty of grouse and fool hen, and many ducks and geese in the autumn.

This is the last wild-west; to see it is to love it. The climate is perfect. There are fifteen inches of precipitation per annum and the elevation is 2,200 feet.

Each bungalow has its open stone fireplace, hot and cold water, shower or plunge bath, electric light, etc.

Autos run from Vanderhoof to the Lodge over forty-five miles of good road, at \$5.00 per person, including hand baggage.

Boats, canoes, pack horses and guides are obtainable at regular rates at the Lodge on the Lake.

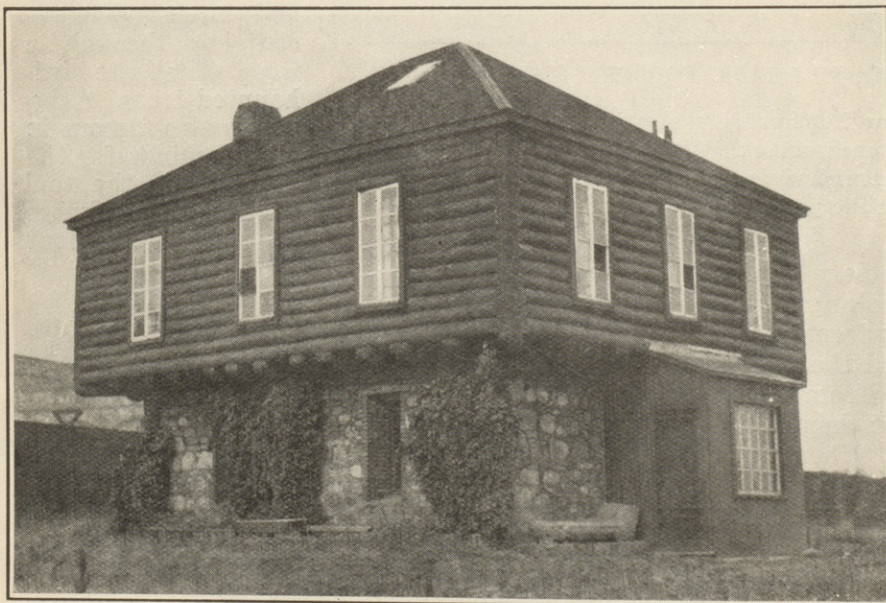
The following condensed account of a hunting trip, written by David Hoy, a guide of the district, speaks volumes as to the class of sport awaiting the big game hunter there:

Pulled out from Buckley House at the head of Tacla Lake on 25th August, going into the headquarters of the Findlay River on a big game hunt. The party comprised A. W. Richardson, S. Sterne, of Fargo, N.D.; A. S. Hanford, of Sioux City; one Indian guide, three Indians and myself, with twelve head of horses. The trail from the head of the lake follows the Driftwood River for thirty-five miles, then turns off to the head of Bear Lake. The trail is very fair for pack train.

We went down Bear Lake by boat, sending pack train around by trail round the lake. Bear Lake is some twelve miles long by one to one and a half miles wide. The country around here is all surrounded by high mountains. On arriving at end of Bear Lake, where the Bear River runs out of it, there is an Indian village, at one time there was quite a settlement, but only a few families are there now.

Varied Landscape

On leaving here we followed the R.N. W.M. Police trail for twelve miles to where it crosses the Suskut River and here we



Old Hudson's Bay Company's powder blockhouse, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, which dates back to 1837.

had to unpack and swim our horses. From here we climbed five miles nearly north. The trail from here follows mountain ranges till we get into a big flat country. We were out a week from Tacla Lake. The country here is open as far as you can see, the mountains are not very high. The country is full of small creeks and valleys and all meadows.

We travelled about two days from here to head of Thudada Lake, which is the head waters of the Peace and Findlay rivers. This is on the edge of the big game country. Thudada Lake is a long narrow stretch of water from one-half to one mile wide and some seventeen miles long with mountains on both sides.

The first day camping on the lake we counted twenty head of goat on the mountains. We shot three bull caribou this day. The next day we went after goat and got nine, were back in camp at 5 p.m. Wonderful sight from top of mountain, as far as you can see—mountains and mostly all covered with grass and fine going. We pulled out from here and went west twelve miles to Tatlatui Lake. The country surrounding Tatlatui is one immense game preserve. On our way over from Thudada we saw numerous goat and caribou. We shot one black bear. As the party had all the goat they were allowed, we did not hunt for any more. To the West of Tatlatui Lake the valleys open up and the side hills are all open grass.

Here you can see caribou and goat all over the mountains. We counted some fifty caribou one day. We were out of luck as far as grizzlies were concerned. This was a poor year, no berries in the country though it must have been a great berry country some years. The bear had down to the Skeena, fishing. We saw

four and one of the party got one, also two moose.

The total game bag of the party was:—One grizzly bear, one black bear, nine goat, six caribou and two moose.

We did not do any fishing as we were rushed for time, but there are plenty of fish in the lakes. There is no question of any party who would take the time, say



All's evidently not well with the world so far as this husky papoose of one of the Objibway tribes of Northern Ontario is concerned.

three weeks, of getting a fine game bag. The country is full of ground hog and ptarmigan.

On leaving Tatlatui Lake we pulled out for Tacla Lake, taking ten days to arrive there. We then picked up the gas boat and made Fort St. James in two days, arriving the 24th of September.

Too Accessible to be Real

City Urchin (in the country for the first time)—“This is just like grass, ain't it?”

Little Friend—“Why, it is grass, Chim-mie.”

Urchin—“No, it ain't, cos yer don't have to keep off it.”—“Boston Transcript.”

GERMANS TEST HIGH PRESSURE LOCOMOTIVE

Tests are being made in Germany, according to report, with a super-pressure locomotive carrying steam at 850 pounds per square inch. In this engine the fire box walls are formed of tubes, with a small subsidiary boiler above the fire box, into which water is forced by pump and steam raised to the high-pressure.

There are two outside cylinders and one high pressure cylinder between the frames. Exhaust from the central cylinder is mixed with the super-heated steam generated in the cylindrical part of the boiler and the mixture passes to the low-pressure cylinders. Thus a two-fold use is made of the steam before being released as exhaust.

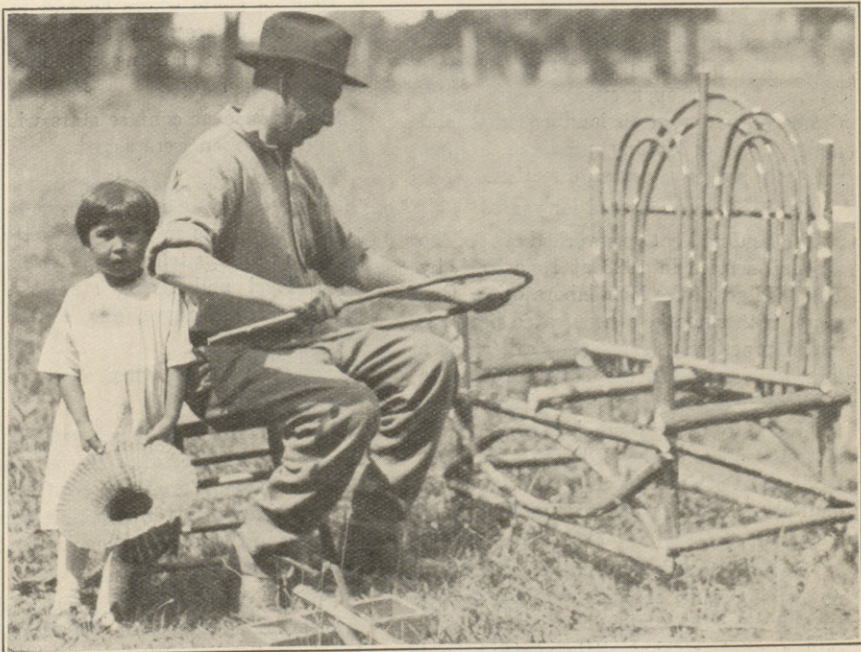
Maximum steam pressure reached by any American or Canadian locomotive is 350 pounds per square inch.

A bronze plaque memorial to George Stephenson, father of the steam locomotive, subscribed by Argentine railroaders, was recently unveiled at Rosario, Argentina.

It is predicted that the headlight turbo-generator will, in the future, be used not only for the operation of bell ringers, sand driers, windshield wipers, but even electro-pneumatic brake control, whereby the brakes on each individual car may be applied at the same instant.

In an effort to improve railroad facilities, the Soviet Government has 450 locomotives under construction. Traffic on Soviet railroads, it is reported, has reached 86 per cent of the pre-war standard and is steadily increasing.

This Indian, who lives on the reservation at Southampton, Ont., makes a livelihood for himself and his family by fashioning rustic chairs.



Lighting the Night Air Mail

LONG-DISTANCE air-mail service in which planes must fly by night is now definitely a part of our postal establishment. This would be impossible, says Woodbridge E. Morris, writing in "Light" (Cleveland), without the progress in illumination that has been made in the past few years. He reminds us that the pilots now carry the mail from coast to coast inside of thirty-three hours, through heat and cold, rain or shine, storm and snow and even sleet, as long as it is physically possible to fly. He goes on:

People think of it as a risky business. It is. But the service has been maintained now since July 1, 1925, with an average prompt delivery of about 93 per cent, and but two fatalities.

Revolving beacons light the routes. Emergency fields are stationed every twelve miles from New York to Cleveland and every twenty-five miles west of that.

The regular airports are equipped with floodlights like Easter lilies all over the hangars and buildings, red lights atop neighboring poles and barns, and boundary lights on the landing fields and taxi-strips.

At the main airport, too, a 500,000,000-candle-power floodlight is mounted so as to throw maximum light on the field and none into the air.

The planes are equipped with regular red and green navigation lights of 21 candle-power on their wing-tips, and ten-inch conical landing lights, corresponding to automobile headlights, on either wing. Also, two parachute flares are carried underneath the fuselage, to be released in case an emergency landing at night must be made.

When "sprung," the "chute" opens, the flare lights up three-quarters of a mile of territory and sinks slowly to the ground. They are built to last several minutes, and if released from a sufficient height will permit the pilot to pick out the likeliest looking field or open space, swoop under the flare, switch on his landing lights, and make a good landing provided he has correctly judged the wind direction.

The flare has been used for years.

The landing light was worked out for the air-mail service in 1923 at Nela Park by R. N. Falge, of the Nela laboratories. One lamp, with smooth, concentrated beam, is aimed practically level. The other has a lens which spreads the light through an angle of 30 degrees, and is tilted downward to illuminate the ground close to the plane after the pilot has leveled off to make his landing. Both are slightly "wall-eyed," as mail-planes do not permit vision straight ahead.

"They're pretty essential, floodlight or no floodlight, in showing you where the ground actually is with relation to you," said a pilot. "That little spot of light

following along with you acts as a kind of feeler.

"I got in early, night before last. The hangars and red guard-lights were lit, of course, so that I had my proportions right, but the border lights and floodlight had not yet been turned on.

"Knowing the field, I didn't wait, but came right down and landed, using just my landing lights. But I had estimated a bit short, and touched the ground just outside the boundaries. My headlight picked up a boundary light right ahead of me, and I had to hop it."

The pilot to whom flying is "just a job" was asked if he had ever had any night "experiences."

"Only once," he replied. "There was about 500 feet of fog on the Bellefonte field. I could see it when it was directly below me, but it didn't show up at all when I got off to one side to land.

"I tried for it seven or eight times. Finally, I made it, but I ran clear across the field and into the fence the other side. Didn't hurt anything, though."

Another pilot was not so fortunate. The pilots fly high with the wind and low against it. On a black night, this man, heading against the wind over mountainous country, ran out of gas. He was perhaps 500 feet up, and used up 200 of it trying to get his motor started again.

Failing, he dropped a flare. It revealed the rough, wooded hill-country, with a clear field close to a farmhouse and barns. He turned and made the field.

But the barns were right ahead of him. Rather than crash into them at forty miles an hour or so, he swung short to the left. His plane turned over and "cracked up," but he was unhurt.

Another pilot mentioned a forced night-landing he made where he had to "hop" two fences before he lost his momentum. The mail-plane landing speed is about sixty miles per hour.

"Did you ever confuse stars with land-light?" the men were asked.

They smiled. "Yes," said a couple. "Before you get the feel of night flying, when you are up in a low-visibility night, you can't always tell whether you're flying on a level and seeing stars or flying, balanced, in a curve, and seeing street-lights."

"What is it like when a searchlight is turned on you?"

"You might almost as well shoot the pilot," said a field man. Instructions have been given operators of a powerful advertising searchlight on the roof of a high bank building in Cleveland, Ohio, never to turn the light on a plane.

"Why, when one of those lightning strokes of illumination hits him," said Lieutenant Leigh Wade, round-the-world

What Our Oceans Hide

Ranges of Submarine Mountains

(By a Member of the American Geographical Society)

MOST of us think of islands as pieces of land surrounded by water. So they are; but they are much more than that.

They are, of course, the uncovered summits of vast mountains, whose steep sides slope down to the sea bottom.

We are apt to forget that beneath the swirling surface of the oceans of the world are concealed vast continents very much like those upon which animal life lives and flourishes.

Suppose the oceans to have gone dry and that we start out by motor-car from Dieppe to explore the Atlantic.

We should start running smoothly down a gentle hill into a wide, shallow valley—the Channel Valley—and so for miles we should travel parallel with the valleys on the northern side—the cliffs of England, until on our right we should discern the range of mountains which the southern coast of Ireland would present to us.

Then as we travelled westward a marvellous view would spread itself at our feet, for the ground between us would be seen to shelve down into a vast country some four miles below our car.

In four or five hours we should be on the floor of the Atlantic.

Stopping the car and looking back we should see vast mountains standing out against the skyline—Mount Ireland and Mount England, and the continent—Mountain Europe.

There is a prevalent notion that the floor of the Atlantic is more or less flat. This is not so.

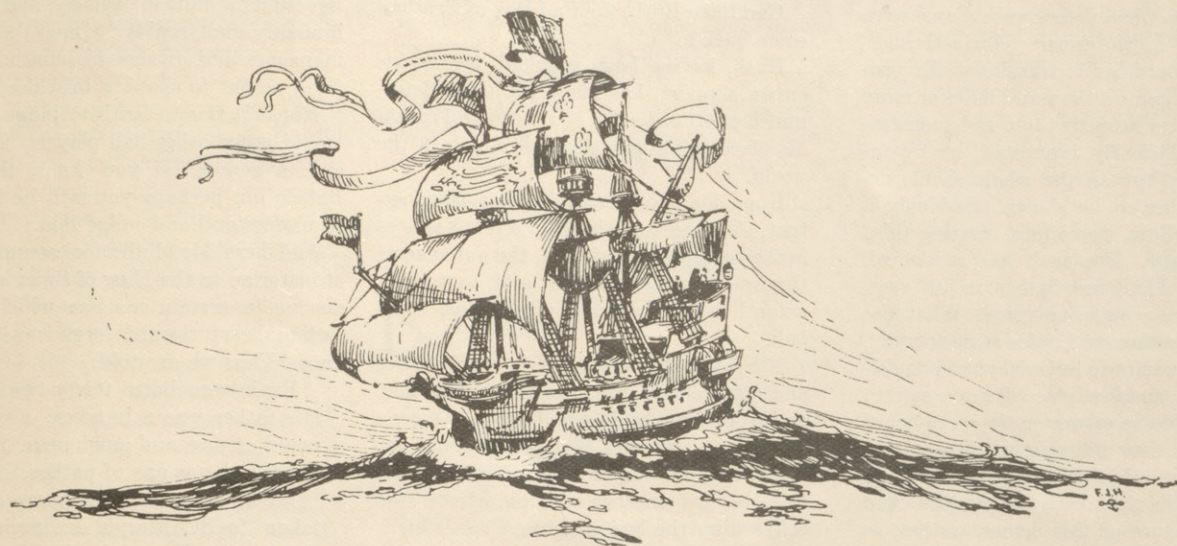
If we steer our car south we shall soon see on the horizon vast mountains, higher than any we have seen, rising from the undulating country about us.

As Steep as Everest

St. Helena and Ascension, to our vision today, but little islands, will stand revealed as the tips of vast mountain ranges, so steep as to defy even a modern car and comparable to the vast ranges of the Himalayas.

If we turn and travel north until we reach the northern Atlantic we shall see yet another vast range of mountains—the King Edward VII. range, only recently discovered by oceanographers, and so high that their summits, if a little higher, would have been islands and probably inhabited by the human race!

flyer, "it reflects back at him from wings, propeller, fuselage, struts and everything else. He feels as though he is sitting on a pinpoint out in limitless space. He is liable to lose control."



BALLADE OF OLD SHIPS

By ETHEL FLEMING



ADVENTURE'S fleet, with flying sails,
 Old ships ply dim, uncharted seas,
 No mountainous ice, no shrieking gales,
 No rocks affright those argosies.
 Proud bearers of old majesties,
 Carved caravels and curved biremes,—
 Gift of the gallant centuries,
 Old ships are cargoed with bright dreams.

What crusted gems, what silken bales,
 What scented wood of sandal-trees,
 What sleek-skinned slaves in glistening veils,
 Lay hid in galleons like these?
 Sea-salt has gnawed those treasures,
 Yet glamor, jewel-like, still gleams
 Where, full-rigged on some phantom breeze,
 Old ships are cargoed with bright dreams.

In man's poor heart most venture pales,
 None keeps his fledgling ecstasies,
 Yet this one magic never fails,—
 Old ships weave ageless sorceries.
 For, lo, in ships of all degrees,
 Great merchantmen and oared triremes,
 Men dared the sea's deep mysteries,—
 Old ships are cargoed with bright dreams.

::

L'Envoy

Tall clippers from the far Indies,
 Crude coracles on inland streams,
 Awake man's ancient memories,—
 Old ships are cargoed with bright dreams.

The Babe's Big Effort to Come Back

A MOB of Omaha Sidewalk Fans were gaping at the local "World-Herald" score-board, as it translated the progress of a ball game a thousand miles or more away. 'Twas an attentive but undemonstrative mob, sufficiently interested, as by ingrained habit, but on the whole silent, expectant, waiting to be shown. Suddenly a shout—a swelling, spreading, roaring tidal wave of delight. The mob has awakened. The released life force flashes in its eyes, thunders in its composite voice. What has come to pass, a thousand miles or more away, to work such a miracle in Omaha, and doubtless in many another place from ocean to ocean? Behold the answer on the score-board—Babe Ruth has hit another home run. Wow! The sun shines brighter. "God's in his heaven: all's right with the world." And a singular feature of this demonstration, as remarked by a "World-Herald" editorial writer, is that "perhaps none of those in the sidewalk bleachers had ever seen the New York Yankee swatsman." No; "he was only a name to them, a name and a photo familiar enough on the sporting pages, and a few sticks of type that indicate that this year he stands now better than an even chance of surpassing his famous 1921 record of fifty-nine home runs in one season." And the editorial proceeds to pay Omaha's respects to the Babe in these terms:

Ruth has been an erratic figure, much overtouted at times by industrious press agents, but always a colorful and rather engaging personality. It has been possible, at one time or another in his career, to use him as proof for all the platitudes. One could demonstrate, for example, that a poor orphan boy needed only perseverance in his chosen field to win success, or at another time one could prove by his failure that riotous living was ruinous to athletes.

This year, recovered from the slump that made him play so badly last year, once more in the top of physical condition, the mighty Bambino is slamming out homers at a rate to quicken the imaginations of every baseball fan in the country, whether he be a partizan of the sand-lots or one who can actually see Babe Ruth do it. If this baseball personality proves anything at all, he proves that the American people love to worship success, and that they get a whole lot bigger kick out of seeing Babe Ruth smash a baseball record than they get, say, out of a lower cost of living, or more reasonable taxes.

All of which gives point to the contention of Mr. Ruth's most faithful champions that his is a mighty, compelling, and propitious influence in the national game, and that he is richly entitled to respectful sympathy when he struggles sincerely to master the tendencies which got him into trouble last year. At the outset of a cordial article in "Liberty", Hugh Fullerton inquires:

Can Babe Ruth, the Bad Boy of Baseball come back?

Ruth, having been spanked, feeling his crown slipping, has made the most determined effort of his life to reform and regain his place as the greatest ball player in the world.

Upon his effort depends, to a large extent, the success of the New York Yankees in the pennant race of 1926, the outcome of the American League race, and, to a lesser extent, the prosperity of professional baseball.

It means millions of dollars to the Yankees and other clubs. But, overshadowing that in the interest of baseball fans, it means whether the greatest hero of the game can climb back to his pedestal or whether he is to be just another example of the star eclipsed by the bright lights.

Ruth—having thrown away more than a quarter of a million dollars, having been fined more than the average man makes in a lifetime, for violating the rules of his club; with health almost ruined and blamed for the wreck of a great ball club—has reformed again. He says seriously that he sees now what a "sap", a "boob", and a "sucker" he has been.

He has worked this winter as he never has worked before, with a determination to fight his way back to physical condition to play the "game of his life" during the coming season.

Huggins, manager of the Yankees, fined Ruth nine thousand dollars one time, five thousand dollars another, and several times one thousand dollars. His suspensions without pay have cost him perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars more. Besides, as Babe says, he fined himself twenty-five thousand dollars last fall by refusing to play exhibitions.

The big fellow seems sincere. When the season ended last year, he went hunting in Canada, and was so weak he could hardly stand the hardships. But he came through. Then he went into a New York gymnasium and worked three hours a day. He dieted, obeyed orders, and cut his weight down to the finest he had been in years. He had but one slip, and that brief, during the winter. He was converted.

Last fall, when Manager Huggins suspended and fined him, Babe was not at all convinced he had done wrong.

Babe's standpoint is not ours, and few understand him. For, besides being the greatest attraction in baseball, he furnishes one of the most interesting studies of human beings. Lovable, big-hearted, simple, careless, reckless, easily led, seldom thinking or caring for consequences, Ruth is just a big, overgrown, naughty boy.

The boy who came from a reform school and rose to the greatest heights and the highest salary in baseball is interesting, no matter what he does. Babe's naughtiness

has such a human quality and he errs so humanly and frankly, it must be as hard for managers and owners to punish him as it is for a parent to spank a mischievous child.

Nor is it fair to Ruth to judge him as you would judge other ball players. He is different: a genius. If you know the story of Babe's life perhaps you will be better able to understand and judge him.

And here Mr. Fullerton assumes the rôle of historian to the King of Swat, and enlightens us in certain matters which dispose a feeling heart toward forgiveness and tolerance. Thus we are told:

Ruth was born thirty-two years ago. His father was a butcher; a violent tempered, strong, and rough man. Babe's early childhood was one of pathos.

When he was seven years old he was taken to St. Mary's Industrial Home in Baltimore, a home school under the control of a brotherhood. The baseball reporters usually speak of the home as if it were some sort of a college. Babe uses no such camouflage.

"It was a reform school—and that's all there is to it," he says. "But it wasn't a place boys were sent for punishment. They were sent there for training. The brothers did everything in their power to bring out all the good there was in a boy and give him a chance."

Babe grew up in that school. He learned what he wanted to learn, but was not interested. But on the playground, with a baseball bat, Ruth became a leader—confident, aggressive. The inferiority complex resulting from his home surroundings and the classroom disappeared. He developed.

In the school was an excellent man, Brother Ben, who knew sports—and boys. As Ruth developed into the best ball player the best pitcher, the best hitter in the school, the brother watched and coached and encouraged him. Probably never before had Ruth been flattered, nor had he received any special attention. He became a wonderful player. When twelve years old he was as well developed as a boy of sixteen and excelled older boys at baseball.

In 1913 Babe had developed into a magnificent left-handed pitcher, rather wild, inclined to fight on the ball field (unless the brothers were watching), untamed, undisciplined; like a half-broken cub let loose.

Brother Ben believed Babe was destined to be a star, and some of these Catholic educators are as good judges of ball players as any one in the world. Brother Ben asked Jack Dunn, manager of the Baltimore International League Club, to give Ruth a trial.

Dunn is a clever baseball man. He went out to a game at the school, and, before five innings had been played, was enthusiastic about Ruth. He tied Babe in an

agreement to play ball for him the next year, and in 1914, when Ruth was just turned eighteen, he was in a Baltimore uniform.

Babe did not remain with Baltimore long, as before the season was half over he was sold to the Boston American League team for ten thousand dollars, and, after a few days there, was sent to the Providence team for further seasoning. He did not remain long at Providence. His pitching was remarkable, and before the end of the season he was recalled to Boston.

He leapt into the limelight in 1915, winning eighteen and losing only seven games and batting .315. His work greatly aided the Red Sox in winning their championship of the American League and in capturing the world's championship.

In Boston Ruth met an influence, perhaps the best and greatest of his life, in Bill Carrigan, the manager. Carrigan showed how easily Ruth could be handled by those who understood him. His devotion to and his faith in Carrigan was that of a small boy in his father. He seemed to spend time trying to find out what Carrigan might want him to do in order that he might do it.

Here is an incident which throws a sidelight on his character. It was during one of the World's Series in which Babe had been a hero of one game which the Red Sox had won before a big gathering. That afternoon I was kept late at the baseball park, and the crowd had cleared away. It was dusk before my work as a newspaper correspondent was done.

A friend and I started to walk down-town. In a vacant lot a quarter of a mile from the park a swarm of small boys were yelling and shouting in great excitement. We stopped to watch them, and there was Babe, a bat in his hands, showing the kids how to hit a ball. He had stopped after all the plaudits of a world's series to play ball with the boys. Yet they wonder why he is an idol of the youngsters!

That love of youngsters and love of baseball are his two great traits. He never cared for money; doesn't now. I have a suspicion he never would even have argued about salary if his "friends" had left him alone.

From the time he broke into the big league Ruth always wanted to play regularly. He was a fairly capable outfielder, a good thrower, fast when under way, though a little awkward. He also wanted to play first base, and was a fair, but never competent, first baseman.

In 1920 Ruth came into his own. Harry Frazee, who owned the Boston club, sold him to the New York Yankees for a sum reputed to be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid for the service of an athlete. Becoming a New Yorker was perhaps the worst (and, in another way, the best) thing that could have happened to Ruth.

New York is a hero-worshipping city, and Babe was installed on Broadway's pedestal.

Ruth held his head fairly well in the face of the constant press agenting, and he didn't swell up. In fact, Babe never has had a case of swelled head, and he always has been the same easy-going fellow. He has had rows with umpires, tiffs with President Johnson of the American League, clashes with the owners of

ON GROWING OLD

By John Masfield

BE with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,

My dog and I are old, too old for roving;

Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying,

Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,

Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute

The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire

Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander

Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor your valleys

Ever again, nor share the battle yonder

Where your young knight the broken squadron rallies,

Only stay quiet, while my mind remembers

The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

the club, and with Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball.

Ruth created a sensation by his hitting in 1920, the writer reminds us, and in 1921 "leapt to the climax of his fame" in this highly competent manner:

With the lively ball in play he started "crashing", and changed the entire game of baseball, upset all dope, ran up the amazing total of fifty-nine home runs in the season, and inaugurated an orgy of long-distance hitting such as never before was known.

Babe's money is a constant source of trouble to him. Sharpers and gamblers have preyed on him. In the spring of 1923, while he was in training camp at New Orleans, a girl he couldn't even remember sued him for fifty thousand dollars. Babe says he has lost and been defrauded of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Nor do the ordinary rules of condition seem to fit him. Two springs when he worked and devoted himself to training he played bad ball and failed to hit. Once, in disgust over a hitting slump, he went out, mopped up a lot of drinks, stayed out all night, and that afternoon crashed out

two home runs, one the longest ever hit at the Polo Grounds.

Queer thing about Ruth's hitting ability: his eyes are not good and they are out of focus. He can not read much without blurred vision, and the doctors do not dare change the focus, for fear they may spoil his batting eye. But, perhaps, it is just as well he doesn't read what has been said recently about him. To use his own words:

"When they're off me, they're off me; and when they're on me, they're on me. I'll tell the world they are."

A careless, reckless, innocent-minded overgrown boy and always trying to please where small boys are concerned. At Scranton, Pennsylvania, he once umpired a game between two kid teams and had to be rescued by the police when more than ten thousand of them crowded around trying to shake hands with him.

He has one of his own, by the way—Dorothy. His first two children died in early infancy, and when the third was born he and his wife kept it a secret. The baby was more than a year old before the reporters or the public knew about it. Then Babe had forgotten when she was born, and some one made a mystery of it. Babe said Dorothy was born February 2, 1921, while his wife said June 7, 1921.

Perhaps never in his spectacular career has Babe started a season with such good prospects as he did last year. The team seemed as strong as ever; Ruth went early to Hot Springs and started work at his usual gait, sweating and working off pounds of surplus flesh. He flopped with the flu, recovered, and settled down to work. He seemed in better condition than ever, but continued to eat, drink, and work at a rate that took toll of his reserve powers. At Asheville he collapsed and became desperately ill. He started for New York, fell while on the train, arrived in New York in convulsions, and was hurried to a hospital.

There were many stories printed about what caused Ruth's collapse. One was that he ate a huge beefsteak, fried potatoes, a couple of chops, on top of a lot of whisky. Bob Boyd, a New York baseball writer, who ate with him, said Babe consumed a very light meal—toast and eggs—and was too sick to tackle much. Whatever the cause, Babe was a very sick man.

Ruth's collapse wrecked the Yankee team for 1925. Deprived of Ruth's great hitting power, which meant an average of nearly two runs a game during a season, the team went to pieces, became discouraged, and steadily fell behind.

Many of Ruth's critics have scolded and talked about how much money the club has invested in him and paid him and how much he owes it. From a purely financial standpoint, Ruth doesn't owe the Yankees a cent. He has been the best investment they ever made. He has drawn hundreds of thousands of dollars into their treasury and revived baseball when it was terribly sick.

Secret Tragedies in Church

A Parson's Peep Into the Minds of the Crowd

By the REV. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie")
In the London, England, Sunday Chronicle

We often say what we think of our parsons; what do they think of us? A searching limelight is thrown upon the lonely men in the pulpits of our churches who face the tremendous responsibility Sunday by Sunday of delivering a message to their people. Mud is constantly being thrown at their heads. They are dull and unimaginative, men say; if their sermons are too clever they are dismissed as "high-brow," ignoring the realities of everyday life; if they introduce a light touch they are "playing to the gallery." The parson is all the time groping for a definite opinion about his listeners, and in this article, the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, who will be known to all our readers as "Woodbine Willie," describes the feelings of the preacher about those who hear his message.

THE ordinary man is an extraordinary person, and if you could see into his mind at any given moment, you would probably get the shock of your life.

A casual observer looks at a crowd and dismisses it with a shrug as a bunch of ordinary, respectable people, but a student and lover of human nature knows that it is neither as ordinary nor as respectable as it looks.

It is this knowledge that makes a preacher tremble at the knees and feel sick every time he gets up to preach—the eternal mystery of men. God knows what tragedies and comedies are being played out in the silence that he breaks by speech.

That respectable-looking business man just underneath the pulpit is driven to his wits' end by the slump, and more than once in these last weeks has contemplated suicide.

The homely looking girl in spectacles, so sensible and matter of fact, is eating her heart out for romance, and is secretly in love with her employer, a married man with three children and a nagging wife who nearly drives him crazy. He is in church, too, haunted by a temptation to hit his partner in the face because he is so beastly cheerful that he could get on anybody's nerves, and also by a dream that some sunny day he will be young again, and take a jolly girl for a drive into the country, having got rid of his wife without committing murder.

Typist and Her Beau

The young man in the corner there has been betting and has lost, and is always wondering whether he could keep part of the rents he collects and pay it back later on.

There's a man with a squint up there in the gallery, and he proposed last week to the little typist near the door, and at times he does not know whether he wants to murder her or the good-looking boy who is standing by her side. The little typist is thinking that boy is thinking

how pretty she is, and he is thinking what a fine fellow he is.

There's a grey-haired woman over there who has persuaded her husband to come to church because he has been drinking, and she hopes it is helping; and he is thinking: Good Lord, what bosh it all is; my old wound hurts like the devil; there can't be any God, or if there is He does not care a damn for us. My old woman doesn't understand. It is all very well for this parson chap, he is not tempted like ordinary men.

And the parson chap is all quaking inside, and crying out to God for help because he feels so beastly helpless.

The girl who sits on the step of the font lost her lover in the war, and she cries out to God for a baby, something to rock in her empty arms, and at times she hates her friend who is married and has a child, and says bitter things she hates to remember afterwards.

There is a woman near to her who has four children and dreads a fifth, because they cannot make both ends meet, and sometimes she almost wishes—what she dare not acknowledge that she wishes.

Her husband is with her, and he has been drinking secretly and wonders whether he can stop, because there will be a smash unless he does.

The little clerk under the window is a violent Socialist who believes that there is bound to be a bloody revolution and that he will meet his employer at the barricades. The employer would like to strangle his bank manager because he is so sure of himself, and cannot grant him a further overdraft, and, besides, he smiles at you through gold spectacles and wears white spats.

That pale girl over there looks after an invalid mother, but would like to go out to India or China as a missionary, and be burned or murdered for Christ's sake.

And so on—and so on, ad infinitum.

Men say you cannot love a crowd, but it must be a dull and stupid man who doesn't. Numbers don't count, men say,

but I do not understand what they mean. Numbers must count, for every man and woman is different, and every one of them a unique and infinitely valuable person.

Anyone who faces crowds and honestly tries to help them comes in the end to love and fear them; love them because of their endless variety, and fear them because they make him feel such a helpless, hopeless fool. They drive him back to God at last, through Whom alone he can hope to help unless he is a fool who thinks he is somebody, which is the surest proof that he is nobody at all.

KEEPING UP THE CURFEW

THERE are very few places in Britain where the old custom of ringing the curfew has been kept up, but the church bell at Blandford, Dorset, has rung twice daily, at one in the afternoon and six in the evening, for over eight hundred years.

Only for one short interval, in 1924, was the bell silent, the old custom being discontinued on grounds of economy. But Blandford people hastened to offer the money necessary to keep up the tradition, and other offers to help came from abroad.

One native of Blandford, now in Australia, sent a cheque for the amount required to maintain the custom for one year and offered to pay this sum annually.

He has now repeated his offer, and it has been accepted by the town council. So the Blandford bell will continue to ring afternoon and evening as it has done for the last eight centuries.

A BENEFACTOR IN DISGUISE?

Larkson—"I'm going up to the jail. I want to talk with the bandit who took my car."

Parkson—"What's the use?"

Larkson—"Maybe he'll tell me how he got fifty miles an hour out of her."—Life.



Stoney Lake, from Viamede Point, Kawartha Lakes District, Ontario.

*THE face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains.*

—Byron.



Two Pounds of Lightning

A Battle with the Gamiest of All Fish--the Cutthroat Trout

By H. R. E.

NO railway system in the world can offer such enticing trout fishing and so much of it as the Canadian National in the uncounted lakes, rivers and smaller streams adjacent to the triangle made on the map of British Columbia by its lines which join Prince Rupert, Jasper and Vancouver. Men who travel the world in search of good trout fishing are each year coming back to their favorite parts of this triangle because they find that nowhere else on the globe can they be assured of the sport these waters offer.

From March until late November along some part of the triangle they find trout eager to take the fly. Flashing little fighters like the cutthroat and rainbow, ranging from three-quarters to five pounds; steelhead, those five to fifteen pound sturdy monarchs of the swift water; plunging, dashing, Kamloops trout up to forty pounds, and every ounce of every pound of them ready to give battle. To appreciate the vastness of this heritage one should take a large scale map of the territory mentioned and note the water systems the railroad touches, where it follows rivers, crosses creeks, skirts the wooded shores of lakes. But even that affords only a suggestion of the possibilities for in that new country hundreds of the smaller streams and many of the lesser lakes are nameless and not shown on the maps. The six hundred miles of coast along the Inside Passage is sprinkled with lakes, some not more than a quarter of a mile inland, sheltered in the folds of the timber clad mountains.

How many of these smaller lakes do you find shown on the map? A lifetime would not be long enough for an angler to cast a fly on all the waters along the triangle tour. Should he decide to devote his life to such pleasant work he would, in more cases than one, be the first white man to see, let alone fish, some of the hidden angling havens. One needs only to have fished a few of these waters to appreciate the magnitude of the whole. When one tries to picture the quantities of sporting fish all these waters rear and feed for generation after generation, he finds himself pondering on what seems to be infinity.

Fine Specimens

Then think of the fish! No pampered degenerates these, artificially reared and nurtured, gorged each day on liver and the other poor substitutes for natural, elusive food, but everyone a fighter who has learned nature's lesson that only the aggressive survive and that the weakling must go down. Hard-hitting, flashing fellows these, bred and reared in no protected pond, but in the cold crystal mountain waters. Any angler who has matched his skill with one of Nature's trout

and then with the pampered stall-fed darlings of the intensively stocked preserve, need not be told the difference between the two.

Today I saw an eastern sportsman—that word is used in its best sense—kill a cutthroat trout. Just one trout. We dropped downstream from the cabin in the high-prowed dugout canoe and anchored about thirty feet above where the clear water curved and swept over a riffle. Cedars, like drowsing giants, lined the banks, and upstream was a white patch of snow-topped mountain range showing through the dark green branches. Beneath us, on the clean gravel bottom, the ripples caught the sunlight and twisted it, in long streamers of mellow light, across the mosaic of the river's floor. My sportsman stood on the poling platform in the downstream end of the canoe and rolled out the long lash of line from his eleven foot, six ounce casting rod.

The fly, a brown hackle, sank in the foam-dotted broken water just below the sheen of the riffle, was lifted and laid down again a little farther to the left. There came a surging lunge, a flash of new silver. The trout came short. He was interested but wary. Something did not look quite right to him. The sportsman reeled in and changed to a smaller dressing of the same fly. Then carefully he laid the fly down within a foot of where the feeding trout had risen. It settled and seemed to dissolve in the dancing water, so craftily was it cast. And then the water was shattered—a lithe silver flash showed—the trout was hooked!

He threw himself two feet out of the water, he plunged, leaped, plunged and leaped again, weaving a crescent of curving leaps that carried him twenty feet or more to the right.

It was sublime to see that fish and that sportsman battle. The reel shrilled its vibrant song, the song that sets your nerves a-tingling, and the line hummed as it cut the water above the rushing trout as he made for the foot of the pool. He checked, plunged madly then angled upward again. His opponent reeled in while he came upstream to where the broken water began and as he followed it to the right, past where he had been hooked until he was directly downstream from us. Then he leaped again. This time not in his first swinging leaps but straight up. He seemed to hang as he shook viciously at the fly that held him. The sportsman dipped the point of his rod, let the line sag so the trout had no resistance to work against and he could not wrench the point loose.

A Gamey Fighter

Then the trout went deep, curving and dodging. But he was not a sulker. The cutthroat lives and fights near the surface. As

he swung and rushed, the light rod kept up the steady pull that seemed so gentle but which was wearing him down and gradually lessening his resistance. It curved gracefully from tip to butt. The leaps were not so lusty now. Once he came up and thrashed on the surface, sending a circle of drops out across the pool. The hum of the wisp of line was pitched lower now. The fish was tiring but would not quit. He had never quit before and he did not know its meaning. The reel was slowly drawing him in.

But not yet. Another round began. All the old moves of combat and strategy were repeated. Ten tense minutes had passed. The trout came to where the riffle broke and, swimming broadside to the fast water, used the current to win a good ten feet for him. But he was not allowed to repeat the trick. He was brought above the riffle to where the river did not flow so swiftly.

He passed astern, saw the canoe and fled headlong. The reel sang again. Then, seeing his chance, the man pointed the tip of his rod upstream and brought the trout skittering over the surface and into the waiting landing net. He weighed two pounds and one ounce.

The sportsman despatched him at once and laid down his rod. "That will do," he said. I lifted the anchor and poled upstream to the cabin. Covertly I watched the figure in the bow. He sat looking at his trout and there was a respect and something akin to reverence in his eyes. All other anglers know why he felt like that.

* * * *

A while back we associated infinity with the supply of trout in the Triangle area of British Columbia. That was a figure of speech only, because anglers and fish culturists know that abundantly stocked waters can be, and have been, fished out. And they know how difficult it is to re-stock those waters. The best trout waters of British Columbia can be depleted, but the story of our sportsman and the thousands of his kind seem to indicate that these virgin streams will not meet this fate.

People have learned either by study or by bitter experience that no waters will stand unreasonable fishing for year after year. The supply may and does stand up wonderfully well, but eventually the danger point is reached and eventually the piper must be paid. Moderate fishing uses only the interest of our inheritance; too heavy fishing eats up the capital until one day Nature, the banker, says "N.S.F." Our birthright has been squandered. We used to talk largely of our "limitless" natural resources; now we know there is a limit to them all. We know and

(Concluded on page 32)



A party of trail riders setting off along the shore of the jade waters of Lake Louise for the precipitous passes of the Rockies.

How the Poppies Came to Lake Louise

SLENDER and fragile—snow-white, blood-red, and as yellow as the sun—a million poppies blow in the breezes that shiver over the emerald waters of Lake Louise, and bring as many lovely dreams to weary tourists.

They grow, these beautiful little Iceland flowers, that are just a shade more delicate and fairy-like than our native poppies, down to the very shores of Lake Louise, beside the winding paths, in among the rocks, and close to the grey walls of the Chateau. In the evening they are silver and copper and gold in the moonlight, and their magic steals over you like a delicious drowsiness.

There are all sorts of legends as to where the poppies came from. Some say that the first seedlings were brought to Lake Louise by a beautiful princess, while others tell you that a mysterious stranger scattered the seeds one night by moonlight; children are sometimes told that each poppy is a tiny dream, and that they are put there by the fairies who wanted to be kind to the people who loved their Lake Louise.

But it was neither fairy nor princess who gave Louise her poppies of yellow and red and white. Visitors to Lake Louise owe their poppy dreams to one Mr. Krook, horticulturist of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who searched the world over for a flower that would grow and thrive in the high altitudes of the Rockies. One day when he was travelling in Northern Europe, he saw a field of Iceland poppies and there flashed upon his mind a picture of Lake Louise gay with poppies of red and white and yellow. He procured some seed and on his return to Canada planted it in the nurseries at Wolseley, Saskatchewan. In the Spring of 1912, two thousand Iceland poppy plants were shipped to Lake Louise and transplanted. Out of these have been propagated the enormous number to be found there to-day.

Before Mr. Krook introduced the Iceland poppy at Lake Louise, it was rather an obscure little flower, but to-day it is known the world over—made famous by Lake Louise. Poets make verses about its slender beauty—artists come to paint it. Above is a study of the poppies by an outstanding Canadian artist, Robert Holmes, which attracted great attention when it appeared at a Toronto art exhibition last spring.



These gay little Iceland poppies, their white or crimson or golden heads nodding on fragile stems, introduce a warm color note to an otherwise austere picture of frowning crags and grey chateau walls. The above illustration is a reproduction of a painting of these flowers by Mr. Robert Holmes.

(Continued from page 30)

we are warned. Anglers always have known that most of us, earlier in our lives, used to think differently. We simply did not know. We did not know that a trout must survive for three years before it reproduces the first time; we did not know that the percentage of survival of the eight or so hundred eggs is small and seems to be calculated not to increase the supply greatly but merely to take care of a moderate loss only; we did not know the many hazards a fish must meet before it reaches the age of reproduction.

Practising Conservation

Nowadays people in general do not waste trout like a few used to do. There have been instances of immense catches of trout being made, photographed, the fish discarded and

the picture proudly kept to prove the prowess of the so-called fisherman. But such things are becoming rarer. We are finding out that the quantity of game killed is not the proof of sportsmanship and that the method of getting them is.

Some die-hards may still be found who snort at the elaborate care taken by the modern angler. They profess to see no sense in light tackle and what we call sportsmanlike methods. They cite instances of great catches being made with any old bit of gear from a spear and pit lamp to a headline. Really fly fishing and the other skilled ways of angling are comparable to golf. Our same critics could easily tell us we could go round the eighteen holes in a lot fewer strokes than we do if we'd not bother about following the rules. It's not so hard to sink a ball if you

throw away the clubs and merely drop or kick the ball in. But that is not the game. In angling, merely catching fish is not the game. And the more expert we become the stiffer handicap we impose upon ourselves.

This increasing interest in expert angling is a good sign, a healthy sign, a sign that the end does not always justify the means. Long after we have laid away our rods for the last time those who follow us in the divine old art will be able to go to these British Columbia waters and find the stock of sporting fish there as abundant as when we knew them. For we are going to keep our trust with future generations of our fellow anglers and pass on to them our natural heritage, unhampered and unharmed—a country of glorious fishing for every coming man and woman. It can be done. It will be done.

When King George Drove a Train

By TOM WILLIE, *Guard on Royal Trains Under Three Sovereigns, in "Answers"*

ROYALTIES from all over the world visit this country (England), and I have come into contact with practically every crowned head of any importance during the last forty-five years.

One of the strangest of all these Royal visitors was the Shah of Persia, whose stay in Britain during the reign of Queen Victoria is still remembered. There were, of course, no motors in those days, and, as he was very inquisitive and fond of going to various places, the Royal trains of each trunk line were much in request.

He was taken to Windsor for a great State banquet given on his behalf, and expressed an almost childish curiosity concerning the engine. He wished to know how fast it could go, and what would happen if it ran off the line. When he got back to Persia, he declared, he would have a Royal railroad and a train of his own.

In those days many theatrical parties were taken down as "specials" to Windsor, as Queen Victoria had a great love of the drama. At many of these performances, the Prince of Wales (King Edward) was present, and was brought by Royal train to London after the performance.

I have a clear recollection of the young Duke of Clarence, Queen Alexandra's eldest son. On one occasion he and our present King, dressed in sailor suits, accompanied their mother to Portsmouth. As a special treat, the young princes were allowed to have a short ride on the footplate of the engine.

Years passed, and Prince George became King George. During the War he travelled extensively to visit munition centres, and the G. W. Royal train was often out. On one occasion a journey was made to the Swindon railway works. When the train was ready to go back to Swindon Town station his Majesty said he thought he should like to be a driver for once.

The distance from the works to the station was exactly one mile. Queen Mary was also on the footplate, and the King drove steadily, pulling up exactly at the mark on Swindon Town station.

King Edward also had a great fondness for engines, and on one occasion rode on the footplate of the engine drawing the Royal train from Windsor to Basingstoke; but, of course, this was thought "very daring," and everyone was instructed to keep quiet about it.

Princess Mary's Honeymoon Train

I think my most wonderful experience was the week I spent on the Royal trains—there were two of them—that conveyed King George to the West to inspect munition works and camps while the struggle with Germany was at its height.

The whole journey was made in absolute secrecy. As the King intended to sleep on the train, the Royal "sleeper" was borrowed from the London & North Western Railway. But during the day, his Majesty used a small train of four beautiful coaches, drawn by an engine suitable for climbing the gradients round Dartmoor.

At night the Royal sleeping-car train was put away in specially constructed secret sidings. Every night for a week a different place was chosen.

Then, during the day, the little train was brought out and journeys were made to various centres of war-time activity.

One of the most thrilling journeys I ever made in charge of a Royal train was on June 21st, 1922, when the Prince of Wales returned home from his Indian tour.

The whole distance along the track from Plymouth to Paddington was lined by cheering people, while at the station dense throngs had waited for hours. The train ran specially through Bristol—not taking the avoiding

spur line—to give the loyal inhabitants of the city a chance to cheer the Prince. And the reception when the train reached Paddington was historic.

I have made many journeys upon trains when the Prince has been a passenger. His Royal Highness scorns "fuss" in travel, and is impatient at the idea of a special saloon. But he never fails to give a cheery word of thanks to the driver and those responsible for the safety of the train.

A memorable experience was when I was guard of the famous "Honeymoon Train", which conveyed Princess Mary on her wedding trip with her husband, Lord Lascelles. We ran from Paddington to Shifnal, near Wolverhampton. It was a veritable triumph, and there were crowds everywhere along the line trying to catch a glimpse of the Princess and her husband. The saloon in which they travelled was simply one mass of flowers.

To-day, the "special precautionary working rules" relating to Royal trains have been practically abolished. It is needless to emphasize that a Royal special is worked with scrupulous care, but that applies to every train.

Queen Victoria was the first crowned head to set foot in a train, and in her early experiences of the Iron Road trains were in this experimental stage. Right down to the end, she still cherished the idea that drivers had a fondness for excessive speed, that locomotives might explode, and bridges were liable to collapse.

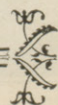
It is difficult to believe that when Queen Victoria first tried the "new-fangled method of travel", there was no means of scientifically heating her saloon carriage. Oil stoves were tried, but there were complaints of the odor. So the ladies-in-waiting and other members of the household who made long journeys from Windsor in the winter were often half frozen.



THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE

*OH, the old swimmin'-hole! Whare the crick so still and deep
 Looked like a baby-river that was lying half asleep,
 And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below
 Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't used to know
 Before we could remember anything but the eyes
 Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
 But the merry days of youth is beyond our controle,
 And it's hard to part forever with the old swimmin' hole.*

James Whitcomb Riley.



C. P. R. Recreation Club

Office worries are over the hills and far away, so far as this jolly crowd is concerned. Amid the green open spaces and the leafy trees of Sortin the members of the Canadian Pacific Recreation Club concentrate their energies upon the task of determining how much sheer enjoyment can be crammed into one country holiday. This was the occasion of their picnic.



THE Canadian Pacific Recreation Club of Montreal held a very successful field day on their grounds at Sortin, on Dominion Day and, judging by the number present, this occasion is becoming more popular each year. The club, which now embraces practically all branches of sport, has achieved to a very large degree the object for which it was organized, namely, to provide recreation for employees of the company on the Island of Montreal at a minimum cost. The summer activities in-

clude baseball, cricket, football, softball and tennis, while the club house offers excellent facilities for dancing.

In the fall and winter seasons the art needlework, dressmaking, basketball, bowling, hockey, dramatic, library and radio sections all function actively.

This year's field day provided the usual programme of races, tug-of-war, etc., in addition to a tennis tournament and baseball and softball matches, while in the evening a

very enjoyable dance was held in the club-house where a good orchestra provided the music.

Large numbers from the Windsor Street and downtown offices, together with other employees of the company, travel out each evening during the summer, and on Saturdays, particularly, the club house and grounds present a scene of keen activity, showing that the means provided for recreation are enjoyed to the full.



This husky group constitutes the Canadian Pacific Recreation Club Baseball Team for 1926. Evidently adhering to the time-honored maxim, "All work and no play," etc., these lads periodically dispel the worries of business by a strenuous game on the field.

On Motoring to Education

THERE'S NO ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE, and some of our educators believe that, as the road is, it is suited much better for walking than for motoring. In fact, the Council of Administration of the University of Illinois announces a regulation barring students from operating automobiles at the State coeducational institution, effective September 1. The University of Illinois thus follows, though it goes further than the example of Princeton, which has banned the use or possession of motor-cars by first-year men while in residence and limits their operation by upper classmen. The Princeton man who uses a car must carry a special card, and such a card is said to be hard to get. A letter sent by the authorities of the University of Illinois to the parents of all students and prospective students advances five reasons for barring the use of automobiles. To quote from the Washington "Post", they are:

1. The scholastic standing maintained by the majority of students owning or operating automobiles has been below the average scholastic standing of the university.
2. The owning of automobiles has involved a constant and serious waste of time.
3. There have been numerous accidents involving considerable damage and serious bodily injury.
4. There are constant violations of local and State laws governing motor traffic, and a wholly unnecessary and dangerous congestion of traffic in streets adjacent to the campus.
5. The use of cars has contributed to moral delinquencies which resulted in dismissal from the university.

In discussing these reasons against the use of automobiles by students, the New York "Sun" says it is likely that those guilty of moral delinquency would be guilty of it whether they had cars or not, and extravagance, it thinks, can be checked easily enough by the parents. In the matter of scholarship, however, "The Sun" sees a harmful influence by the automobile, in that it hinders the progress of those who possess the luxury, and thus tends to decrease the efficiency of the student body as a whole. Yet it is possible, thinks "The Sun", that, after all, the thing of which the University of Illinois complains is only a symptom and not the real disease. As "The Sun" sees it:

"There can be no doubt that most American colleges and universities are crowded with students who ought not to be there. The tremendous increase in total enrolment for the last seven or eight years has presented a problem of considerable perplexity. Entrance requirements are continually being made stiffer, but that does not deter new applicants for admission. New burdens and responsibilities have been placed upon the faculty

and questions of discipline naturally have become more complex.

"The popular American theory is that every boy or girl who wants an education should have a chance to get it. The trouble with this hypothesis is that it has been stretched to include all boys and girls who think they want education—or whose parents think they want it for them—many of whom really want nothing of the kind. It is fashionable nowadays to go to college or to send one's children to college. But going to college and getting a degree may be one thing when getting an education is something entirely different.

"If it could be done it might be well to require all students to prove their zeal by imposing upon them certain sacrifices, beginning with the luxuries. The college ought not to be a place of amusement but a place of labor. The poor lad or weakly girl who can not manage to stagger under a load of books for the half mile or so between home and classroom, but needs must be transported in an expensively upholstered motor-car should be in a sanitarium, not in a university. A little more walking and a little less motoring would probably do most students good. As for pleasure outside working hours, what about a little wholesome tennis or golf, baseball, football, basketball or a good muscle-building, blood-freshening tramp into the country?"

But the Macon "Daily Telegraph" thinks that the prohibition of automobiles would serve only to provoke students to rebellion and that it "were much better if these Illinoisans would deny the car only to those proving themselves incompetent to operate one, or to those who permitted the privilege seriously to impair their collegiate standing."

SONNET

Père du doux repos, Sommeil, père du songe

SIRE of repose, O Sleep, of dreams the sire,
Now that the night's vast shadow hath
been spread,
A humid shroud for air serene and dead,
Come, fill mine eyes, O Sleep that I desire!

Thy too-long absence from my weary eyes
Renders more sharp the pain I must endure.
Come with thy lulling touch, O Sleep, and lure
My pain away by thine assuaging lies.

Already Silence through the darkening night
Leads hosts of waving phantoms on the wind:
I only am unworthy in thy sight!

Come, Sleep desired, my brow like theirs to
bind,

For I have set a feast for thy delight
Of night shade, with thy poppies all entwined.

—Pontus de Tyard

(Translated by Wm. A. Drake.)

The Joys of Hunting with the "Haound Dawg"

"SAY, where'd you put my hunting-boots?" is the anxious inquiry in many a well-regulated rural household, according to a writer who discourses with relish on the old-fashioned joys of pot-hunting. And he pictures the tumult that ensues as closets and attics are ransacked for the sweater and the old gray shirt, while "last year's red-flannel underwear is cut apart to clean a gun." Continuing in the Rochester "Herald", the writer reminds us:

Old-timers, of course, not wrapped up in the daily routine of the business world, have quietly watched the passing of the weeks, knowing full well what was coming. Their plans have been under way for a month or more. Not theirs the hurried last-minute preparations that fail to give full dignity to their choice of sports, now at last almost to be enjoyed.

On the first morning that there is a smell of frost in the early autumn air, and there is a tinge of red in the leaves of the red-maple trees, the old-timers uncase their guns and prepare to give them a thorough overhauling. A whole evening must be given to the process, with tales of old hunting days, recalled by the sight of the old gun, once again narrated, as the work goes on. Then there must be careful count of the left-over shells reposing in the bottom of the case, and much serious thought and consideration given to the momentous question of whether the brand of shells be changed or the old sort used for another season.

Lastly, these old hands at the game of hunting turn their attention to the dogs. The stillness is almost oppressive, the sleepy song of birds comes as loud as a brass band to city ears, and the brightly colored woods hold out their insistent invitation. The dogs, chained in the tonneau, have their noses pushed as far out as they can reach in their mad endeavor to wriggle their bodies out on the ground, so wildly do they dash around in their excitement.

Then just as the first rays are coloring the sky, clearing as if by magic the fog-hung woods, the dogs are allowed to run, getting fresh scents before the sun has time to dry them.

"Who can ever forget," says one hunter to whom the first day of the season is of more importance, says his wife, than is his wedding anniversary, "the joy of that first morning when the hustle and bustle of town is left behind, when the irritation of incessant noises can be forgotten in the wonder of the sunrise?"

So these glorious, golden days mean much to those who are hunters born. From sunrise to sunset, through the cold morning and the noontime heat, they follow after the dogs, never seeming to grow weary.



SHE DANCES TO THE WATERFALL

THE wonderful setting of the little waterfall, known as the Giant's Steps, Paradise Valley, near Lake Louise, apparently inspired this nature-dancer with the spirit of life, and with the song of the water and the soft whistling of the bird-life abounding in the woods around. She was photographed while dancing to the music of her soul. Miss Bozlee is from Portland, Oregon, where she is a pupil of Denishawn. She is spending a few weeks at the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, the Chateau Lake Louise, from where early every morning she saddles a pony and rides to these falls where she can dance undisturbed, with only the blue sky and the multi-colored birds to see her and marvel at the rhythm of her movements.

The North Has My Heart

By WILLIAM WATSON

1 1 1

*The land that lies Eastward, the land that lies West,
The North, the Southland, which lovest thou best?
"To eastward, to westward, to southward I stray,
But the North has my heart at the end of the way"*

1 1

*Like a pearl is the East when the morn is begun,
And the West is a rose at the set of the sun,
And winsome the South is and golden all day---
"But the North has my heart at the end of the way"*

1 1

*The East has her streams, and the West her white
foam,
And the South her bland welcome to Spring tripping
home---
"But the North has her mountains, and clearest are
they,"
And the North has my heart at the end of the way"*

The Canadian Flag Discussion

The Editor,
"Canadian Railroader,"

Dear Sir:—

There is considerable controversy being carried on at the present time regarding a Canadian flag. It is a subject about which volumes might be written, but as Canada has several classes of people each having its own idea on the subject it is a delicate matter to handle and great care should be exercised in order not to hurt the feelings or sentiments of anyone. In writing the following I have done my utmost to respect the feelings of all, and if anyone should feel aggrieved I trust he will realize it was unintentional on my part.

E. W. G. wrote to the "Montreal Gazette" on June 21st, 1926, in a very overbearing manner regarding the ignorance of Canadians and laid great stress on "Empire solidarity". I should like to point out that writing in that manner E. W. G. only hurts the cause he would promote, and loyalty to Canada is not disloyalty to the Empire. E. W. G. also asks why so many Canadians persist in flying the merchant marine ensign on shore. I shall endeavor to answer that question. The red ensign was originally intended for the merchant marine and with such a large marine it was carried to all parts of the world, to hundreds of small places where the Union Jack was seldom, if ever, seen, and thus it became known as the British flag but was invariably called the English flag by millions of people who had rarely seen the Union Jack. People along the water front in almost any foreign country, when shown a red ensign, would call it the English flag and the white ensign would be named the naval flag, while the Union Jack, after a little hesitation, would be dubbed the Jack.

Some time after Confederation a flag was authorized for Canadian ships, consisting of the red ensign with the Canadian coat-of-arms in the centre and as Canada had the third largest merchant marine in the world in 1883 this flag soon became known as the Canadian flag. Thousands of immigrants coming to Canada see the red or blue ensign at the flagstaff and recognize it as British but call it the English flag and when they see the flag at the foretruck and ask what it is they are told it is the Canadian flag.

The father takes his family for a walk along the docks, the children ask what the flag at the staff is and are told it is the British flag, and the flag at the truck is the Canadian flag, neither the immigrant nor the child sees a Union Jack. At regattas, on excursions and ferryboats it is always the red ensign and invariably is called the Canadian flag. In many small places in Canada the Union Jack is called the government flag as it is chiefly seen on government buildings. In thousands of homes in Eastern Canada will be found fine paintings of sailing ships that have been commanded by members of the family and they all display the red ensign.

A flag has a fascination for all children and most adults, no boat or camp or playground and scarcely an automobile or residence is complete without a flag of some kind, and no one wants to differ from the rest. If the red ensign is on Dad's ship the boy has it on his boat or at his camp and his playmates want the same, reasoning that if it is right in one place it cannot be wrong in another, and both child and adult want a flag with something in it referring to Canada. As the Canadian ensign is the only authorized flag having anything referring to Canada in particular, they seize on it.

The mere fact that the red ensign has no status when brought ashore does not worry them; it represents the British Empire in general and Canada in particular and it appeals to their loyalty to the Empire and their patriotism towards Canada. Thus we might say they have adopted it but have not legalized the adoption.

I do not think there are many people in Canada who advocate doing away with the Union Jack, the flag of the Empire. The Union Jack consists of the cross of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, and represents the union of England, Scotland and Ireland. Canada might be described as the child of a family, which child, when he comes of age, does not want to do away with his surname but wants a distinguishing name to go with it.

Referring again to the red ensign ashore, personally, I think it is a good thing to have one flag for both ashore and afloat. It binds us together. Australia has the blue ensign with the stars in it for ashore and the red ensign with the stars for afloat, but it is confusing and the question arises, "Why so many flags?" I have a chart before me, showing the blue ensign with ten different emblems in it and the red ensign with one. These emblems do not include the coat-of-arms of the different dominions nor of several private house flags consisting of the Union Jack with some emblem in it.

I do not know if these are authorized or not. With all the different flags and the scarcity of the Union Jack is it any wonder there are mistakes made regarding the flag? Furthermore, the Canadian ensign has been changed so many times recently it is hard to keep time with it. I have seen three Canadian ships in a foreign country all flying a red ensign with a different coat-of-arms in it and not one man in all three crews knew the reason of it yet it was quite obvious that the flags had not worn out fast enough to keep pace with the changes made at Ottawa.

Many people in this country cannot look on this matter from the same standpoint as the descendants of the pioneers and ask, "What is the matter with the national flag? Is that not enough?"

C.E.B., writing to the "Montreal Gazette", on June 26th, expressed a fine sentiment in

a beautiful manner, but when he alluded to the part the French people had played in our history both in England and Canada he might have referred to the war of 1776 when the French fought not only bravely but desperately under the Union Jack which was then almost an alien flag to them. They were not fighting for England or France, however, they were fighting for Canada. There is another element to be considered. In 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America after having been practically driven out of England. They were followed by others until they became a young nation yet they were patriotic; they called their new home New England.

When the American revolution broke out many of these descendants were too loyal to take up arms against the Mother Country, and when peace was proclaimed they had to leave their homes and for a second time seek a sanctuary in the wilderness, this time in Canada.

Is it any wonder that the descendants of both of these early settlers want something in a flag to denote that part of the Empire they have played such a noble part in building up?

There are also others who have ideas of what that emblem should be and many designs have been submitted and powerful arguments put forward why they should be adopted. The feeling runs quite high in some circles and unless we look at it in a broad-minded manner and agree on something that will be pleasing to all—not to displace the Union Jack but to embody it—there may be a possible danger of some one of these different parties using influence enough at Ottawa to throw Canada into a dispute like that in South Africa to-day, which is a thing to be avoided at any cost.

J. E. Faulkner,
Port Williams,
Nova Scotia.

CAMELS vs. MOTOR CAR

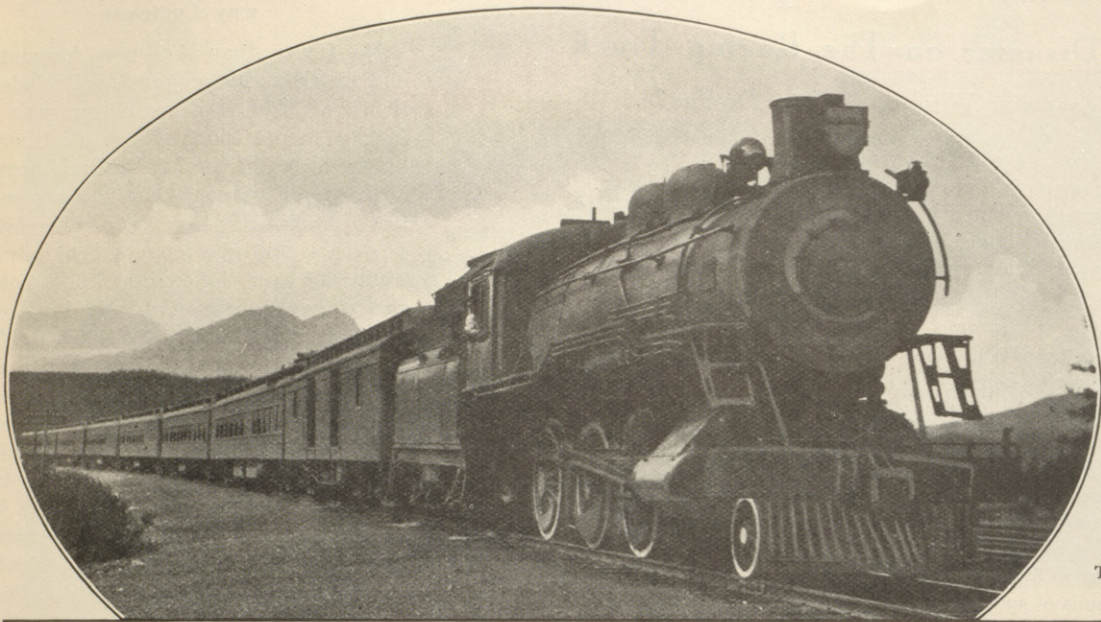
On the Valley Boulevard the other day we drew up behind and then passed a high-sided truck in which there were two camels, who were taking in the sights as they traveled in state to their destination.

Forty years ago, before Southern California was reclaimed from a desert by the vision of man, these camels, had they been here, would have transported themselves—and probably borne a burden.

With the development of the district from an arid waste to a wonderland, they ride over paved roads in trucks.

If the "ships of the desert" were gifted with musical ability—and were up in modern songs—they probably would sing "Thanks for the Buggy Ride."—"Imperial Oil Review."

Yesterday and To-day by Rail



When the
First
Trans-Canada
Pulled Out--
A Study
in Evolution



The Trans-Canada of to-day



The first transcontinental train in 1886.

THE fortieth anniversary of the first Trans-Canada train has recently been celebrated by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was the 28th of June, 1886, when the train pulled out of Dalhousie Square, Montreal, on its long pilgrimage of 2,290 miles across the Dominion. There were people present who were very pessimistic, but today they are proud of that memorable day in June—for it marked the period when the various provinces of British North America were bound together by a material bond.

At eight o'clock on that day, passengers filled with the excitement of the great adventure boarded the train, which was composed of an engine and ten cars, including two baggage cars, a mail car, two first class coaches, two immigrant sleepers, the sleepers "Yokohama" and "Honolulu" and the dining car "Holyrood."

As the news spread that the first transcontinental train was on its way, little settlements of hardy pioneers and Indians in all their grandeur, turned out to watch the "White man's fire wagon" speed along its newly-laid shining "right of way."

The old locomotive which pulled the first Atlantic Express into Port Moody, now Vancouver, looks quaint to modern eyes. It burned cordwood, and with its big smokestack and generous display of polished brasswork, which shone like gold, its array of flags and floral decorations it made an imposing spectacle. The engineer of the train was "Bob Mee", one of the best known railroad men of that time, and he pulled into Port Moody, B.C., sharp on time, six days after it left Montreal.

Today we travel across to Vancouver in 89 hours, with all the comfort and modern conveniences of this age and confident of arriving on time.

Thrills With The Speed Fiends

Dodging Disaster on The Racing Track

By CLARENCE WINCHESTER, in *Tit-Bits*

OF all the thrills that fall to the lot of adventurous man, the greatest I know is that of being hurtled round the world-famous track at Brooklands, England, at a speed that makes an express train seem slow.

Easter marked the opening of the auto-racing season, and once again the pace fiends compete with each other for the honor of creating new records.

These men are not fools. They are the world's best drivers, and though you will find them touching a hundred and forty or more miles an hour on the track, they know when to go slowly on the public highway. All the same, they are bitten with the speed mania, which is why thousands of spectators attend every meeting and "put a little on" with the bookmakers who flock to the course. Brooklands, indeed, is the motoring Ascot—except that the prizes are small, the competitors racing mainly for the love of the game.

It has been said that death is their peace-maker and that the spectre of tragedy flies alongside them as they tear breathlessly round the two miles 1,350 yards of concrete. There is no comparison between flying and motor racing, the latter sport providing more thrills and risks in one mile than flying does in a hundred. Incredible as this may seem, any man who has tried both sports will confirm what I say.

Imagine what might be the appalling consequences of a mechanical breakage at a speed of over a hundred miles an hour. I have seen cars turn turtle and slither down the steeply-banked track to the imminent peril of others following in their wake. And I have seen drivers with amazing skill avoid crashing into the wreckage by a mere hair's-breadth. Cars, too, have sometimes thundered over the top of the banking—and the ever-present risk of fire has given many a driver an uncomfortable time when the flames have got the upper hand.

Mad Speed

Come with me on an imaginary trip round this highway of lurking death. We begin at the equivalent to the "starting post," namely, the pneumatic tube that is stretched across the track and which conceals the electric wiring utilized for timing the machines. Our car leaps away, climbing higher and higher up the banking with every lap. The maximum height of this banking is over 28 ft., and if we take our turns at the correct speed all four wheels of our car will be pressing hard on the concrete in spite of the fact that we shall be lying over at an acute angle.

The trees and the telegraph poles at the side of the track flash by at a terrific pace.

Tongues of fire leap from our exhaust pipes; the engine roars healthily, and occasionally we fail to hold the track properly, skidding and slipping downwards, and a second later regaining our position. For lap after lap the concrete ribbon unwinds itself. If we move our head beyond the limit of the protection afforded by the bonnet of the car the wind pressure smacks us violently in the face and we soon know all about it. And there is the feeling that, any moment, something may break! If it does—

But, after many laps, we return to our friends, and though they congratulate us we hear nothing, for we are temporarily deaf from the roar of the engine.

When record breaking is attempted the time is recorded by the car itself. At certain points round the track there are sentry-boxes which mark off a definite measurement of the course. These are all connected by telephone and are in the electric circuit of the main timing box. For short records—the kilometre, mile, or anything up to five miles—inflated rubber tubes are stretched across the hundred feet width of track.

When a car or motor-cycle passes over them, thus pinching out the air, an electric circuit is completed, and the instant of passage is registered on a delicate instrument in the timing box. The time occupied in passing between any two strips is therefore recorded automatically, and the speed is later worked out on a special calculating machine. As every second—indeed, every fraction of a second—is of moment, such scientific methods are essential to accuracy.

Three Miles a Minute

Cars that will travel at nearly three miles a minute will be seen at the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club this year. Most of the drivers keep in training before a big race. Some entrants pilot their own cars; others engage professional drivers, whose job it is to try to win races. They are really the jockeys of the motor world. The late Count L. Zborowski, a wealthy Russian, kept a complete "stable" of racing automobiles; but, in the end, he found death his peace-maker. His "Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang" will long be remembered as one of the fastest cars of its time.

Finally, motor-racing is a rich man's hobby with financial rewards ridiculously small in comparison with those offered to keepers of racehorses.

One of the first attempts at locomotive headlights was the pushing ahead of the engine a car on which a fire was built.

Huge Rail Contracts

\$50,000,000 Programme of British Railway Company

No fewer than 400 new locomotives and 15,000 goods wagons are included in the \$50,000,000 scheme of renewals and improvements which has been authorized by the board of the Midland and Scottish Railway. Further orders for passenger-train stock, etc., are in contemplation. The work will give employment to many trades all over the country. Locomotives and wagon construction will involve an expenditure of nearly \$25,000,000. This will be carried out partly in the company's own workshops, but the greater part of it will be undertaken by numerous private firms. The order for 15,000 new wagons will be of interest to traders and manufacturers, who have been complaining of the delay of goods in transit owing to the shortage of rolling stock. Messrs. Beyer, Peacock & Co., of Gorton, Manchester, have secured an order for three engines of the Garratt type. These enormous locomotives, with a hauling power of 1,500 tons and capable of express passenger speeds, are primarily intended for working fast coal traffic. They weigh more than 140 tons each, and will have no fewer than 16 wheels, with tenders both front and rear.

Three new steamers for the Irish cross-Channel service, and a large number of coaches for the London suburban electric service are to be built. Victoria and Exchange stations, Manchester, are to be reconstructed and converted into one vast station, with the longest platform in the world. It will be 2,199 feet in length, and will be able to accommodate three trains at once. Important engineering works to be carried through by the L.M.S. include four schemes for widening the main line near Leeds, Crewe, Birmingham, and Belper. All the departments in Crewe railway works will go on full time at once. More than 9,000 railwaymen are affected. They have been working short time since Whitsuntide. Eighty new engines are to be built, and there is sufficient work to warrant the continuance of full time for a long period.

STRINGLESS BEANS

Few know that the man who took the string out of string beans was Calvin N. Keeney, of LeRoy, N.Y. Mr. Keeney went through the bean patch and picked out the beans that were minus the strings. Whenever he found one he would save the beans for seed, repeating this year after year, and eventually obtaining a supply of genuine stringless beans.



New extension to Mr. Fegan's Homes at Goudhurst, Kent, opened by Sir George McLaren Brown, European General Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway.

To Train Boys for Canadian Farms

Sir George McLaren Brown inserting key that opened new extension. Mrs. Mary Fegan and Gilbert Meaders, architect, who attended opening.



BUILT at a cost of £31,000, the new extension at the Training Farm, Goudhurst, Kent, England, of Mr. Fegan's Homes was opened recently, by Sir George McLaren Brown, European General Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway. This farm of 367 acres will now be able to house and train 150 orphan and destitute lads over 14 year of age for emigration to Canada, or farm work at home. Since 1884, when the first party of lads went to Canada some 3,500 Fegan boys have been settled there, the majority of whom are doing well. Sir George, who presided, in his address, paid a high tribute to the life work of the late Mr. J. W. C. Fegan, the founder of the Homes, and speeches were delivered by the Revd. J. Chalmers Lyon, Trinity

Presbyterian Church, Hampstead; Mr. D. C. Apperly, Hon. Treasurer of the Homes, and others.

Mr. Fegan's Homes were founded in 1870 and it was in 1884 he took a few boys to Manitoba, following them in the same year with a party of 50. Since then, up to the outbreak of war, some 10 boys went out every year to Canada, and since then a continual stream of boys has gone out to the Distributing Home they maintain near Toronto.

A large party of friends and supporters of the Homes came down from London and elsewhere to be present at the ceremony, and were received by Mrs. Fegan, and after the opening ceremony, inspected the building.



In the Realm of Home



Don't Think Yourself an Invalid

IF the old-fashioned wife was rather too much inclined to look upon expectant motherhood as a semi-invalidish period, when you wore tea-gowns and kept your feet up, the new-fashioned wife is perhaps rather prone to rush to the opposite extreme by deciding that she's going to carry on "exactly the same as usual."

I remember that before my first baby was born, I resolved I would take lots and lots of exercise, says a mother of three children. I was living in the country for the first time, and I thought plenty of walks in the sweet, fresh air would be a tremendous help to us both.

But I was surprised to find that after the first month—yes, as early as that—I began to be very easily tired.

I fought against it—a silly thing to do. But it seemed such early days to "give in"!

Well, nothing dreadful happened to me or to the baby, as it happened, except that it was a far smaller and "naughtier" baby than the two I have had since. But I used to get terribly depressed and restless, and I understand now why that was. Over-tiredness of any kind sets up "fatigue poisons" in the blood, and as it was through my blood that Baby was at that time being fed, you can imagine he wasn't getting exactly first-class meals.

Nature Knows Best

I do think that a great many of the troubles we hear of amongst quite healthy young wives nowadays are due to the fact that they overdo things during those first few months when you look just your ordinary self but are really nothing of the kind. When you get tired, stop. Nature knows best what you want.

It's a funny thing, but later on, you generally don't get tired nearly so easily

as you did a few months ago. You feel brighter, jollier, and altogether more energetic.

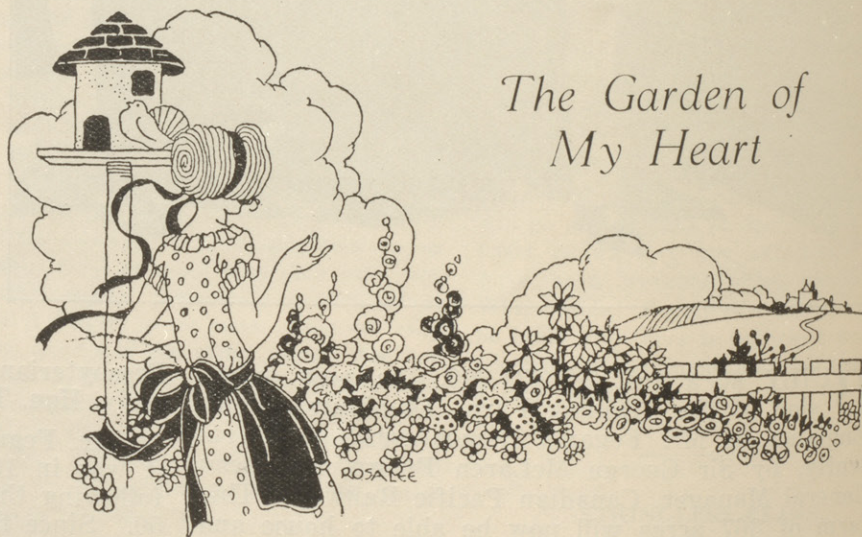
And, of course, you digest your food far better. Just at first you very probably loathe the sight of food. You either are sick, or feel sick—unless you are one of the very lucky people who are their normal selves the whole time. If you aren't, don't worry, or fancy yourself delicate. You know how the coming of a baby "upsets the whole house"—well, can't you realize that the little new life "upsets the whole house" of your body until it gets used to things? That sickness, that nausea, that depression which even the most baby-loving

of women know, is just your anatomy "settling down" to the disturbing element.

If any of these troubles become extremely bad, or go on after the fourth month (generally they end sooner) you should consult your doctor. But, in a normal case, don't worry if you can't eat much—or keep much down—just at first.

People used to say to me, "You've got to eat for two now, you know." That's rather a mis-leading notion. A fully developed new-born baby's stomach holds about as much food as a hen's egg—say two full tablespoonfuls of mother's milk.

(Concluded on next page)



The Garden of My Heart

I HAVE a garden which I tend,
Where flowers of kindness grow.
The lily of all loving deeds,
And sweet thoughts all arow.
The rose of home affection's there,
Red, for the cheering smile,
White for the little helpful deeds
Which lonely hours beguile.

I love to grow the flowers of joy
Because their perfume's sweet;
They bloom upon the sunny side
Of my dear garden seat.
But ah, the garden of my heart
Needs tending every day,
Because, if I neglect it, all
Its sweet flowers fade away.

Be Different

NEXT time you feel inclined to bewail the fact that you do not happen to possess what the world calls a pretty face, remember this: All pretty women cannot be interesting. Indeed, many of the most exquisitely beautiful women in the world are, and have been, intensely insipid! says Marie Tempest, the famous actress.

Why waste our envy on the woman who is merely pretty—and probably deadly dull—when a woman who is interesting, vital, “different,” can outshine all the pretty ones, any day or night of the week!

Why be afraid to be different?

Most women are, I find. They seem to have a sort of “herd instinct,” strongly developed; they simply hate to be “different.” If “they” are said to be wearing narrow-brimmed hats, tight sleeves, large-figured silks, boleros, etc., women will gaily array themselves in just those garments, whether they are becoming or not!

DON'T THINK YOURSELF AN INVALID

Continued from previous page

So I think if we eat twice as much as our usual, Baby will be somewhat overfed, don't you?

No, just eat what you can manage at first, and see that it's nourishing as far as it goes—and then later on, if you feel that increased appetite some women notice, by all means indulge it in moderation—only don't take a lot of liquid with your meals, or go in for hot soups and rich meat and fried dishes and then wonder why you're very unhappy with flatulence and water brash!

“Little and often” is probably a good rule in those last few months, heavy meals are bound to make you uncomfortable.

Besides prudent diet and moderate regular exercise, you want plenty of sleep.

Have your supper early, quite two hours before your bed-time, and be all tucked up by ten. That miserable “can't keep still” feeling is often due to lack of sleep. Perhaps, towards the end, you won't be able to sleep very well. Never mind, relax your body and mind, say to yourself that you are having a good rest anyway, and tuck a little pillow or cushion under the side you are lying on if you don't seem able to get comfortable. I've tried this over and over again, and it does make a difference—it's such a support, and takes away that dragging feeling.

Once again, **DON'T WORRY.** You're not going to have a surgical operation, you're going through a perfectly natural process of Nature that is as normal as eating or breathing, and that has waiting at the end of it a perfectly lovely reward.

In this wholesale clothes contest the pretty girls of the world come off best, invariably. The plain ones, or those who are less pretty, if you prefer it so expressed, become submerged, because there is nothing distinctive about them. Their clothes and hats do not suit them; so their general appearance is negligible.

And thus the plain girl goes under, since she lacks the pretty features and sparkling eyes that draw momentary attention, at least, to the good-looking girl, however unbecomingly she may be dressed.

Strike a Note of Your Own

But directly the less-good-looking girl strikes a note of her own—she takes her place triumphantly in society as somebody. She counts; not because she is beautiful, but because she has the pluck to be “different,” and to emphasize her particular form of “difference” to her own advantage.

Don't be afraid to be different. Don't be afraid to strike out a line of your own. Find your defects, “and proceed to make capital out of them,” instead of permitting them to work ultimate ruin for you.

If you happen to own a long neck, don't try to hide it in a high, choking collar, which makes people wonder immediately why you wear such miles of material round your throat. Dress “for” it, not against it.

This applies to the over-tall girl, too; if she is wise she will make the most of her height, instead of trying to minimize it.

Learn the value of restraint, both in dress and speech.

Cultivate a color-sense, for it is useless to deny the immense importance of clothes in every woman's life.

If your type is pert and witty, choose clothes and colors that accentuate these points, in a charming but not too insistent manner.

If you happen to be a picturesque girl, do everything in your power to live up to your quaint picturesqueness. Avoid hard tailor-mades; put aside French heels and Paris hats. Go back to the softer, more feminine styles of the England of a hundred years ago, and start a vogue of your own. Make yourself remarkable by being different—but be modest about it all the time.

Dress to be interesting, and forget that you haven't a regular feature in your face.

Don't stay sixteen too long where your wardrobe is concerned; but don't bound forward to sixty too rapidly. So many people do one or the other; just look round at your friends and see if this is not the case. The ages in between are full of good points, only we are inclined to overlook them.

To create and follow a “different” style of dressing need not be expensive, if clothes are chosen with care, and if their wearer backs them up by her own marked simplicity of manner and distinct personality.

Overdressing smothers and stifles personality; clever dressing improves it. Remember that one really good, well-chosen dress is worth half-a-dozen mediocre gowns.

Recipes

BAKED APPLE PUDDING

Ingredients: One pound of apples; half a pound of flour; two ounces of butter; four ounces of sugar; one teaspoonful of baking powder; quarter of a pint of milk; one egg; salt. Stew the apples with half the sugar until they are a soft pulp. Spread them in the bottom of a piedish.

Mix together the flour, baking powder, sugar and a pinch of salt. Rub in the butter. Add the egg and milk beaten together and mix well. Turn this on to the cooled apples and bake for forty minutes in a good oven. Sift white sugar over and serve cold.

UTILIZING VEGETABLES

A new recipe for utilizing any cold vegetables can be used for this—potatoes and peas are a very good combination, but carrots, turnips, cauliflower and spinach may all be used if available.

Rub them all through a rather coarse wire sieve and, to a pint of this puree, add half a pint of white sauce, two ounces of liquid butter, one tablespoonful of tomato



catsup, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. When thoroughly mixed, turn into a buttered mould and steam for half an hour. Two well beaten eggs may be used in place of white sauce, if more convenient.

Cut slices of cold beef into neat fillets. Season with salt and pepper and just brown them in a pan with a little butter. Turn out the mould, place the fillets round and serve with brown gravy.

LEMON WATER ICE

Required: One pound of lump sugar; one quart of boiling water; three or more lemons; four whites of eggs. Put the sugar and water on the fire and boil them to a syrup; skim well and boil until it will form a good thread between your finger and thumb. Let it get cold.

Rub three lumps of sugar on the rinds of the lemons to obtain the “zest.” Then add them to the syrup. When it is cold add half a pint of strained lemon-juice, and half-freeze it. Then add the stiffly-whipped whites of eggs, beat them well in and continue the freezing.

Fighting Jealousy

WHEN I see husbands and wives together in public I often wonder to myself, "Are they together because they love each other, or hate each other?" because so often women say to me, "He never takes me out unless I make him," and oftener still both men and women tell me that they can't bear the other to go out alone to dances or theatres or anything, says Leonora Eyles. When I look around on people and think how this world of ours would sing and shine if people had free minds and free souls, I could weep. So much beauty of spirit, so much kindness, all chained in by jealousy and a spirit of possession that makes an outing and a pleasure into a penance.

Only this week I have had two long arguments with women who came to me ready to smash up their homes because their men-folk had taken another girl out. On one occasion the man and the young girl, both very keen on politics, had sold programmes at a concert and, after the selling was over, had sat on the balcony steps listening to the music. They sat together on the same step. The wife was so wild that she came asking my advice as to whether to break up the home or not. "He's always off to meetings," she said, "and I stick at home."

In the end I got her to see that it was her "sticking at home" that was driving her man away from her. It wasn't easy to make her see it. It wasn't easy to make her see that you can't nag a man into being in love with you. I would advise any woman who has got into the stale time of marriage—after four or five years—if she really loves her man and wants to keep him to her, to interest herself in his interests; if he is interested in politics, go with him to meetings and educate yourself; if he is in a choir, be interested in his music. But be sure to do something that will bring comradeship to take the place of passion. And remember this—the way to keep him true to you is by making him love you so much that he prefers to be with you to being with anybody else.

If you scold him he will go out of the house to some other woman for sympathy.

Take Stock of Yourself

When a wife sees her man getting away from her and the home, she should take stock of herself and find out why. Is she dull? Is she boring? Has she let domestic affairs obsess her? Above all, has she let herself get jealous?

That is at the root of most marriage problems and courtship problems, too. So many people seem to think that an engagement ring or a wedding ring is a symbol of bondage and slavery, tying two people together so that they shall not talk to or associate with a member of the opposite sex at all.

That may be all very well when you are at the white-heat stage of love; you want

to be with each other all the time. "And while you want to it will work." People first in love have eyes for no others but themselves and each other. Later, when the flame has died down, usually on one side before the other, there is an attempt made to create bonds. And that is where failure begins.

Love is the most delicate thing on earth. If you imprison it, it will pine and die. If you try to compel people to any course of action, the spirit of freedom instinct in every human being will make them resist. It will make them hate the one who compels.

I would say to wives who are upset because their husbands go out without them, or because they have friendships with other women, "Make yourself everything to him, then he will not be so likely to go after others." But at the same time I agree most sincerely with friendship between people of opposite sexes.

Where people are free, where they are not irritated by carping criticism and unkindness and an attempt to enslave, you usually find that they do not do horrid things; there is a great attraction about doing the forbidden. The minute the forbidden ceases to be forbidden, the minute a jealous man or woman makes an effort of will and ceases to be jealous, the cause for jealousy disappears, except in very rare cases. Try it and see.

Hints for the Housewife

Ironmould Stains

IRONMOULD stains in clothes can be removed with Javelle water, which can be purchased from any drug store, or grocer's. Another method is to cover the spot with salt, and then squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over the salt. Leave for half an hour, and then wash in clean water.

Ivory-Backed Articles

A paste of sawdust, water, and lemon juice is best for cleaning ivory-backed toilet articles. The paste should be spread evenly over the surface, and then allowed to dry on. When it is perfectly dry, it should be removed with a soft brush, and the ivory polished finally with a clean chamois leather.

To Clean Felt Hats

A white beaver or felt hat which has become too soiled for use can be easily cleaned by means of powdered calcined magnesia. The powder should be made into a paste with a little cold water and brushed well over the hat. When perfectly dry, well brush with a clean brush.

Perspiration Stains

Perspiration stains can quickly be removed by washing the goods in warm water, soap and a little Borated Ammonia.

Cleaning Stoves

The black parts of stoves should be painted with enamel, and then the laborious work of blackleading does not have to be done.

Cleaning Brass

The brass found on bedsteads and other similar mountings is usually lacquered. When new this is best just rubbed with a soft duster; later on it may be brightened by washing in warm soapy water, rubbed with a little lemon juice, rinsed in clear water, dried and polished. Gradually the handling and cleaning will remove some of the lacquer, and it becomes unsightly. It should then be relacquered.

Before relacquering, the old lacquer must be removed; this is best done by means of methylated spirit—and then washing in very hot water.

Damp Stains on Linen

If damp stains are observed in any linen article which has been put away for any length of time, these should be rubbed with finely-powdered chalk, each spot being separately treated, and the chalk being allowed to remain on until the material has dried. The linen should then be washed in the usual way in a lather made of warm water and yellow soap.

Safety in Silence

Mannishly-dressed Lady—"Did you catch any fish, little boy?"

Country Boy—"No."

M. D. L.—"No what?"

Boy (gazing dubiously at her rig)—"Durned if I know."—"Boston Transcript."

"How dare you embrace and kiss my daughter!"

"I?"

"Yes. Don't deny it! She has told me so herself!"

"It's a lie! Besides, she promised not to tell!"—"Buen Humor, Madrid."

"That waiter looked at you as if you hadn't paid!"

"And I looked at him as if I had!"—"Pele Mele, Paris."



"GEOGRAPHY"

UPON separate squares of paper write a lot of geography questions, such as "What is the capital of Spain?" "In what county is Kilmarnock?" Upon other squares write the answers; then shuffle and deal as though they were a pack of cards, keeping them face downwards. Each answer is numbered with the same number as the question.

Someone asks one of the questions in his hands; and he who holds the answer must respond. This is where one must have a knowledge of geography; for if he does not know in what county a certain place may be, naturally he does not recognize the answer when he sees it.

To each player who answers correctly one mark is awarded; and those who answer incorrectly lose one mark. If no answer to his question is forthcoming, the player who asked the question mentions the number upon it; and he or she who has the answer loses one mark.

After each question has been asked and answered, the question and answer are placed together, face downward, upon the table. When all the cards are upon the table the game is finished, and it is time to count the scores.

If a player happens to have both the question and the answer in his hand, he places them upon the table at the commencement of the game. Players must ask questions in turn if no one gives correct answers; but if these are given, he or she who scores a mark must ask the next question.



I
KNOW!

I KNOW seven times table—nearly.

I do sums with borrowing ten.

I know all the capes round England,

And I can write with a fountain pen.

But I know something better than that,

I only found out yesterday,

And 'cause it's a secret I can't tell,

But I know a place where the Fairies play!

House-Hunting in Mouseland

Being the Adventures of Cheddar Brown Mouse

M^R. and M^RS. BROWN MOUSE had to leave their hole. They'd had a very nasty letter from their landlord, saying that now they had thirty children they really must find a bigger hole.

"All very well for him to tell us to find one," sobbed Mrs. Brown Mouse. "But where are we to look? There's nothing to be let, and if you buy, prices are terrible. Mrs. Grey Mouse tells me that they had to pay six hundred cheese rinds for theirs."

Now, Cheddar Brown Mouse, the eldest son, had been listening to his parents' conversation and when he saw them so worried he decided to go out and see if "he" couldn't find something.

So he went strolling down the road and soon he saw a large hole with a notice "For Sale" up beside it, so he popped inside to see what it was like.

It wasn't quite like any other hole he'd ever been in, but all the same, it was very nice, and he'd just made up his mind to go and fetch his father to look at it when he heard a huge voice outside say:

"Yes, I'll have that one. Put it on my car, will you?"

After that, poor Cheddar had a most terrible time. The "hole" was first of all dragged roughly along the ground, then it was lifted high up in the air, then it went racing along the road as if five hundred cats were after it. Cheddar didn't know whether he was on his whiskers or his tail by the time it stopped. But his troubles were by no means over, for he heard the huge voice say:

"I say, come and give me a hand with Gruff's new kennel, will you?" And then

after a lot more hoisting and banging about it said, "Where is that dog? I want him to come and see his house."

"Dog!" Cheddar nearly fainted when he heard that word, for it sounds nearly as bad to a mouse as "cat". He began to run round and round, looking for the opening, but he ran so fast that every time he got to it he passed it without noticing.



Soon he saw a large hole with a notice, "For Sale"

Then the roof of the "hole" suddenly lifted up and a big red thing appeared.

"Oh, I say," it shouted, "what sport! There's a mouse in the new kennel. Fetch Gruff quickly."

But Cheddar didn't wait to hear any more. Suddenly he saw the opening and out he scurried, like a tiny streak of lightning, and he never stopped running until he found himself at home.

And I may tell you that the Brown Mouses had to find a new hole without his help, for he never went house-hunting again.

Riddle-Me-Ree

W^HAT is the difference between a hen and an idle musician?—One lays at pleasure, the other plays at leisure.

What is the difference between a bankrupt and a feather bed?—The one is "hard up," and the other soft down.

Why is a watchdog bigger by night than by day?—Because he is let out at night, and taken in in the morning.

What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight shoe?—One makes acorns and the other makes corns ache.

Which letter of the alphabet would be useful if a coat fitted badly?—The letter F, because it would make "it" fit.

What animal most closely resembles a wolf?

Another wolf.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

PLAIN WARNING

THE court was getting rather tired of the assault case. One witness in particular never seemed to be able to understand the questions put to him.

"What we want to get at," said counsel, "is who was the aggressor."

"Eh?" said the large, bull-necked witness doubtfully.

"Let me explain," said counsel patiently. "If I met you in the street and struck you in the face, I should be the aggressor."

"You'd be an idiot," muttered the witness.

"No, no, you don't understand, my man. Suppose I struck you without provocation, I should be committing an act of aggression."

"Excuse me, guv'nor, you'd be committing suicide," declared the witness darkly.

Minister: "How is it, Jenkins, you cannot make your cows pay? Simpson, down the lane, has only got the same number, yet he seems to do pretty well."

Jenkins: "Well, yer see, sir, I ain't got the right kind of soil, and—"

Minister: "But what has the soil got to do with it?"

Jenkins: "It's like this, sir, Simpson's farm stands on chalky ground, and then agen, yer see, he's nearer the pump than I be, and it all tells."

Selby: "Won't you dine with me?"

Grimes: "Thank you, I've just dined; I have been home and had my regular meal of apples, apricots, and asparagus."

Selby: "Isn't that a rather odd combination?" Grimes: "Well, you see, my wife went to a domestic science school, and had to leave after the first week—before she had reached the second letter of the alphabet!"

"Two cows is in the field," said a teacher to a class of small boys, indicating the writing on the blackboard. "Now, that sentence is wrong. Can any one tell me why?" Wearily she looked over the apathetic class. "Come, come!" she said encouragingly. One youngster, with a latent spark of chivalry, sought to help her out of the difficulty. "P'raps one of them are a calf, miss!" he suggested.

HE KNEW THEN

When the iceman came out of the house he found a small boy sitting on one of his blocks of ice.

"'Ere!" he roared, "wot are yer a-sitting on that for?"

The small boy raised a tear-stained face.

"Was you ever a boy?" he queried faintly.

"Of course I was," said the iceman, fuming. "But—"

"And did you ever play truant?" cut in the youngster.

"Of course I did!" snarled the iceman. "Now then, you—"

"An' when you got home did yer father take a stick an'—"

"Sit where you are, my little man," the iceman said, gulping, "I understand."

Millicent: "Woman will be famed as well as man?"

Roger: "Yes, for untold ages!"

"I'm afraid I cannot sell poison without medical authority."

"Why? Do I look like a man who would kill himself?"

"I don't know; but if I looked like you I might be tempted."

Charlie: "Father, what are ancestors?"

Father: "Well, my son, I'm one of yours. Your grandfather is another." "Then why do people brag about them so much?"

SHAVE, SIR?

The following advertisement appeared in an Indian paper:—Mahomedman, hair cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterwards. A trial solicited.

His Wife: "A writer here explains why some husbands consider their wives angels."

Her Brute: "I suppose it is because they are always harping on something."

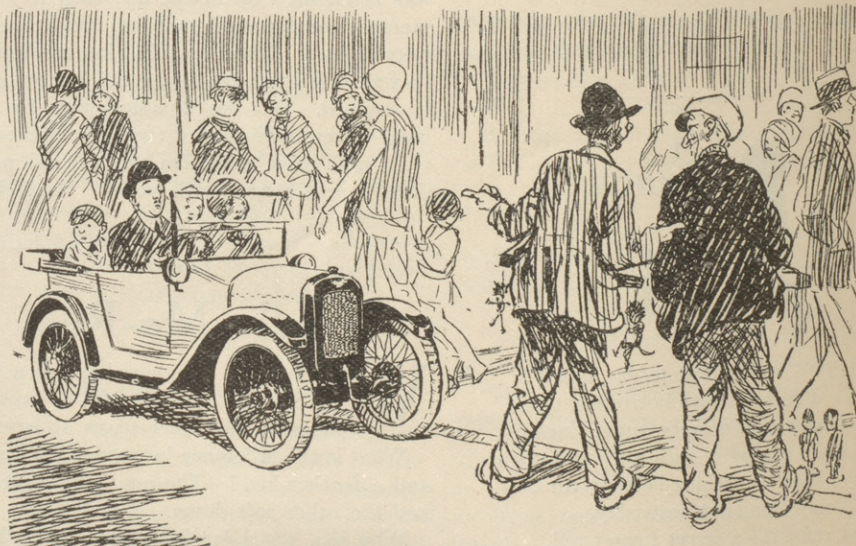
An actor and a retired army man were discussing their respective callings. "How would you like to stand with shells bursting around you?" the soldier demanded. "Well," replied the actor, "it would all depend upon the age of the eggs!"

Hyde: "So your son has become an author. Does he write for money?"

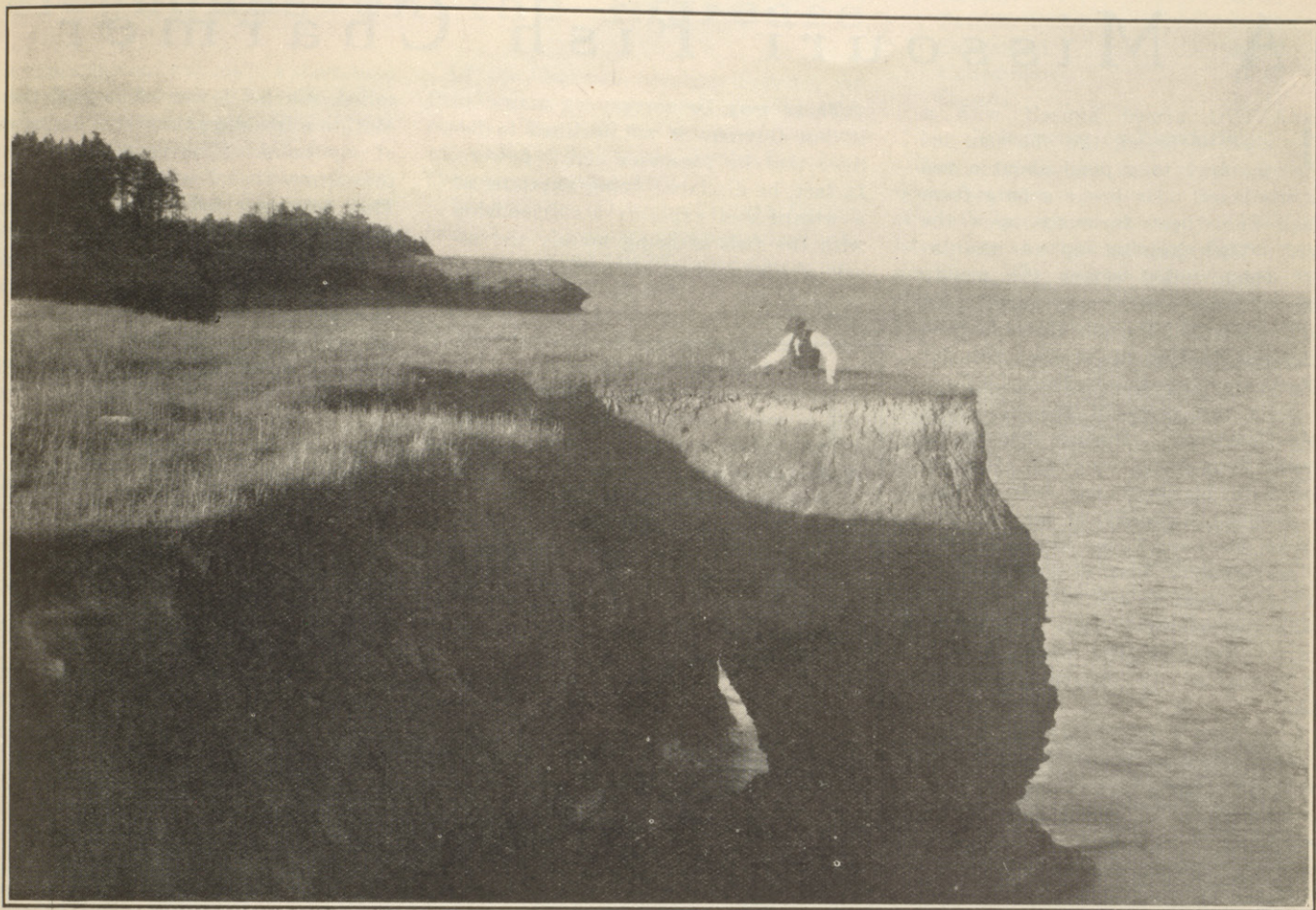
Brown: "Yes, about three times a month!"

Did you ever stop to think, snaps "Jilted" that a fortune awaits the man who invents an adjustable engagement ring?

My nevvie 'Orace is one of those chaps wot never stops at anything. I do 'ope as 'ow 'e alters now. 'E's got a job as a lorrydriver.



HAWKER (as diminutive car draws up): "Look 'ere, 'Erbert! Look what they're giving away with a tin of petrol now!"



KILDARE CAPE, P.E.I.

—C.N.R. photo.

"How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!"

—Tennyson

What Makes Red Snow?

"**B**LOODY" snow does not fall from heaven as superstitious people may still think, but mantles of white occasionally do become "red snow" covering the ground. Press reports of red snowfalls are therefore not unbelievable but explainable. Many blood-red snow-fields have been seen by arctic and mountain explorers in European and South American countries. Not very long ago crimson snow was said to have been seen in our Northwest. In "Nature Magazine," John I. Schoonhoven tells us that the explanation of this startling appearance is comparatively simple:

When subjected to the tests of science and the searching magnification of the microscopic lens, this apparently miraculous happening is found to be far from a supernatural visitation or a dread portent. It is merely a small plant flourishing on the moist, cold surface of the snow and flaunting its bright color quite as innocently as does the columbine, nod-

ding its crimson corolla on the sun-drenched hillside in the New England spring.

This tiny plant belongs to the algae, the lowest and simplest in organization in the plant world, having no distinction of leaf and stem. Indeed it has but a single cell, less than one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. To this single cell of protoplasm is added the red coloring matter called endochrome, and the plant, small as it is, bears the imposing name, "Protococcus nivalis." When this cell is placed in water or in the presence of moisture, it grows by cell division, each cell dividing into two, four, eight, sixteen parts and so on, each division acquiring a new covering before leaving the mother cell. As each young cell emerges it is a complete individual and repeats the process of growth and rapid development. Thus, only a few hours are required for the spread of this plant over a wide expanse of moist

surface. Hence the tales of magic, of signs and wonders about this plant.

Other members of this algae family are also plant colonists, we gather from this writer, who says:

In the temperate zone, we have a closely related plant form (*Spharella lacustris*) found in small rock basins, particularly limestone ledges, filled by rain or oozing water, but so shallow that they are frequently entirely dry in summer. Another member of this plant family has come into prominence through its bizarre and startlingly sudden appearance. The "Gory Dew," that overlies the grass of the plains at times, and has alarmed the superstitious, is still another alga called "*Porphyridium cruentum*." This little plant, appearing at Hastings soon after the famous battle, was supposed to be "the bloody sweat of the earth crying to heaven for the vengeance of so great a slaughter."

A Missouri Fish Charmer

HAVING armed himself with a slice of bread, the old man led the way to a pond about a rod from his house. He broke a twig from a bush and "beat furiously upon the water." Then he "set up an incantation," which rolled across the muddy waters—"Come carp, come carp, come carp!" Thus had Farmer Govreau been calling and feeding his trained fish for twenty years, according to Louis La Coss, who tells the story in the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." During that period Govreau "has been on such friendly terms with his carp and catfish that they respond instantly to his call and eat from his hand." So entertaining is this performance that a visit to Govreau's fish pond is one of the favorite Sunday recreations in that part of the country. Skeptics who went to scoff have remained to marvel. Govreau speaks:

I recollect a few years ago a professor from the University of Chicago brought a couple of dozen students down this way to study geology. They heard about my fish and said it couldn't be done. Well, I just proved it to 'em. I brought 'em all over here and I called enough fish to fill a gunny sack. Yep, they were convinced and I would have won \$5 from the professor only he wouldn't put up the money after he offered to bet. Of the fish charmer himself we are told:

Govreau is a farmer, born of old French stock seventy-three years ago on the very place that he still calls home. He is the father of three sons and five daughters, and his credibility as a parent, farmer and neighbor has never been questioned. Twenty years ago he read in a newspaper that remarkable things were being done by animal trainers and he decided to see what could be done with the fish that swam in his pond. He experimented and with good results. He found that after a few lessons a dozen carp learned to recognize his call. He merely walked to the bank, whacked the water with a stick, yelled, "Come carp, come carp!" several times, and the fish came leaping to him. He rewarded them with a few morsels of bread—and they were his friends. Each year as baby fish were hatched they, too, were taught to know their benefactor, and for years the unusual spectacle has been presented on the Govreau farm of veritable shoals of fish answering to a human call, nibbling their dinner from the hand of a man and evidencing no fear at his approach.

There may be sorcery or magic in it, but Govreau is not inclined to believe that he possesses occult powers. In fact, he disclaims being anything of a wizard and explains his friendship with the fish as being merely the result of kindness on his part.

THE art of saying appreciative words as we pass through life, is one worth developing and carefully putting into service. A woman sat on the piazza of her home, her pale cheek and drooping figure telling of recent illness. She was watching the raking of leaves from the grass, and as the man passed near her with his rake she aroused herself from her languor to say: "You keep the lawn looking so nice, John. I like to see it that way." He was only a hired man, a stranger in a strange land, and this was but one of a score of duties that he was paid for doing. Probably no one had ever thought of praising him before, and he had no answer ready. A week later the gentle invalid was gone—slipped away suddenly out of encircling arms, out of the world, like the vanishing of a snow wreath. No one thought of John as among the mourners; he was only the driver of the family carriage, which carried some of the friends, but to one of these, with whom he found himself alone, he told of the kind commendation, the last words he had heard the woman speak, and added, with a voice growing husky: "As long as I stay there, the lawn will be kept as she liked to see it." Thus it is shown that, by a few words easily spoken, loyalty to one's daily work is quickened.—True Voice.

This is Govreau's own explanation of his feat:

I firmly believe that every living creature has a brain, or something that resembles that organ. Fish can remember. I have ample proof of that. They respond to kindness just as will a dog or a cat. They know I am good to them and will not hurt them. We are friends.

I started out to make friends with them twenty years ago. It took me just three days' to convince them that when I hit the water with a stick and

called "Carp," I wanted to feed them. Within a few days they were eating out of my hand. I never kill them and they know that I will not harm them. They tell their babies that I am their friend. I know they tell them because fish can talk. I don't know what they say, but they talk just the same. And so every time some baby fish are born we get acquainted.

In true fisherman's style the story strings out as Govreau describes the feeding scene thus:

When they are all eating it sounds like a bunch of little pigs in a trough. A carp sucks its food. Maybe I should have said it sounds like babies playing a kissing game. Why, I've seen them so thick around me that the bank would be worn slick.

Carp are the most easily trained of all the fish I have worked with. They are real congenial and they always are jabbering something when they eat. I guess they are trying to thank me. Now, it's different with a catfish—and there are a few of them in the pond. They answer my call all right, but they are timid. They poke their heads out of the water, locate the bread and then make a dive for it and jump away. I don't seem to be able to be as friendly with them as with the carp. Last year I had some trouble with a turtle and a couple of snakes that got in the pond. They wanted to be friendly, too, but that was a little too much, so I killed them.

The interviewer from the Globe-Democrat winds up this fish story in this fashion:

Is it true, Mr. Govreau, we asked, "that some of your carp are so tame that you have named them and that when you call them they jump in your lap to be petted? And is it true, as has been reported, that one day last year when you returned to your house after feeding your pets, you heard a violent thumping at your front door and upon investigation found that one of your friends had followed you all the way from the pond and wanted to spend the evening with you? And is it true, as has been reported, that when one of the carp died last summer two of his brothers swimming abreast carried him on their backs and the entire fish colony swam by you slowly in review before he was consigned to a tomb in the mud?"

Govreau's eyes twinkled.

"Don't print anything like that," he said. "That would be a fish story."

Telephones on the Increase

The announcement was made a short time ago that the grand total of Bell telephones in operation in Ontario and Quebec had reached the six hundred thousand mark.

Simultaneously with this announcement, representatives of the Bell Company gave out some figures of telephone development in Canada, just compiled by the statistical department of the organization. The total telephones in operation in all Canada as of December 31, 1925, were 1,148,770, an increase of 64,806, or 5.9%, during the year. Canada's development has now reached 13.1 telephones per hundred of population.

Of the provinces, British Columbia still leads with 18.1 telephones per hundred inhabitants. Ontario is next with 17.4, then follow Saskatchewan with 13.2, Alberta 11.9, Manitoba 11.3, Quebec 9.7, Nova Scotia 7.6, New Brunswick 7.5, Prince Edward Island 4.8 and Yukon 4.8.

Quebec had the greatest gain in 1925, viz., 9.6%, Ontario next with 7.4%, and then British Columbia, 6.5%.

Of the Canadian telephone systems, the Bell Company is apparently growing most rapidly. For 1925 the company's increase was 9.8% and the British Columbia Telephone Company next with 6.9%.

Ten years ago (December 31, 1915) Canada had 553,032 telephones as compared with the present figure of 1,148,770—over 100 per cent increase within the decade.

In this connection it is of no little interest to learn from authoritative sources that the cost of telephone service to the user in Canada is apparently less than in other countries in which any substantial development of the service has taken place. In a recent address before a meeting of the Canadian Telephone Association, at Halifax, President C. F. Sise, of the Bell Telephone Company, gave out the following figures, for the year 1923, showing the gross earning per telephone in leading countries of the world:—

Netherlands.....	\$61.17
Great Britain.....	58.18
Japan.....	54.46

Austria.....	50.71
Sweden.....	48.71
Switzerland.....	48.69
United States.....	48.49
Canada.....	43.14

Telephones to Population

Over sixty-six per cent of the world's telephones were in service on this continent of North America on January 1st, 1925, the latest date at which complete figures were available. The average development was slightly more than eleven telephones per hundred of population. The figures show:—

Telephones per Hundred Inhabitants:

United States....	14.2	Netherlands....	2.8
Canada.....	11.6	Finland.....	2.4
Denmark.....	9.0	Austria.....	2.2
New Zealand....	8.7	Argentina....	1.8
Sweden.....	6.9	Belgium.....	1.8
Norway.....	6.1	Cuba, France..	1.7
Australia.....	5.5	Hungary.....	1.
Switzerland....	4.8	Japan.....	.9
Germany.....	3.9	Chile.....	.7
Great Britain and		Italy.....	.4
Northern Ireland	2.8		



NEAR CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

—C.N.R. photo.

THEN think I of deep shadows on the grass,—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind.—
—J. R. Lowell.

Psychical Research and the Survival of Personality

(Continued from June Number)

By JAS. A. WRIGHT

IT has been frequently, and, we believe, properly stated, that we are living in an age of science. As a result we are not so readily influenced by opinions and generalities. There is a steadily growing demand for substantial proofs in support of theories and doctrines, and where the matter is open to demonstration the facts are demanded. As a consequence of this mental attitude beliefs and even faiths, hoary with antiquity, justified and defended by devout adherents, are summoned before the bar of reason to substantiate the validity of their claims.

This growing tendency to scrutinize, analyse and investigate arises naturally out of the scientific spirit of the age. Science, devoted so largely to research work, the development of physical processes, and the investigation of the laws governing the external or material world, has tended to minimize the importance to the universal order of metaphysical relations. As a result there has developed an influential rationalistic or materialistic conception of the universe, which deprecates, if it does not completely ignore, metaphysical concepts and everything relative to religion and the spiritual life, and life itself is deemed merely a function of organized material bodies.

This trend is reflected in contemporary literature to a degree which cannot safely be ignored, particularly in consideration of the fact that society as a whole is in a state of nervous tension. Every important social factor, including organic religion, is feeling the strain of this social unrest. There is a manifest tendency in certain directions to break away from the old order and establish revolutionary systems, based upon purely economic and materialistic principles, eradicating every element of religion and spiritual ideals, as manifest in the Soviet Government of Russia.

All such systems, methods and ideas are in opposition to a fundamental law in evolution, universally indicated in the principle that the new is ever builded out of and upon the old order, and so conservative is nature, and so loth to part with any element or function that may have served a useful purpose that she will even conserve and bring into the new order rudiments which are functionless and even injurious, as exemplified by the appendix vermiformis in our own anatomies.

In consideration of these indubitable facts is it reasonable to believe that a vague consciousness of occult powers, arising with the first faint glimmers of human intelligence and continuing to advance and develop in potency; that religion, instinctive in our natures, constituting an outer form or medium through which the spiritual consciousness finds expression, can be brushed aside and reprobated without injury and possible disaster to such system, be it government or other social organism?

To maintain that religion is not only unnecessary but a detriment to society is to fly in the face of universal history. Going back as far as history extends we never fail to contact with some form of organic religion which invariably occupies an influential and too often a dominating position in all civilizations. Can we doubt that if religion were not an important, yes, an indispensable, factor in the development of the race that it could have maintained throughout untold ages the exalted state in which we always find it?

Religion has not been imposed upon mankind, neither is it a form nor method, nor system, devised by some supernatural agency and implanted in human relations. Religion, constituting a vehicle through which the spiritual consciousness functions, is both human and divine, therefore, it is not surprising that the human element secures and at times maintains an influence, more or less derogatory, to religious progress. Spiritual ideals, which at their inception may have been of a high order, become static; progress ceases, superstition intervenes and decay sets in, as evinced in the religions of the Orient, both extant and historical, visible even with certain developments in organic Christianity.

We should now appreciate the incalculable value which must accrue to organic religion through scientific knowledge of immortality and intercommunion, especially in these days of doubt and scepticism and misunderstanding relative to the Christian standards, a scepticism that cannot be allayed, much less satisfied, with plausible arguments or deductions from historical records, which in very important respects are open to criticism, thereby shorn of much of their evidential value and force of conviction.

The two most important and fundamental elements in Christianity are a belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul or the survival of personality. The former must apparently remain a matter of faith; the latter, a fact in human experience, is amenable to investigation. It is indeed fortunate that this fundamental principle is demonstrable in that it constitutes a unifying element between science and religion and will ultimately bring these two great humanizing powers into harmonious co-operation.

The opinion, so frequently expressed by our orthodox Christian friends, that religion and science occupy distinct and separate fields of observation, is erroneous and even mischievous. Both being concerned with the tutorage and well-being of the race, they should co-operate. Science is especially interested with the investigation of the laws and principles governing the universe, and particularly that latest branch of science, psychical research, is dedicated to the study of the deeper or occult, mental and spiritual

faculties demonstrating the profound truth that man is more than a mere mechanical device, principally occupied in satisfying his physical wants and propagating his species; that there is a deeper nature enfolding heretofore unsuspected elements, and qualities pertaining particularly to this spiritual side of his nature, facts which organic Christianity must ultimately endorse and adopt, and thus be placed in a position to demonstrate through scientific evidence to a doubting world, hungering for light and leading, the sublime truth of life eternal.

The facts relied upon to support a belief in the survival of personality are so abundant and cover so wide a field as to render it somewhat embarrassing to condense within the limits at our disposal more than a mere summary of the data available.

Even a cursory review of the voluminous literature published during the past half century or more indicates the widespread interest manifest in this highly important subject. Works designed to elucidate the various aspects of the movement, philosophical, religious and scientific, issued from the press on both sides of the Atlantic.

The writers were actuated by a common purpose—insistence on the contiguity of the two worlds and the fact of intercommunion. Authors of the very highest professional standing in religion, science and literature have braved the opprobrium of their class and the sneers and ridicule of the unthinking. We could fill a page or more of this magazine with the names and published works of reputable authorities, the majority of whom have achieved distinction in their various professions.

The advent of modern spiritualism during the mid-Victorian period has been considered by not a few writers a providential intervention at a time when organic religion was faced by a cultured and militant materialism, openly as well as insidiously attacking her most cherished doctrines, including, possibly, the most important, a belief in the immortality of the soul, which could not be effectively sustained by faith alone. Among the writers of that period we have selected the following:—Andrew Jackson Davis, whose inspirational writings, including "Divine Revelations", were of the greatest value to the infant movement; Dr. Hare, Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University, "Experimental Investigations of the Spirit Manifestations, Demonstrating the Existence of Spirits and their Communications with Mortals", Philadelphia, 1856; Judge Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of New York, "Investigations into Spiritualism, 1851-1853"; Professor Buchanan, "Manual of Psychometry"; Professor Denton, American Geologist, "The Soul of Things, 1863"; Hon. Robert Dale Owen, "Foot-falls on the Boundaries of Another World", Philadelphia, 1877; "The

Debatable Land between this World and the Next", New York and Philadelphia, 1871; Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent biologist, "Defence of Modern Spiritualism", London, 1874; "The Scientific Aspects of the Supernatural", London, 1866; "On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism", London, 1873; Professor Zollner, German astronomer, whose investigations into psychical phenomena with the American medium, Dr. Slade, were published under the title of "Transcendental Physics", 1865.

In addition we may mention the following authorities among the early writers, all convinced believers and advocates of spirit communion: Professors Britten, Wells, Brvant and Bliss, all of the university of Pennsylvania. Our space will allow us only to mention a few of the many later and contemporary authorities:—Sir Wm. Crooks, recently deceased, one of the world's foremost physicists and chemists. Shortly before his death he stated, in effect, that after thirty years or more he found no occasion to alter his convictions relative to the facts of spirit communion: "Experimental Investigations on Psychic Force", London, 1871, "Researches on the Phenomena of Spiritualism", London, 1894; F. W. H. Myers (1843-1901, English poet and essayist, one of the founders of the Society of Psychical Research, author of "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death"; Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli (1835-1910), Italian astronomer. One of his most remarkable achievements was the discovery of the "canals" on the planet Mars. He devoted a great deal of time to the investigation of spirit phenomena. His convictions, entirely favorable, were published principally in continental journals; Camille Flammarion (1842-1925), French astronomer, a brilliant popular writer on astronomical subjects, and for many years a confirmed spiritualist, "Après la Mort", Paris, 1922. The late Professor Crawford, D.Sc., Belfast, Ireland, whose investigations with a non-professional medium, Miss Kathleen Goligher, conducted during several years under strictly scientific control, constitute an epoch-making series of investigations. Full particulars may be had in his books, "Experiments in Psychical Science" (Watkins, 1919), "Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle" (Posthumous, Watkins, 1920); Professor William James (1842-1910), American Psychologist, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard (1881), gave much attention to the investigation of psychical science, "Human Immortality", third edition, 1899; Professor James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D., Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, "Psychical Research and Survival", London, 1913; "Science and a Future Life", 1905, "Psychic Research and Resurrection", 1906, "The Borderland of Psychic Research", 1906; "Enigmas of Psychical Research", 1906; M. Aksakoff, Russian publicist, "Libre des sciences psychologiques", 1902.

It will scarcely be necessary to furnish any detailed particulars concerning the character and scientific achievements of Sir Oliver Lodge, in both physical and psychical science.

In both fields he remains an outstanding figure of international reputation, as investigator, author and lecturer, undeterred by the opprobrious criticisms of his materialist conferees or the opposition, discourtesy and unreasonableness of the man in the street: "Science and Immortality", New York, 1908; "The Survival of Man", New York, 1909.

Another courageous and eminent exponent of modern spiritualism, Sir A. Conan Doyle, an indefatigable worker, devoted to the demonstration of intercommunion, requires no further introduction to our readers. His books and lectures have reached a widespread and discriminating public: "The Vital Message", Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.; "The New Revelation", Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.

A recent convert to our cause, Mr. Robt. Blatchford, eminent journalist, life-long agnostic, and exponent of rationalist views, through his investigations in spiritualism has found every reason to reconstruct his attitude towards a future life. In a recent contribution to a symposium, edited by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D. (Life after Death, according to Christianity and Spiritualism, Cassell & Co., Ltd.). Mr. Blatchford in his concluding paragraph states: "I have analysed the evidence of survival over and over again. I have weighed and tested all the alternative theories, and I have not found any adequate explanation of spirit phenomena that covers all the facts except the explanation which spiritualists put forward and believe. As for tests and challenges of the conjurers, they seem to me utterly valueless and silly. The conjurer is a psychical 'flat earther'. Pothering about over his challenges is a foolish waste of time."

In concluding this all too brief summary of eminent exponents of the phenomena of modern spiritualism we wish to draw particular attention to the voluminous work of Charles Richet, Ph.D.: "Thirty Years of Psychical Research" (The Macmillan Company, 1923). To the student or intending student of psychical science this publication will prove invaluable. The history of the movement is briefly sketched. The record of his personal investigations is very full, as well as the independent investigations of his conferees and other savants.

An interesting circumstance in connection with his work is the announcement that, although firmly convinced as to the verity of the phenomena, he remains unconvinced as to the survival of personality after death, an attitude difficult to understand. A distinguished physiologist, he apparently cannot reconcile the facts of survival he has so industriously accumulated with his strong materialist bias, remarking at times after describing a scientifically demonstrated fact of psychic phenomena, "that the spirit hypothesis is a satisfactory explanation but" for example, "There is ample proof that experimental materialization (ectoplasmic) should take definite rank as a scientific fact. Assuredly we do not understand it. It is very absurd, if a truth can be absurd.

"Spiritualists have blamed me for using this word 'absurd' and have not been able to understand that to admit the reality of these phenomena was to me an actual pain; but to ask a physiologist, a physicist, or a chemist to admit that a form that has a circulation of blood, warmth and muscles, that exhales carbonic acid, has weight, speaks and thinks can issue from a human body is to ask of him an intellectual effort that is really painful.

"Yes, it is absurd, but no matter—it is true." (Thirty Years Psychical Research, pages 543-544.)

It was our intention to have culled from historical records a few of the well attested facts of spirit phenomena but space will permit only the briefest reference, and although these facts may not possess a strictly scientific value nevertheless we must recognize that miracles and prophecies and angelic visitations constitute the foundations of all religions; in addition, such well attested facts as the daemon, or, as we would say today, spirit guide of Socrates, advising him as to conduct and informing him of coming events; the spirit controls of Joan of Arc, heavenly voices, she contended, that inspired her from early childhood and certainly possessing evidential value when studied in connection with the facts of today, and above all others, the most remarkable of books, the Hebrew-Christian Bible, replete from cover to cover with records of Spirit phenomena, illustrate this. Should the Bible not possess an added significance, in consideration of the confirmatory evidence furnished through modern phenomena?

After this brief and imperfect summary of the literary evidence supporting the fact of the survival of personality after death and the certainty of communication between the two worlds, may we not appeal to our critics to approach this tremendously important subject with an open mind?

To prove the widespread interest, manifest throughout the western world, we have been careful to select representatives from Great Britain, United States, France, Germany, Italy and Russia.

Is it reasonable to believe, that all of these eminent advocates are the victims of self-delusion, or the dupes of fakers and conscienceless frauds? That not only those we have mentioned, but very many other distinguished investigators are also self-deluded? To admit such a possibility is to cast discredit on the value of scientific evidence. To contend that the ten million spiritualists of America and Europe, peoples of the most advanced and enlightened civilizations of the world, are incapable of appreciating a fact, unable to discriminate between a truth and a palpable counterfeit, is, to say the least, not complimentary to the acumen or the logical faculties of our critics.

In consideration of the foregoing and in consideration of the moral and religious conditions in the world, particularly the loss of prestige and the weakening influence of organic Christianity with the masses, is the time not opportune for the Church as a body to reconsider its attitude and endeavor to

remove the cause or causes of this widespread apathy, and pronounced indifference to its behests, a condition, unfortunately, by no means confined to unbelievers? There are too many nominal Christians and even church adherents who are not only apathetic, but who express decided objections and even disbelief in certain of the dogmas, and many able minds and leaders within the church no longer pretend to defend them.

It may be very satisfactory to the popular preacher to point to his well-filled pews and satisfied congregation and to the beneficent efforts of the social workers of his church; all very proper and very useful, in a way. But all such activities are local and restricted and fail to reach the masses, to arouse them to a sense of their moral and religious responsibilities, and stimulate their innate spiritual susceptibilities.

Should we not recognize that we are living in an entirely different world from that

existing when the creeds were formulated; that this is an age of science and general enlightenment and that whatever exists, beneficial to the social order, will be conserved and that which is outworn and decadent must ultimately be eliminated?

Is it not a fact that the church is unable to present a united front? That it is distracted by dissensions, hampered by disputations, its influence weakened and its beneficent work retarded through these internal discords?

Why not resume the interrupted glorious work of the apostolic missions, and, like the apostles and their immediate followers, open direct communication with the angelic spheres? They are not guided by the ratiocinations of an antiquated order! They communed direct with the mighty souls of the past, receiving inspiration and spiritual knowledge and guidance from the prophets and seers of Israel! Do not the gospels hold out every promise of a continuation of these glorious

privileges? Are we not admonished to develop spiritual gifts? Then why leave to the spiritualists the sole monopoly of these re-established spiritual forces? They belong by right to Christianity, a heritage from the apostolic church.

Why not establish within our theological colleges chairs of psychical research and laboratories for the scientific study of occult-spirit faculties, and develop spirit mediums within the church, under the control and protection of the church and through this mediumship, hold communion with the great, noble souls who in earth life were devoted to the spiritual welfare of their flock; who are deeply concerned and strongly sympathetic, and who appreciate our spiritual needs? In the light of their enhanced knowledge and spiritual growth they are qualified as never before to advise and guide their earthly confreres. Surely a consummation devoutly to be wished.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MEET IN ROCKIES



Upper—Leather spring coach used to travel in Rockies, before the car age.

Lower Left—Modern sight-seeing cars of today.

Lower Right—Motor car of 1902, used in the Canadian Rockies.

—C.N.R. photo

MEMBERS of "Rail-roader" staff, with their families, enjoy exhilarating holiday in the Laurentians.



A youthful but very enthusiastic member of the party.



The camping ground at Rawdon, Que.



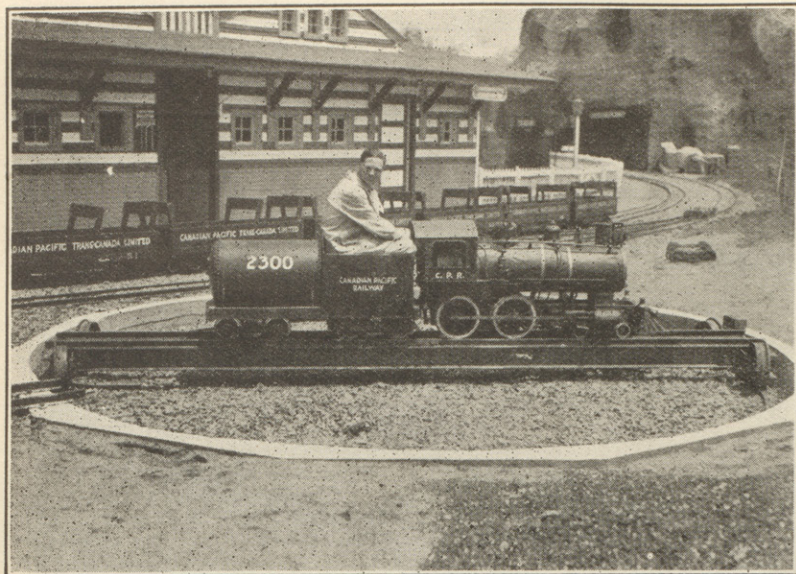
The thrills of camp life aren't by any means exclusive to the gypsy tribes.



Even dish-washing, that most maligned of domestic tasks, takes on a glamor in such circumstances as these.



The spoils of the chase.



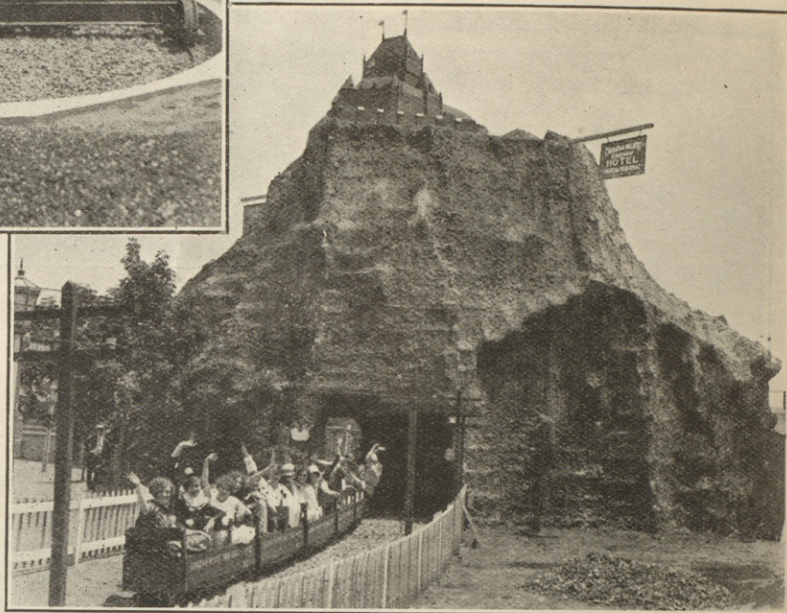
Complete and exact in every detail is this small engine, representing the largest type of engine used in the Rockies in Canada. This engine pulls 30 people around the "Island" at one time.

TREASURE ISLAND, the outstanding amusement feature of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley—with its bold but nice pirates, Long John Silver and Captain Hook, and its many other famous characters from storyland, Peter Pan, Wendy, Alice, the Duchess, the Mad Hatter, Cinderella, Mother Goose and Robinson Crusoe, has proved to be the greatest entertainment attraction at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, at Philadelphia.

It is a much bigger and more wonderful "Treasure Island" than the one which delighted thousands at Wembley last year. It has six acres of land, surrounded by a natural lagoon. The entire lay-out of the Island in Philadelphia was designed and built by Maxwell Ayrton, architect of the Wembley exhibition overseas. Drake's ship the "Golden Hind", Noah's Ark, and its animals, two by two, and pirates and smugglers' caves will be a few of the features seen.

But quite the most fascinating experience of the visitor to Treasure Island is the trip across Canada on the miniature Canadian Pacific Railway's "Imperial Limited" train which is pulled through a replica of the Canadian Pacific Rockies by a small puffing engine only four feet long, but strong enough to pull 30 people. The engine driver is J. Terrence Holder, the twenty-one years old son of one of England's wealthiest families who prefers this job to an Oxford career.

One gets on the train at the Palais Station, Quebec, just below the magnificent Chateau Frontenac, and passes through



A composite picture of a "Treasure Island" scene showing a party of young girls leaving Quebec on the Canadian Pacific train and passing through the Connaught tunnel situated in the Canadian Rockies. At top of cliff is a miniature of one of Canada's finest hotels, the Chateau Frontenac.

Quebec and Ontario provinces and enters the prairies in less than no time. When Banff is reached the train stops to allow passengers to see the Banff Springs Hotel and the beautiful Bow Valley. Westward it speeds through the Canadian Pacific Rockies, some 600 feet long, the tallest towering 74 feet high and built of sheet iron and plaster, and dashes into Connaught tunnel; thence on to the Coast, where one sees Vancouver Harbor, the Straits of Georgia and picturesque Victoria.

More than half a million people rode on the little Canadian Pacific Railway at Wembley last year, and among its distinguished passengers were the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York.

THE THREAT

A darkey named Sam borrowed \$25 from his friend Tom, and gave his note for the amount.

Time went on and the note became long overdue. One day the two men met in the street. Tom stopped and said, with determination: "Look heah, man, when you goin' t' pay thet note?"

"I ain't got no money now," replied Sam, "but I'm goin' to pay it soon as I kin."

"Yo' been sayin' thet fer months," retorted Tom, "but it don't git me no money. Ef y' don't pay thet money here and now, y' know what I'm goin' t' do?"

I'm goin' to burn yer old note; then whar'll yo' be?"

"Yas, yo' do! Yas, yo' do!" Sam shouted. "Jes' yo' burn dat note o' mine and I'll pop a lawsuit on to yo'!"—Outlook.

TAKING THE LID OFF

Mabel—"How is your husband getting on with golf?"

Alice—"Oh, very well indeed. The children are allowed to watch him now."—Birmingham Post.

Wife—"I'm sick of being married."

Hubby—"So's your old man."—Judge.

UNKIND

The man and the girl were sitting out at a dance, and for some time there had been silence between them.

"Do you know," he said at last, "that every evening before I go to bed, I write down my thoughts in my diary? Interesting, don't you think?"

"Oh, most," she answered. "How long have you been doing it?"

"About a couple of years," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the girl, sweetly; "then you must have the first page nearly full."

THE CRIMSON BUTTERFLY

By EDMUND SNELL

CHAPTER I

A Dangerous Women

James Battiscombe—district officer at Rembakut—emerged from the little courthouse that formed the ground floor of his bungalow, directed his monocle upon a group of natives that still lingered in the clearing, and, turning abruptly on his heel, negotiated the flight of steps that led to the verandah.

At the sound of his voice Vera Battiscombe raised her head from the cushion upon which it had reposed, greeted her husband, and languidly asked if he had had a busy morning. Battiscombe groaned.

He mopped a large red face with a colored handkerchief.

"Confound it," he replied, "I should say I did and then, old thing, to cap it all, I was forced into an unseen dispute with a most extraordinary creature." He drew a crumpled visiting card from his pocket and read, "Dr. Abu-Samar."

"What was he like?"

"Oh, a tall thin chap with a blue serge suit and a red fez, a brown face and an enormous pair of tortoise-shell spectacles."

He told me that he was an expert in tropical diseases and intended offering his services to the neighboring planters as such. "When I told him there wasn't a chance of his getting in he started to grow abusive, so I booted him out!"

"Quite an exciting morning!" rejoined his wife.

"Oh, quite! My blood was up—and I let him have it hot."

Mrs. Battiscombe smiled.

"My cave-man!" she murmured, and patted his sleeve with a well-simulated affection that prompted the magistrate to squeeze her arm to indicate that in him also the fires of romance were not entirely burnt out.

He produced a cigarette and tapped it thoughtfully on his thumb-nail.

"I'm running into Jeselton this afternoon," he remarked suddenly. "Coming?"

"No, I promised to ride over to Dick Moberly's to inspect the new clubhouse he's erected for his assistants."

A shadow crossed his face. "I say, Vera, aren't you seeing rather a lot of Dick Moberly?"

"You're not suggesting that there's anything—wrong between Dick and me?" murmured Vera, with an odd imitation of wounded dignity.

A light flashed suddenly in his eyes and died down as quickly as it had come.

"Good heavens, no! Only—well, people will keep talking. I suppose it's because they've nothing else to do."

"Well? What have you heard?"

"That you deliberately pushed in between Mrs. Moberly and Dick—and that that was why she went home so suddenly."

Her eyes flashed.

"How wicked!"

"Damnably! And of course I don't believe it, but I do think, Vera dear, that you ought to be more careful about your associa-

tions. Cut down your visits to Bukit-Serang to, say, once a month, and blow in occasionally upon some of those faded women who have possibly had a hand in setting these rumors in motion."

She smiled feebly and spread out her hands. "Must I?"

The magistrate patted her shoulder affectionately.

"It seems a rational sort of thing to do. Lord, Vera, if we could afford it, I'd clear right out of here, but as it is we've got to stick to our guns."

She nodded rather vaguely.

After Battiscombe had left for the afternoon Vera went up to her room and regarded herself in the long mirror of the wardrobe Jim Battiscombe had taken so much trouble to import for her there. She found time to reflect that, after all, there were consolations even for having married a fool. She had once calculated on there being other consolations, but these had been speedily modified by the suddenly revealed meanness of James Battiscombe senior and his only too evident intention of living to a ripe old age.

She bit her lip. In spite of the easy way in which he laughed things off, an inborn instinct told her that doubts were beginning to form in her husband's slow-working brain, and these germs, once firmly seated, had an unpleasant habit of increasing with an alarming rapidity. The thought made her angry. She had contemplated a pleasant afternoon in Moberly's bungalow at Bukit-Serang—and now all those cherished moments would have to be devoted to a tiresome review of their respective positions.

A second survey of her own image in the glass gave her food for further reflection.

Drop Dick Moberly! It wasn't quite such a stupid suggestion after all. It would have to come to an end sooner or later and there were times when his incessant protestations bored her intensely. Vary things a bit, Jim had suggested. Well, why not? There were still a score of loopholes for escape from the monotony of Rembakut. Her husband was agitated solely on account of her visits to the planter, and her insatiable desire for admiration and conquest swiftly turned her thoughts in other directions.

After all, there were more attractive men in Borneo than Dick Moberly!

The picture that her blue eyes were surveying so critically was that of a slight, slim woman in the early thirties, with all the freshness of a girl of nineteen, an aureole of light fluffy curls, and pouting lips that required only the slightest artificial attention to keep them amazingly red.

Her riding-breeches of white drill added a certain piquancy to her appearance of which she was not entirely oblivious, and the broad white solar topee she affected became her wonderfully.

Deliriously attractive, daring to the point of recklessness, such was she whom the adoring Jim Battiscombe persisted in regarding as his devoted better-half, whom Cranley—who had a gift for apt expressions—had

christened the vest-pocket adventuress and whom the Commissioner of Police labelled as a damned dangerous woman.

She rode off presently through the coco-palms and took a path which led through fields of rectangular pools where vivid green paddy-shoots thrust their heads timidly above the surface. Great water-buffaloes, browsing in the open, raised their broad snouts at her approach; ugly, formidable creatures with lashing tails and a legendary objection to the white man because of his fondness for soap! But Mrs. Battiscombe had passed these particular beasts a score of times and grown to regard them merely as familiar landmarks on the road to Bukit-Serang.

On the white wooden bridge which spanned the Ayer River she met Dr. Abu-Samar.

He was standing at the far end of the bridge, a cigarette between his lips and his tortoise-shell glasses reflecting the rays of the tropical sun. As she drew closer, she saw that he was taller and more powerful in build than her husband had made it appear; his fingers were long and tapering and his complexion was sallow rather than brown.

CHAPTER II

The Lure of Abu-Samar

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Battiscombe," Abu-Samar said. "I have been waiting for you. You are on your way to see Mr. Moberly of Bukit-Serang. I am a doctor here, you know, and Mr. Moberly has an appointment at my house at three. He instructed me to endeavor to intercept you and escort you there to meet him."

Mrs. Battiscombe was gazing down at the muddy waters of the river. She looked up suddenly.

"Very well," she returned slowly. "I will come with you."

Upon hearing her consent, Dr. Abu-Samar turned abruptly on his heel.

"If you will permit me, I will go on ahead and show you the way."

She touched her pony's flank with her heel.

"Is it far?" she asked.

"About half a mile," he said over his shoulder. The path by which her guide took her was illmarked, and after the first two hundred yards or so she was forced to dismount to avoid the overhanging branches.

They came presently to a small open space, waist high for the most part with lalang, in which stood a broad, squat house with a freshly-repaired roof of sago thatch and walls of dried reeds. A verandah had been added to the original structure and neat wooden steps, painted white, led up to this.

At the foot of the steps a native girl with sarong of bottle-green, and long cigarette between her fingers, lounged idly against a post, favoring the white woman with a look of insolent curiosity mingled with something Vera Battiscombe did not altogether understand.

Abu-Samar waved an eloquent hand.

"Here is my humble dwelling, Mrs. Battiscombe. Shall I take your horse? or would you prefer to tether it yourself?"

He shouted something in a dialect unknown to her and the brown girl, with a flash of her white teeth, flounced off towards the back of the house.

Vera tapped her riding-boots with her stock.

"Do I go up here?" she inquired.

"If you please."

She found a cane chair and took possession of it without invitation.

The doctor offered to relieve her of her hat and whip, but she shook her head.

"No, thank you. It's already after three and I don't suppose Mr. Moberly will want to stop very long."

She accepted a cigarette, however, and lit it from the match he held towards her.

He flicked the match airily into space and strode off to the far end of the verandah, from which he continued to stare at her until she began to feel profoundly uncomfortable.

"Have you been here long?" she demanded at length.

"Not long," returned Samar briefly.

At three-fifteen she grew uneasy.

"You are quite certain Mr. Moberly is coming here this afternoon?"

"He is not," confessed Samar with astonishing frankness. "I am afraid that the whole of my story was nothing less than pure invention, designed to induce you to do something which you would not otherwise have consented to do."

"Oh!" she suddenly ejaculated—making for the stairhead. The doctor barred her path, a thin hand resting on either post. His disarming smile exposed a perfect row of white teeth.

He smiled again.

"Very naturally you assumed that I wanted to make you suffer for the insult your husband put upon me this morning. I can assure you such is not the case. I am a cultured man, Mrs. Battiscombe, not a savage. Confess, you don't in the least mind being here."

Mrs. Battiscombe laughed nervously.

"Not if you play square. I'm in rather a hurry though, really."

Samar raised his brows mockingly.

"To find Mr. Moberly—or return to your husband, who happens to be in Jesselton?"

"If you are going to insult me, Mr. Samar—!"

"I do not wish to. I merely desire to know you that I know everything. I am a strange man, Mrs. Battiscombe, with an extraordinary history—and extraordinary powers."

"After much traveling I have come back to my home and my people, to the island the white races have taken from us, and, if they could but realize it, so great are my powers that it would pay them to treat me with respect."

She glanced at her watch and held out her hand to him.

"Well, good-bye, Dr. Samar. I mustn't really stop a moment longer. Your story has been so interesting that I feel almost inclined to forgive you for having lured me here under false pretences."

Again that queer light had crept into his eyes.

"You are going to do more than that, Mrs. Battiscombe," he assured her in a voice that had dropped to a whisper. "You are coming here again and again. At first because I shall call you, and you will be compelled to come—and later because you will have learnt to prefer my house to the bungalow of the little planter at Bukit-Serang. Now in parting won't you let me give you a little souvenir?"

So saying, he reached in his pocket and brought forth a pendant in the form of a butterfly, magnificently carved from a red, transparent substance the color of ruby, with emerald eyes and swung from a chain of gold

filigree. It was as thin as a wafer, and, almost before she was aware of it, he had clasped it around her neck.

She stared at him with frightened eyes.

"You mean me to keep this?"

He folded his arms.

"The Crimson Butterfly," he said softly. "A talisman to which native superstition has attributed strange powers. It is said that the wearer has but to express a wish—and it will most surely be accomplished." He laughed easily. "I warned you that I was a magician, Mrs. Battiscombe. Even our friend Mr. Moberly would scarcely be able to provide you with so wonderful a gift—in return for the many favors you so graciously bestow on him!"

The events of the afternoon had played the deuce with Vera Battiscombe's nerves, and she was on the verge of hysteria.

Her face dropped suddenly into her hands and, with a wild outburst of sobbing, she staggered through the curtain into the clearer air of the verandah.

"How dare you!—How dare you insult me like this!—That man is nothing to me—nothing, I tell you!—I wish he were dead!"

Something made her look up.

Abu-Samar was standing at a little distance from her, and the stairway to her pony was within easy reach.

"One has to be careful what one wishes," the doctor reminded her, "when one happens to be the wearer of the Crimson Butterfly!"

She tore herself from his gaze with an effort, and, running madly down the steps unthethered her mount with trembling fingers.

Half an hour later she stumbled upon the white wooden bridge and rode headlong back to her husband's bungalow, haunted with the memory of Abu-Samar's mocking eyes.

Her servant's startled gaze directed at her chest drew her attention to the butterfly pendant that still hung there, glaring magnificent against a white background.

She shuddered involuntarily and tucked it out of sight.

CHAPTER III

A Kiss and a Surprise

Michael Armourer, colleague of Battiscombe at Jelandang, surveyed the two figures in the primitive thatched station who were apparently waiting for the daily train to Jesselton. But the train had left an hour before.

So Armourer approached Professor Standon and his daughter Joyce, apprised them of their misfortune and, after introducing himself suggested that they had better consider themselves guests at his home nearby until the morrow. After a great deal of pow-pow and many apologies from the professor, Armourer succeeded in persuading the stranded pair to accept his hospitality.

The professor called to Joyce.

"Do you hear that, my dear? Mr. Armourer says we've to put up with him, as there's nothing to take us to Jesselton until tomorrow."

Joyce gasped and spread out her hands. "But I haven't brought a thing—not even a tooth-brush!"

Armourer laughed.

"We can fix you up with that all right," he assured her.

"Dick Moberly, a friend of mine, has an estate within a mile of my house. If there's anything else you really require, you had better write a little note to Mrs. Battiscombe at Rembakut—and I'll run over before dinner."

Joyce, who was by this time thoroughly reconciled to the prospect of a night spent without her luggage and secretly exultant that the accident had put an end to what had promised to be a dull and uninteresting afternoon, agreed to follow Armourer.

As they crossed the wide stretch of grass-land in which his home lay, a couple of terriers bounded down the steps and came scurrying to meet them.

It was somewhere between tea and dinner that Armourer, returning from an excursion to Moberly's estate shop, found Joyce alone on the verandah.

He dropped quite a fair-sized parcel into her lap.

"Well, there's your tooth-brush," he said.

"Where's the professor?"

She shook her head.

"I haven't the least idea. He's wandered out somewhere."

"But he will come back, of course?" inquired Armourer with mock anxiety.

"Of course. Don't you want him to?"

"My proper answer would be—yes, most certainly; but what I really want to say is that, if I am to be employed as a left-luggage office by absent-minded professors of poisons—er—well, it occurs to me that you're rather the sort of baggage I should like to be left behind and never claimed! Now that was really clever; wasn't it? Do look at that sunset!"

The glory of the heavens—now that the sun had gone—left her breathless and trembling.

She looked up at him.

"I have never seen anything like it," she murmured. "Isn't it just wonderful?"

"By Jove, it is," averred Armourer; but he was looking at her, and for him the glories of the Eastern sunset were forgotten.

It was towards nine o'clock when Vera Battiscombe, immersed in the contents of a paper-covered volume, was pleasantly surprised when Michael Armourer timidly ascended the steps and came into the radius of the lamplight. He extended a large hand.

"How are you, Mrs. Battiscombe? I've come over on rather a delicate mission. I was going to dispatch an orderly on the job, but got it into my head that he might muck it up. I should never have forgiven myself if I'd rolled up with a pair of Jim's pyjamas instead of a nightie!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"This," said Armourer, and thrust a sealed envelope into her hand. "I've visitors at my place. They missed the train and didn't bring any luggage. I managed to fix up the old man; but the lady presented difficulties."

Mrs. Battiscombe perused the contents of the letter with an amused smile. Then she suddenly sighed.

"I loathe sitting up here all alone," she said. "And Jim won't be back until late! I haven't spoken to a soul except Hoon-Kit since tea. Be a Christian and sit down and talk for a bit."

"Sorry, Mrs. Battiscombe, but I have got to get back to my guests. Besides you're forgetting the parcel!"

She came right up to him, putting every ounce of pleading she knew how into her eyes.

"Half an hour!"

He picked up his hat.

"Can't be done. You see, Miss Standen's probably tired and waiting for her kit, and—"

"You're just itching to get back to her!" she concluded for him.

"All right," he said; "I'll stop. One of Jim's men can take the stuff."

"It's awfully good of you. Just a minute and I'll get the things. Do you want to send any message?"

Armourer rubbed his chin.

"Better tell the professor I'm delayed here on business, but hope to be across in an hour or so. He needn't trouble to wait up unless he wants to. Shall I write it down?"

"Oh, no. I'll see that Corporal Kuraman sends somebody with intelligence."

As she passed the long mirror she looked into it and smiled.

When she returned, Vera possessed herself of an arm and led Armourer towards the gramophone.

"Let's dance. Let's pretend we're in a really smart restaurant in a really big town and that we've had a really nice dinner!"

From that moment his enthusiasm grew until they raced back to the machine at the conclusion of each tune and the records overflowed on to the table and the floor as they were played and discarded.

A sudden thought made him glance at his watch. They were in the middle of a one-step, and she held his wrist, trying to stop him looking. He succeeded at length and his face fell.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Quarter past eleven."

"It can't be."

"It is, by Jove!"

He held it so that she could see for herself.

"Just one more," she pleaded.

He hesitated.

"Right-ho! The very last, mind."

They ran to the gramophone and his fingers sought the handle a second only after hers. In the excitement of the moment he allowed them to remain longer than he had intended.

"Michael!"

He was aware of the sensation of something cold trickling down his spine. He turned to find her upturned face so close to him that he felt her warm breath on his cheeks. Those lips of hers were the very devil!

He hadn't the remotest idea why he did it. Never in his wildest imaginings had he ever intended to supplant Dick Moberly. He could have sworn that, without any effort on his part, those lips came closer—until they touched his.

A voice came from the stairway.

"Hello, you two! What on earth are you up to?"

Armourer brought his head up with a jerk and turned awkwardly to greet James Battiscombe.

Vera was coolness itself.

"Hullo, Jim! Back at last? I didn't go over to Bukit-Serang after all. I was stopped here on my own, until Mr. Armourer rode over for some clothes for a girl who'd got stranded with her father. He told me the train was late and I made him stop. We've been dancing."

Her husband stood in the centre of the floor, his topee at the back of his head, swinging his monacle on its string.

"So I see," he remarked, in a tone that was entirely new to her. He nodded to Armourer.

"Well, Michael! Playing the good Samaritan?" The younger man felt uncomfortable.

"I had to decide," he managed to say, "between my unexpected guests and Mrs. Battiscombe."

"You had no difficulty, I take it, in coming to a decision?"

Vera frowned.

"I persuaded him to stay."

He thrust his hands in his pockets and looked at her.

"I'll wager you did! Well, goodnight, Michael. I'll try to drop over and see you one of these days. I hope you're not too tired, Vera, because I've quite a lot I want to say to you."

CHAPTER IV

Jim Explodes

"Jim!"

"Well?"

She came closer.

"Why were you so rude to Mr. Armourer?"

"Look here, Vera," he exclaimed, how much longer is this sort of thing to go on?

Do you expect me to be polite to these—harmless acquaintances of yours for an eternity?"

Completely bewildered, she racked her brain for some clue to the solution of her husband's changed attitude.

Deciding a retreat would be strategic she made a sudden movement towards her room.

"If you've nothing but these vile, vague accusations to level at me, I'm going to bed."

He stepped between her and the door.

"Listen to me," he said sternly, "you're not going to leave this verandah until you've heard everything I've got to say."

She tried to push past him, but he caught her by both arms and forced her into a chair.

She sprang out of it again, her cheeks very white, her eyes blazing.

"How dare you treat me like that! How dare you bully me!" Her lower lip quivered and she buried her face in her hands. She collapsed in the chair again, seeking refuge in tears, "You—hurt—me."

Remembering something, he dived a hand into a side-pocket and threw a bulky packet into her lap.

She glanced at it through her fingers, but did not move.

"You will find some of your own letters there," he told her hoarsely, "letters from Moberly to his wife suggesting a divorce and letters from Mrs. Moberly to the Governor. I am counting on you to explain why Moberly should have imagined his wife had grounds for obtaining a divorce."

"That was why he wanted to see you?"

"Yes."

She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief. "And you believe all these—horrible fabrications?"

"What else am I to believe? 'You say you didn't go to Bukit-Serang this afternoon?'"

"No."

"Why not? If you are going to tell me it was out of any sense of decent feeling for me, I'm afraid I can't believe it."

She was dangerously near tears again.

"Jim, why are you such a beast to me?"

"Why are you such a beast to me?"

"I'm not," she sobbed. "I've just tried to amuse myself, that's all. I did kiss Michael Armourer. I made him kiss me. You don't suppose I did that because I cared about him? I was just bored that was all. You're lucky that's all that has happened; but it is—honestly!"

He glanced down at his hands.

"Do you swear that?" he demanded presently in a low voice.

She rose with a sudden movement and leaned against him, smoothing the lapels of his jacket between finger and thumb. She looked up at him, her blue eyes that seemed so honest brimming over with mute appeal—and Jim Battiscombe succumbed.

"I've been a little rotter to you, Jim," she whispered. "You must be firm with me in future—ever so firm; do you understand?"

Her husband nodded. He was so utterly overcome, so profoundly optimistic that their married life had found its second wind, that he forgot she had evaded his question.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured presently. "I'm afraid I've been very much to blame." He caught sight of the pile of letters in their binding of official tape that had fallen to the floor as she rose. "We'll burn those damned letters—every blessed one of 'em. Anyhow," he added fiercely, this affair's shown up Moberly in his true colors. You won't want to see him again. I suppose he's given you presents?—brooches and things?"

"You want me to send them back?"

"Rather!—every one!"

She was still nestling in his arms and there was a gap between her frock and her neck.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "what's this?"

His glance had fallen on the chain of gold filigree, and before she could prevent him he had drawn the Crimson Butterfly from its hiding-place into the lamp-light. "I've never seen this before."

He groped for the fastening with his great fingers.

A moment later he held the pendant in his palm and Vera stood a little way from him cudgelling her fertile brain for some excuse to account for its presence there.

As he pawed it wonderingly, struck momentarily dumb by the sheer beauty of the thing, a queer feeling stole over him. He could have sworn that he was handling something unutterably unclean.

He looked up sharply.

"Did he give you this, too?"

Mrs. Battiscombe hesitated. She was on the point of explaining how Abu-Samar had stopped her, induced her to go to his house and forced her to accept the gift, when she realized the difficulties besetting any such confession. She had already told him that she had refrained from embarking upon her proposed expedition to inspect Moberly's newly-erected club-house. She would have to correct that statement, which would be a remarkably bad beginning to a rather improbable story. Jim had doubted her once that night, and having put these doubts to flight, it would be a pity to risk arousing them again.

"Er—yes. It's pretty, isn't it?"

He dropped it on the table.

"Extraordinarily so. Wonder where he got it?"

She gave the faintest shrug to her shoulders.

"In some bazaar in Colombo or Singapore, I fancy. He did not tell me."

Battiscombe slid from his perch, and, foraging for some moments in a cupboard, unearthed a sheet of brown paper. He spread it out and placed the pendant on it.

"That'll make a good start, anyway. Trot out all the other little tokens of affection, dear, and we'll get this job off our chests."

She sighed deeply.

"Must we do it tonight? I'm so tired."

For once he was firm.

"Absolutely. It won't take you a moment."

She went to her room.

Five minutes later he carried off a little oblong parcel to the back of the house. He came back smiling.

"And that's the end of Richard Moberly! I've given it to Kuraman, and our worthy planter will find it when he comes on to the verandah for an early breakfast. It'll help him to start the day well!"

She surveyed him doubtfully.

"Oughtn't I to have written?"

He shook his head.

"In future, whenever the necessity arises for anyone to write to Dick Moberly, it's going to be your lawful husband!"

She was arranging her hair in front of the glass when Jim's head and shoulders came round the door.

"I say, Vera!"

"Yes?" she responded through a mouthfull of pins.

"I didn't tell you, did I? The Commissioner's instructed me to watch that black feller closely."

She looked around.

"Black fellow?"

"Why, yes; the chap who styles himself Dr. Abu-Samar. I happened to mention our little encounter this morning and he got quite excited. As far as I can make out, Samar's not a doctor at all. He's a revolutionary of a most dangerous type and has already given trouble in Sarawak. He's believed to get a hold over the natives by sheer hypnotism. He can make 'em believe anything. Well, good night, little woman. Sleep well."

The door closed softly.

CHAPTER V

Vera's Dream

That night, Vera Battiscombe dreamed a peculiar dream—a dream so vivid that upon awakening it was hard to believe she had not undergone the experiences her subconscious sense had seemed to lead her to.

After closing her eyes she seemed to have floated away to Abu-Samar's where he held her a captive and told her the legend that years ago his compatriots worshipped a white girl who wore the butterfly pendant and whose kiss was death. Many moons passed and the goddess disappeared, but now, Abu-Samar explained, since she wore the pendant he could make her the goddess at the shrine of the Crimson Butterfly.

"Listen," she screamed. "This is all a trick, an act of vengeance because my husband unfortunately insulted you when you came to him yesterday. I am an English woman. I was born there. I should never have come to this wretched island if I hadn't married. Now take me back."

"Goddess of the Crimson Butterfly," he seemed to taunt her, "I have summoned you—and you have come. The dog is still sleeping, the little soldiers in the round hats have not stirred. To Abu-Samar those things are as nothing. You have sent my gift away but it will come back to you; it will always come back—and the kiss of the goddess is death!"

She clapped her hands over her ears to shut out the sound of his voice, and, turning on her heel, ran heedlessly into the darkness. The night air was cold and moist, and suddenly she realized that she was standing on the soft earth at the foot of the long flight of steps that led up to her own bungalow.

It was almost light now and the feathery tops of the palm trees showed like phantom creations above a sea of billowy mist.

She was about to seize the wooden rail and commence the ascent, when she discovered that her hands were full. She was staring with startled eyes upon a brown-paper packet that had somehow become broken open and from which protruded the Crimson Butterfly.

The sound of quick footsteps above made her thrust the packet into the pocket of the pyjama jacket she wore.

James Battiscombe, his face very white, his hair on end, peered down at her.

"Vera! Where on earth have you been? You gave me the shock of my life."

He hurried down the steps and carried her up.

A minute later she was in a long chair, with a blanket wrapped around her, making faces at the brandy he insisted on forcing between her lips.

"I thought I heard you moving and went into your room," he explained, tapping the cork back into the bottle. "You weren't there. I didn't know what to think. It occurred to me that, after the row we had last night, you'd got snorky and bolted." He rested his hands on his hips and beamed

down at her. "You don't usually walk in your sleep, do you?"

"No," she assented weakly, "I don't think I've ever done it before."

And then an irresistible drowsiness stealing over her, she fell asleep.

Mrs. Battiscombe blinked and looked up, some hours later.

She was still lying in the long chair on the verandah and the blue sunblinds had been drawn. There filtered up to her through the morning air the chattering of natives, the contented clucking of hens, the ring of an axe in the forest.

She yawned and was about to turn over and continue her slumbers when her fingers touched the pocket of her pyjama coat and extracted the parcel which should have gone to Moberly at dawn.

She held it at arm's length, and, as she did so, the ghastly details of her nightmare built themselves up in her imagination with a vividness that set her trembling. It had not all been a dream, could not have been, for here was a portion of it—glaringly concrete—within her fingers. She was weary, too, thoroughly exhausted, as if she had undergone some stupendous fatigue.

Her watch had stopped. Still holding the blanket round her, she crept to the living-room door and saw, by the clock that hung on the wall, that it was ten minutes past eleven.

Jim would be coming from the court-house at noon.

She unearthed a fresh sheet of paper and made the parcel up again. A strong impulse assailed her to withdraw the butterfly pendant and dispose of it in some manner when her husband was away, but she fought it down. The thing frightened her. She must get it out of the house or she would go mad.

In the seclusion of her own room she scrambled into some clothes and penned a hasty note to Dick.

"My Dear,

"Jim has come to his senses at last and, for a time at least, we must put an end to everything. Keep everything you find here. Some day I hope to be able to see you and explain.—Vera."

She was about to fold it when force of habit made her add her inevitable postscript.

"An awful scene last night; it made me dream. Rotten, isn't it?—V."

She pushed it between the folds of the brown paper and rang the bell.

In her excited frame of mind, it seemed an eternity before Hoon-Kit shuffled to the door and knocked.

"Give this to one of the Tuan-Hakim's men and tell him to take it immediately to the Tuan Moberly's house. It is the parcel that should have gone earlier this morning. He need say nothing to the Tuan-Hakim. Tahu?"

The man grinned and withdrew.

In five minutes he was back again.

"The man has gone," he reported.

She heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"The man was very glad," resumed Hoon-Kit, looking down at his feet. "The Tuan-Hakim gave him the packet last night—and this morning he could not find it. He feared that the Tuan would be angry."

"Pai-lah, Hoon-Kit," and she dismissed him.

She remained, a hand on either door-post, staring through the opening between the blinds. The color had come back to her cheeks and there was a triumphant light in her eyes.



Things had turned out better than she had dared to expect. Moberly's presents had gone back to him, there was no danger he would return the Crimson Butterfly, and Jim would never know the parcel had been delayed.

She started violently. Through that opening at the head of the stairs where the sun threw a rectangle of yellow light across the boarded floor there fluttered an enormous crimson butterfly. It circled for a moment in the sunlight, beat against the blinds then settled on the table by her chair.

She stood there, rooted to the spot, her eyes drawn to it by a strange fascination. It swooped into the air again and flew straight toward her.

She uttered a wild scream and Hoon-Kit, who had been laying the table for the mid-day meal, hurried on to the verandah.

"The mem is ill?" he inquired blankly.

She waved her arms frantically. "Drive it away," she cried. "Quickly!—that cushion!—anything!—it's horrible—horrible!"

Hoon-Kit reached behind him for a table-napkin and hit at the thing as it passed.

He missed it by inches and stood staring after it as it wheeled into the open again and was gone.

"The Crimson Butterfly!" she exclaimed in a voice that was barely a whisper.

The Chinaman nodded.

"Yah—a butterfly; that's all! The mem does not like red butterflies?" he suggested. She endeavored to conjure up a smile.

"Thank you, Hoon-Kit," she said. "It was very stupid of me. I did not see it was a butterfly. I thought it was something else. Bring me a bottle of lager for your master; he will be here very soon now."

As soon as he had gone, she sank into a chair.

"It had green eyes," she muttered to herself, "I saw them."

CHAPTER VI

Tragic News

"Hullo, young people! Sorry I'm late for tiffin."

The professor came up the stairs breathing heavily. His face was very red and glistened with moisture, his tunic was open and he was muddled up to his knees.

Joyce sprang to her feet and ran to meet him.

"Father! Where on earth have you been?"

He kissed the top of her head and waved a peculiar object over her back at Armourer.

"What d'you think of that?"

The magistrate removed his pipe from between his teeth and observed it curiously.

"A butterfly net," he suggested.

"Exactly—and if I'd had it half an hour ago, I'd have saved myself a lot of unnecessary exertion."

His daughter took it from him.

"It's very nice, of course, but I don't see what use it is."

"No," said her father, "I don't for one moment suppose you do. I shouldn't myself, if I hadn't caught sight of the butterfly. It was a unique specimen—large and red and particularly clumsy in flight. Well, I saw this butterfly and followed it for about a couple of miles. I had nothing with me except my helmet, so I dipped my handkerchief in a stream and knotted it over my head. The creature flew low and a dozen times I was within an ace of catching it—but I didn't."

The D.O. nodded sympathetically.

"Where was this?"

"Quite near the bungalow you showed us in the trees."

"Moberly's place!"

"I think that was the name you told us. I was prompted to call and ask if anything like it had been seen there before, but I remembered it was lunchtime. The first human thing I met was the Sikh—a picturesque fellow with curling beard and an elaborate turban. He told me his name was Gholam-Singh. He had witnessed my wild career after the butterfly and knew exactly what I wanted. So he made me this net."

His daughter smiled.

"But why do you still want it," she asked. He drummed with his fingers on his knees.

"To go after it again, of course. Butterflies breed quickly and where there is one there should be others." He glanced sharply at Armourer. "Have you ever seen one?"

The D.O. shook his head.

"I don't remember ever noticing one that answers to your description, but then, you see, I'm not a naturalist."

"But you couldn't miss a thing like that," the other insisted, "nobody could."

"And you are quite determined to get one of them before you leave Borneo?"

"Most certainly."

Armourer rubbed his hands together.

"Then that settles it. There's only one thing for it. You'll have to tell the people at Jesselton to send your barang up here, and give me the pleasure of your company for another week at least. Miss Standen, I am counting on you to be a sport and back me up."

"It certainly sounds very tempting," she admitted. "Doesn't it, daddy?"

"Well, Armourer," answered Standen, "now I want to stay, but I don't want to be thought a sticker!"

Joyce looked at Armourer.

"What he really means to say is that he knows jolly well we oughtn't to bother you any further and that our obvious duty is to get back to Jesselton this afternoon, but he does so want to use that butterfly net!"

After lunch Professor Standen retired to his room to change his suit for one Armourer had lent him.

Joyce stirred her coffee thoughtfully.

"Do you really want us to stop, Mr. Armourer?"

The D.O. looked up.

"Rather!"

"Honestly?"

"Of course. To tell you the truth, Miss Standen, I'm so grimly determined to keep you here that I'm issuing instructions to the natives to swat every red butterfly in the neighborhood and so dispose of their corpses that your father'll never find 'em."

She looked down at the cloth.

"That wouldn't be fair, would it?"

"No, but it would be frightfully effective."

"We couldn't stay here for ever, you know. Father counted on being in Borneo for a month and then going on to the Philippines. We've been here more than a week already."

Armourer filled his pipe.

"I suppose it's really rather selfish of me to try and keep you anchored in one spot. You see, Miss Standen, when one is forced to move in a restricted area one forgets that visitors, with a limited number of days at their disposal, want to move around and see everything there is to be seen. You're pretty fed up with me, aren't you, for using the crimson butterfly as a lever to persuade your father to stop?"

The girl flushed.

"Oh no. I wanted him to stay. I hate just rushing about, getting glimpses of hundreds of places. It reduces one to the level of the ordinary tourist. Whenever I look back on this one real big adventure of ours, I want to remember that I lived, for a while at least, exactly as the people do who have to be here all their lives. I shall always remember Jelandang and your thatched bungalow—and the dogs. Lots of other things, too."

A shadow crossed Armourer's face. There were some things he would never forget either—that mad dance at Rembakut the night before, those cursed lips of Vera's and the unexpected arrival of her husband. Somehow or other, he didn't want Joyce to meet Vera Battiscombe.

"I have every reason to be grateful for your missing that train," he said. "It scarcely seems possible that it could only have happened yesterday. Just fancy, we have only had one look at the bay together, one walk up the slope and one sunset—and yet, to me at least, it seems as if we have never been doing anything else. Twenty-four hours ago I was feeling unutterably lonely. I was bored with myself, bored with my job, fed to the teeth with everything—"

Their eyes met.

"Were you really? You poor thing! Then we were actually doing you a good turn in coming to stay with you?"

He pushed back his chair.

"I should just think you were! I hadn't seen a decent-looking white woman for heaven knows how many months."

"Except Mrs. Battiscombe," she retorted wickedly. "Oh, you can't deny she's very beautiful and frightfully attractive. Anybody will tell you that. Even I know it, and I've only been in Jesselton a week! And I heard you ride back last night, you know."

He was staring at her awkwardly, endeavoring to frame some form of defence, when a figure appeared suddenly at the doorway. It was Vance Moberly's first assistant.

"Sorry to butt in on you like this, Armourer, but rather a terrible thing's happened."

"What's the trouble?"

Vance rubbed his chin and looked from Armourer to Joyce.

"You'd better come inside and I'll tell you."

"I'll come now. You'll excuse me, Miss Standen?"

"Certainly."

He followed the other on to the verandah.

"Well?"

"Moberly's dead!"

"What!"

"He's dead," said Vance again. "Trevor found him just after lunch. He was doubled up in his chair on the verandah. Trevor sent for me."

Armourer glanced at his watch.

"I'll ride over with you. Any idea of the cause?"

Vance pursed up his lips.

"He was poisoned, of course. There's not the least doubt about that. He'd gone a ghastly color. It's a queer business altogether. There was a piece of paper between his fingers and an opened packet on the table at his side." He lowered his voice. "You know, of course, that Mrs. Battiscombe used to run over there pretty frequently. Well, the paper appeared to be a note from her and the packet contained some brooches and things he'd given her."

The magistrate picked up his hat.

"She turned him down."

"It looks like it."

"And you suggest he poisoned himself?" The planter frowned.

"I don't know what to think. There's a horrible crimson mark right across his left cheek, like a ghastly birthmark, and shaped like a butterfly."



CHAPTER VII

The Red Death

As they rode up the slope towards Moberly's bungalow a short dark man came down the steps to meet them.

"Hello, Armourer! Glad you've rolled up. Rotten business, isn't it?"

Armourer had caught sight of the huddled form in the chair.

"I'm frightfully sorry. Poor old Dick! It looks like poison."

They mounted the steps and as they stood before the body, Vance was the first to break the silence.

"There's that mark I told you about," he said huskily.

The magistrate went forward.

Controlling his nerves with an effort, he took the dead man's shoulders and pushed him gently from his huddled position until he lay outstretched. Right across his left cheek, from the fringe of his hair to the base of the jawbone, extended a vivid crimson rash where the skin had come up in lumps, as if stung by a nettle.

There was a letter between the fingers of the right hand, and from the diminutive parcel on the table dangled the Butterfly pendant, suspended from its chain of gold filigree.

Armourer stared as he recognized it as the pendant Mrs. Battiscombe had worn the evening before.

Armourer glanced at the packet again and a sudden thought struck him. He withdrew the remaining few links of the chain and dangled the pendant in front of Moberly's left cheek.

He looked back at the others.

"Anything strike you?" he asked.

Vance started.

"Yes, by Gad! It's practically the same thing in miniature."

The magistrate found an old envelope and tucked the ornament into it.

"I don't know what to think," he admitted, "but I'm going to take charge of this until I'm satisfied it has no bearing on the cause of Dick's sudden death. It's a confounded nuisance the doctor's away."

"How about that black fellow, Abu-Samar?" suggested Vance.

Armourer rubbed his chin.

"Lord! I must be daft! Here, Trevor, send somebody over to my place at once and ask Professor Standen to come across. You can get your black fellow too, if you like."

Trevor shot down the steps and called to a tall Sikh who was coming up the slope, to fetch Standen and Abu-Samar.

In the meantime Vance and Armourer possessed themselves of Vera's note and scanned it hastily.

"Jim has come to his senses at last . . . we must put an end to everything. . . . Keep everything you find here. . . . Some day I hope to explain. An awful scene last night, it made me dream. . . . Rotten, isn't it?"

Their eyes met.

"It beats me," said Vance. "Er—Armourer!"

"Well?"

"I don't know exactly how you're inclined to regard this business, but I think we can safely leave Jimmie Battiscombe out of it. Can't we keep our mouths shut about that letter?"

Armourer assented.

Their hands gripped.

"I'm glad you think that," said Vance brokenly. Suddenly a sound broke upon his ears and he sat perfectly still, listening. "What's that?"

The magistrate had gone to the rail.

"Somebody coming through the trees on horseback—riding like the devil." He caught Vance's arm and pulled him up. "Here, quickly!"

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know." He threw open the first door he found and drew the other through it. "Don't utter a sound."

They stood in the shadow with the door ajar.

Almost before Vance could collect himself, the rider had dismounted. He heard a voice—a woman's voice—calling.

"Dick!—Dick!—Are you up there?"

It was Vera Battiscombe.

Suddenly she laughed, standing before him.

"Why, he's asleep!" she murmured and went forward as if to shake him.

Then two piercing shrieks and Vera's agonized voice.

"It was true, then! They have killed him! He told me—! The Crimson Butterfly!"

Her hands clasped to her ears, she ran, panic stricken, to the stair-head.

She turned suddenly, controlling her nerves with a stupendous effort, and walked deliberately to the packet on the table. Her trembling fingers tore at the paper, scattering the contents broadcast.

"Gone!" she muttered hoarsely. "They have found it!"

She reeled, one arm bent over her forehead, and fell heavily to the floor in a dead faint.

A moment later Vance and Armourer had placed her on a bed upstairs—then Michael dashed downstairs as he heard Trevor, Abu-Samar and Standen enter the house.

The magistrate sent Samar, the alleged doctor, up to minister to Vera, while he explained the whole case to Professor Standen, omitting no detail and dwelling upon the ghastly coincidence of the butterfly rash—and the pendant.

A few minutes later Vance came downstairs.

"Mrs. Battiscombe's come around all right," he announced, "but she seems in a pretty bad way. We'd better get Jimmie over here."

Armourer set his jaw firmly.

"No. We'll have her carried to my place and advise him from there. I'd like Trevor to see her safely over. You're a medical man, of course, Professor?"

Standen glanced over his shoulder.

"Oh, yes; I'm a doctor right enough."

He stripped off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and ripped open the dead man's tunic.

"I tell you what, Armourer, I'm not leaving Borneo until I have secured a specimen of that particular type of insect. It's most providential I was on the spot when this occurred. We are undoubtedly on the verge of a great discovery—a poisonous butterfly."

Armourer looked up and saw Abu-Samar in the doorway.

"Well, doctor, and how's your patient?"

"She is delicious," he replied. "She keeps asking for a certain article of jewelry which, it appears, she has lost. It might help matters to give it her."

Armourer looked hard at Trevor.

"Oh, yes!" he returned easily. "What sort of ornament, Dr. Samar?"

"A ruby ornament on a gold chain—with emerald eyes," said Samar, "have any of you seen it?"

Nobody admitted having seen it.

Samar looked at his watch.

"I am going away now. I propose looking back this evening to see if there is any improvement. She will be all right until then."

Armourer smiled pleasantly.

"You needn't bother, Dr. Samar. Mr. Battiscombe will be over shortly and I expect he will want to send for his own medical man. I'm afraid I was responsible for troubling you in this case and you'd better apply to me for your fee. Good afternoon, Dr. Samar. Thanks very much. You'll send that chit to me, won't you?"

They carried the planter between them to his own room, and Trevor accompanied Mrs. Battiscombe to the magistrate's bungalow.

It was five o'clock when the three remaining Englishmen sat in consultation round the table upon which the trinkets had once reposed.

"Poisoned by some insect—the exact nature of which is unknown," said the professor suddenly, as if he had been turning the phrase over in his mind for some time.

The magistrate looked up.

"You would give a certificate to that effect?"

Standen spread out his hands.

"Most certainly. What else could one say?"

"Nothing, of course. I was only interested to learn how you would put it."

Armourer caught Vance's eye.

"Well, that's settled. I'm awfully obliged to you, professor. Vance, old son, you can't do any good moping about here. Come over and have dinner with us. We'll meet Trevor and make him join us."

They rode through the trees, the professor mounted on Mrs. Battiscombe's pony. They were within a quarter of a mile of Armourer's house when Standen wheeled round on the path.

"What's the matter?" asked the magistrate. The professor frowned deeply.

"If you young men will excuse me, I'll go back and have another look at Mr. Moberly. I don't expect to be more than half an hour."

When the professor returned they were all sitting on the veranda. Joyce had just come from her room, where Mrs. Battiscombe now lay, and Trevor was talking to her.

The professor beckoned to Vance.

"Are you quite sure of your men?" he demanded.

The planter started.

"Yes, I suppose so. Why?"

"Because I feel convinced that somebody had been in Moberly's room between the time that we left and when I got back there. The body was not in the same position, there was a peculiar pungent odor hanging everywhere—and the mark on the face had entirely vanished!"

CHAPTER VIII

A Baffling Mystery

Armourer felt Joyce at his side.

"I'm thirsting for information," she explained softly.

The magistrate smiled down at her.

"What do you want to know?"

"Oh, heaps of things. Why Mr. Vance came for you in such a hurry after tiffin; why you sent for daddy; why Mrs. Battiscombe fell ill so suddenly—and why you all persist in indulging in whispered conversations? Is somebody dead?"

Armourer started.

"Yes," he felt bound to confess. "The planter who owned that nice bungalow in the trees died this afternoon—very suddenly. There was no doctor handy so we sent for Professor Standen. Mrs. Battiscombe rode

over to see Mr. Moberly, and—well, the sudden news that he had pegged out upset her."

Armourer was not feeling any too comfortable at that moment. He was aware that Vera Battiscombe was in a high fever and a little afraid to what extremes her delirium might carry her. Above all, he had no desire for Joyce to glean from her ravings exactly what happened at Rembakut on the previous evening. In his keenness to solve the mystery of the Crimson Butterfly, he had forgotten until that moment that Battiscombe had surprised them on the veranda and would be inclined to regard the presence of Vera—ill and at Armourer's house—with suspicion.

There ensued a long pause, at the end of which Joyce said:

"I must go back to her now."

She was on the point of entering the room when the magistrate called to her softly:

"Miss Standen!"

"What is it?"

"I want you to pay particular attention to anything Mrs. Battiscombe says about that butterfly. Make some sort of note of her remarks, if you can."

She smiled wistfully.

"All right; I will."

When she had gone Armourer went down the steps and joined the others.

The professor was leaning against a post; Vance, looking particularly dejected, stood with his hands in his pockets a couple of yards away; Trevor was sitting on the ground.

"Have you still got that ornament on you?" demanded Trevor, as Armourer came up.

The magistrate felt in his pocket and passed the envelope to the professor, who withdrew the pendant and held it to the light.

He glanced presently from one to the other.

"Astounding! And you say it was on the table when the poor chap died?"

Vance nodded.

"We are taking Standen into our confidence," he explained to Armourer. "It won't go any further. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not a bit," said Armourer, who then told the professor the story of his trip to Rembakut the night before and all the subsequent events.

"I was so keen on my job," he concluded, "that I actually jotted down what she said the moment she realized that Dick was dead." He glanced at the back of an envelope. "It was true then! . . . They have killed him! . . . He told me . . . The Crimson Butterfly!"

"They have killed him," repeated Standen. "You are quite sure she said that?"

"Quite. You heard it too, Vance."

The planter inclined his head and spoke.

"What's puzzling all of us at this moment is who told Mrs. Battiscombe that Dick was going to be killed. There's another thing, too: we've all of us been out East a good spell and not one of us can remember having heard of a poisonous butterfly—and yet she referred to The Crimson Butterfly as if she'd known it all her life. I'm not inclined to be superstitious, and I take any native yarn I hear with a pinch of salt, but I've got an idea at the back of my skull that that damned ornament had everything to do with Moberly's death."

"You're getting morbid," declared the second assistant.

"Very likely—but I defy anyone to think deeply about an affair like this without getting morbid. Look at the facts: Mrs. Battiscombe sent that ornament to Dick, and about the first thing she did when she found he was dead was to try to get it back. It wasn't the tragedy that knocked her out—it was



the knowledge that somebody had found that pendant.

"If it were merely one of Dick's presents to her, why should she want it back? Who was the accomplice who, fearing that the resemblance between the ornament and the mark would be noticed, slipped into Moberly's bungalow and employed some mysterious chemical preparation to remove the mark?"

In the wierd half-light his long face looked more than unusually sallow.

"Don't you think," he continued, levelling a finger at Armourer, "that in the light of recent developments, the butterfly Professor Standen thought he saw is our one stumbling block to the solution of the mystery? Without that, it seems pretty clear sailing. Dick and Mrs. Battiscombe were about a good deal together. It's possible he may have offended some vindictive native and that she heard him threaten the chief. More likely still Dick might have taken that ornament from some obscure sanctuary to give to her. You know these queer religions. The guardian of the shrine, or whatever you like to call him, could have poisoned Dick, made the mark with some corrosive fluid and—"

"It won't work," broke in the magistrate gravely. "You see, Vance, the ornament was left behind. He would hardly have forgotten that."

The professor coughed.

"And," he insisted, "I didn't merely think I saw a red butterfly. Personally I adhere to the opinion that that particular insect—a four-winged monstrosity masquerading as a butterfly—was responsible for the tragedy we are now discussing. With regard to the fresh complications that have since arisen—I confess myself mystified. You know, Vance, the longer I live the less anxious I am to jump to obvious conclusions. Whenever there are two sides to a question, I like to probe both very thoroughly. I don't know the lady in question, of course. I've been on this island only a matter of days. But I have it on excellent authority that Mrs. Battiscombe was celebrated for her beauty, her easy-going disposition—if one may call it so—and her quick-wittedness. She came up the steps to Mr. Moberly's verandah, saw the dead man and the scar on his face, and uttered a perfectly natural exclamation—'The Crimson Butterfly!' It was a crimson butterfly; it was shaped like one and it was crimson in color. At that point she remembered the trinket and, recognizing that its unfortunate resemblance to the mark would be bound to attract notice, decided to conceal it. It came as a shock to her to discover that the resemblance had been noticed and the ornament removed. The other purely hysterical ejaculations I should be disposed to wash out altogether. What does a delightful, butterfly creature like Mrs. Battiscombe know about killing!"

Darkness fell suddenly and they found their way one by one to the verandah.

Standen found himself next to Armourer.

"How does that strike you?" he demanded.

The magistrate wrinkled his forehead.

"I've listened attentively to both sides," he announced. "I'm always doing it; it's my job!—I've nothing to find fault with in your earnestness or your eloquence; but neither of your solutions is in the least bit watertight. What do you say to a drink?"

stand that as far as the facts warranted the assumption, Vera was not directly responsible for Moberly's death.

When he had heard everything he wanted to be allowed to see Vera, but Standen forbade it. The professor then excused himself and begged leave to see the patient again, to ascertain her condition.

Battiscombe then settled back in his chair and, puffing his pipe, addressed Armourer.

"Well, Michael, your harrowing narrative has almost made me forget that you and I have got to arrest Abu-Samar. That's why the Commissioner was in such a blinking hurry to see me."

"Arrest Abu-Samar. Whatever for?"

"For being an imposter, incendiary, and the Lord knows what. He's wanted in Sarawak, Sumatra, and Federated Malay States—and possibly in Timbuctu! Wherever he goes he stirs up trouble—and trouble is the last thing we want here."

Armourer grinned, as Professor Standen re-entered the room, reporting that Vera was fast improving under Joyce's excellent care.

He rubbed his hands together when they informed him of the latest trend of events.

"Now, what about this expedition?"

Battiscombe indicated Armourer.

"Better consult the magistrate in whose area we now are. He's in charge."

"Oh, no," protested Armourer, cheerfully. "Abu-Samar's your bird—not mine. My men—and my own valuable assistance—are entirely at your disposal. Professor Standen would like to join us."

"Good enough! How about you, Vance? Any stomach for nocturnal adventuring?"

The first assistant, who had been staring gloomily into the night, shifted his position on the rail.

"Oh, I'll come. I'm not in a mood for standing about and doing nothing. Trevor'd better stop with Miss Standen. One of us must be here in any case."

Battiscombe began searching for his hat.

"Then that's settled. We'll push off now and get it off our chests. Anybody seen my topoe?"

As the procession moved off into the night there was a stiff breeze blowing from the sea and the night air was pleasantly cool. The inimitable Kuraman—short and thick-set went on ahead with the lamp; Battiscombe and Armourer came next, while Vance followed with the professor. A short distance behind, three of Armourer's men and two of his colleagues tumbled along with their rifles slung, smoking and chattering in an undertone.

The path led them westward, turning presently south in the direction of the Ayer River.

"Have you got that butterfly affair with you?" suddenly asked Battiscombe.

Armourer started and began searching all his pockets in turn.

"Damn! I left it in my other clothes."

He peered through the gloom at his companion.

"Is your servant honest?"

"As honest as most. Tell me about Abu-Samar."

"As far as my information goes," began Battiscombe, "he's no earthly right to any of the letters he sticks after his name. He began life somewhere about here as a sort of medicine-man and made such a good thing at

it that he saved enough money to get him to Ceylon. There's a gap in the records extending over about three years, when Abu crops up again in Anam. He seems to have dropped hypnotism and gone in extensively for drugs. How Abu left Anam nobody knows. He appeared a little later in Singapore, stirred up native trouble there, skipped by the skin of his teeth to Dutch territory—Sumatra, organized a band of freebooters that fairly terrorized the island—and, finding the place too warm for him, decided to transfer his attentions to Sarawak. Then he came here."

There followed a long silence.

Suddenly Vance whistled softly and the two district officers halted.

"What's up," demanded Battiscombe.

"Anyone hurt?"

"The professor has just noticed a fire of some sort or other right ahead of us. No, not where you're looking; further to the left. There! Got it?"

Battiscombe called Kuraman.

"Kuraman, what's that light?"

The brown corporal shifted his round hat to the back of his head and stared in the direction his master was pointing.

"It is the house of Abu-Samar, Tuan," he announced presently. "I think it is burning."

At the bend in the path they broke into a sharp trot. As the trees thinned out, the truth of the corporal's statement revealed itself. They caught glimpses of a blazing inferno, where reed, wall and sago roof were enveloped in a sea of flame that soared roaring to the skies.

"Spread out," shouted Battiscombe at the top of his voice. "Vance, you nip round to the right and take a couple of men with you; professor, d'you mind being responsible for the left? You can have Kuraman and the other. That leaves one each for us, Michael. I want you to get on the far side. Stop anybody you find. If there's any serious difficulty or you see Samar, fire a couple of rounds in the air and we'll concentrate on that spot."

Suddenly as they stole to their posts through smoke that enveloped them like a choking fog, two shots rang out.

The pall shifted, and at that moment every object in the tiny clearing stood out as in the light of day.

Battiscombe was standing quite close to the house, with his man a bare yard behind him. Vance had just appeared from the trees. A figure, that had lain hidden behind a fallen portion of the structure, started suddenly to its feet and—in that fleeting second—Armourer recognized Abu-Samar. He carried a large basket, held together by a strap, and a portion of it appeared to be smouldering. He drew himself very erect and stood, immobile as an ebony statue, against a background of living flame. An arm shot upward as if in splendid defiance—and the smoke descended again, blotting out everything.

Battiscombe fired again—three rounds in quick succession—and Kuraman, dropping to one knee, emptied his magazine into the darkness.

There followed a wild chaotic stampede, a pause for breath in the immediate vicinity of the furnace—and a scattered sortie into the night-shrouded forest.

An hour or so later they collected round Kuraman's lamp.

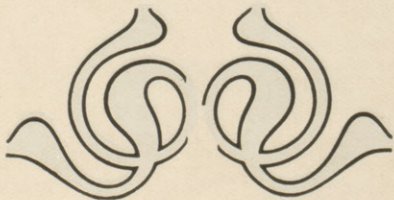
"That fellow bears a charmed life," declared Battiscombe, gasping for breath.

"A very amusing evening," conceded Vance; "but, from your point of view, a decided washout."

"Not at all," answered Standen. "I have here the basket Abu-Samar was trying to take with him. There was a good deal of blood on it when I picked it up and it had been badly trampled. It looks as if one of you fired pretty accurately. The basket con-

CHAPTER IX Samar's Escape

When James Battiscombe arrived at Armourer's he was told, by Michael and Professor Standen, exactly what had transpired a few hours previously. No details were omitted—and if Battiscombe's feelings were not spared, at least he was given to under-



tained a jumbled mass of crushed glass receptacles and—this."

A moment later they stood in a ragged circle, staring down at an enormous chrysalis. The professor touched it with his spectacle case—and the thing moved.

"You see—it's alive."

"Yes," muttered Vance. "it's alive all right, but—"

Standen surveyed them all in turn.

"I have every reason to believe, gentlemen," he declared, as if delivering a lecture to a crowd of interested students, "that this is our friend the crimson butterfly—in embryo!"

CHAPTER X

More Conjectures

Vance's bungalow being the nearest the party repaired there for a clean-up.

The planter was reaching down the decanter when Armourer spoke.

"What made you ferret out that basket, professor?"

Standen raised his eyes.

"I happen to be blessed with a peculiarly keen sense of smell," he declared. "When that black fellow passed me this afternoon, I caught a faint suggestion of something sickly and unpleasant. I did not pay serious attention to it at the time, but a recurrence of apparently the same odor in Moberly's bedroom set me thinking. He seemed particularly anxious, if you remember, to obtain possession of the butterfly ornament about which he said Mrs. Battiscombe was raving."

Battiscombe started.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply.

Armourer flushed.

"You must recollect, Jim, that we all imagined Abu-Samar was genuinely a doctor. Sanden was at my place. Trevor suggested Samar. In the end we sent for both of them—and Samar attended Mrs. Battiscombe."

"You don't mean to tell me you sent that man in to my wife—alone?"

"No," jerked out Vance. "I was there, too—trying to bring her round."

"You were there all the time?"

The planter looked at the ceiling.

"Most of it. I certainly came out for a bit to tell the others how she was; but I was never far away from the door."

Battiscombe bit his thumb.

"Go on, professor. Tell us a little more about your line of reasoning."

Standen adjusted his spectacles.

"Samar was the only person outside the charmed circle who knew Mr. Moberly was dead, the only one of whom we knew. Then we embarked upon our little expedition. Abu-Samar surprised by the swiftness of our approach and fully aware that the odds were against him, emerged from the burning building, clinging desperately to that basket. I judged it to be of vital importance to him, or he would have relinquished it in his flight. Anxious to put my theory to the test, I concentrated on the basket. It had been discarded almost immediately after we all saw it and a heavy beam had fallen right across it, so that I had great difficulty in extricating it. I found traces of there having been other chrysalids—or pupae, each apparently enclosed in little bamboo cages, which were unfortunately crushed beyond recognition. Only this one survived."

Battiscombe stared at him aghast.

"But you don't suggest he breeds the damn' things?"

"I don't suggest anything. Chrysalids vary considerably in their duration of quiescence, and we may have to be patient for quite a long while before the actual butterfly breaks through its shell. If indeed it does prove to be the Crimson Butterfly, we shall be faced

with another problem. We shall have to consider how it is that Abu-Samar happens to be the sole possessor of specimens of this sort."

Vance rested his elbows on the table. Now that the excitement of the chase had worn off, he was once more a victim of acute depression.

"And the pendant?" Vance asked. "How do you fit that in?"

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"I must frankly confess that this particular point baffles me completely. You must not yet lose sight of the fact that the presence of the ornament on Moberly's table may be sheer coincidence."

"I'm not losing sight of one thing; that Abu-Samar killed Dick Moberly—and if ever he falls into my hands I pity him!"

Standen shook his head slowly from side to side.

"At the present stage everything is conjecture. If, for example, a perfectly harmless insect emerges from this pupa—the whole structure upon which my theory is based falls to the ground. If indeed, Samar poisoned Moberly, can anybody suggest a motive?"

Battiscombe smiled grimly.

"If he'd poisoned me, it'd be far more easily understood. I kicked him out of my place yesterday—literally, I mean, and he went off swearing blue murder."

"I'm wondering," said Armourer, "if he meant to kill Dick at all."

All eyes turned in his direction.

"What do you mean?" asked Vance.

"Wait a bit and I'll tell you. Did Dick know Samar?"

"Yes—a bit."

"To what extent?"

"He used to drop in at the chief's place sometimes, principally, I imagine, to try to persuade him to employ him for the coolies."

"Which, of course, Dick declined to do?"

"Yes, but," Vance added hastily, "there was never any row about it. The chief could be very diplomatic when he chose. He explained that he was the manager only and had to take his instructions from London. He also pointed out, I believe, that Macnally was the official doctor and would naturally resent any such appointment, even if it were in Dick's power to make it."

Armourer shot a side glance at his colleague.

"I may have to ask a couple of questions about Mrs. Battiscombe. Do you mind?"

A look of pain crossed Battiscombe's face.

"All right. Carry on."

"Was Mrs. Battiscombe ever at Dick's place when any of these interviews took place?"

"It's not unlikely. She was there fairly often."

"You can't say for certain?"

"No."

The magistrate drummed on the table with his fingers.

"About that pendant. You've never set eyes on it before yesterday, Jim?"

Battiscombe shook his head.

"Never; but you musn't lay too much stress on that, because Vera tells me I never notice anything!"

"A common feminine delusion with regard to their male associates," murmured the professor.

"I'm wondering," pursued Armourer, "whether it could be possible that Samar, wanting to get a dig in at Battiscombe, gave

the pendant to Moberly, knowing that he would send it to Mrs. Battiscombe."

"Meaning the intended victim to be me," chimed in his senior.

"That's what I was trying to get at. You see, professor, I've learnt this evening that Abu-Samar has been suspected of poisoning a good many people, and always, it appears, in a distinctly mysterious manner. Battiscombe can give you the details in full, if you want them. I don't know how you scientists regard Oriental magic, but we just ordinary folk cling fondly to the notion that there's possibly something in it. Probably we're wrong, but there remains just a sporting chance that we're not. Abu-Samar is well versed in all these spectacular tricks in which hypnotism plays a very important part. It sounds pretty feeble, I admit, but it looks as if the actual butterfly followed that image!"

Vance passed a hand across his forehead and yawned.

"How?" he inquired wearily.

"Ask me another!—We've had to swallow a good deal during the past few hours, so much in fact that we ought to be in a mood to tackle almost any possibility."

Battiscombe pushed himself out of his chair.

"We'd better be getting back. Michael, you seem destined to occupy one of your long chairs tonight; I'd better curl up in another. A great deal hangs on what Vera has to tell us tomorrow."

The professor blinked.

"If your suggestion is in any way correct," he remarked, "the next victim—provided there is to be a next—should be yourself. You've still got that Butterfly, haven't you?"

Armourer laughed.

"Many thanks for your cheery suggestion, professor! As a matter of fact, I happen to have left it at home."

Standen emptied his glass.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mystery Deepens

When Trevor found himself alone with Joyce at Armourer's bungalow, while the rest of the party had gone in search of Abu-Samar, he settled himself for a long smoke and read. Joyce busied herself attending to Mrs. Battiscombe.

But no sooner had the professor's lovely daughter stepped out of the sick room than she drew up a chair near Trevor and began to ply him with the many questions which to her had as yet been unanswered.

Trevor moved uncomfortably.

Joyce Standen was a singularly attractive woman, and he found it difficult to refuse her the information she sought.

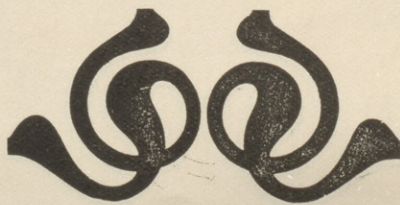
"Look here," he announced presently, "I'll tell you as much as there is to tell, but you must promise not to breathe a word of it to anybody. The butterfly your father saw was a poisonous bug and it killed Moberly. It left a mark on him—as if the creature was all stung, like a jelly-fish. Mrs. Battiscombe had been a great friend of Dick Moberly's and had sent him back a ruby ornament on a chain. We found this ornament near Dick when he died. It was a butterfly and was shaped so like the mark on Moberly's face that it did set us wondering. Mrs. Battiscombe rode over, saw the mark on his cheek, murmured something about a crimson butterfly and fainted. That's about the gist of the story."

"Thank you," she said quietly. "It was rotten of me to make you tell me; but I did so want to know. And this expedition tonight is merely a side-issue; it has really nothing to do with the affair of this afternoon?"

"Nothing whatever, as far as I know."

She started.

"What was that?"



"Only Mai-Heng moving about in Armourer's room."

He remained for some moments listening. "Mai-Heng!" he called.

For answer there came from the magistrate's bedroom a peculiar gurgling noise and something crashed heavily to the floor.

They came to their feet together.

"Stop where you are, Miss Standen. I don't suppose it's anything."

He threw open the door.

As he did so, something as large as a bat brushed his ear and flew past him on to the verandah.

The room was in darkness and, feeling his way across it, his toe kicked against something soft. He struck a match and dropped on his knees beside the lifeless form of Armourer's cook-boy.

The match burned out, and Trevor, with trembling fingers fumbled for another.

A second inspection of the dead servant revealed that he held the pendant in his left hand, its chain of gold filigree trailing across the floor.

Trevor rose from his knees to find Joyce in the doorway.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, trembling.

"Nothing much," he declared firmly. "Mai-Heng's met with an accident. D'you mind just slipping down the passage to the back entrance and calling for an orderly?"

She hesitated and then spoke.

"You'll have to go," she declared. "I can't speak a word of Malay."

"I hadn't thought of that. All right, you stop here—and mind, I don't want you to get into that room. Will you promise?"

"Very well."

He was on his way back from the men's quarters, when a piercing scream broke upon the stillness of the Eastern night.

He completed the rest of the distance at breakneck speed and upon his return was considerably relieved to discover her still there, although half fainting in a chair, staring as if hypnotized at something on the wall beyond the lamplight.

He bent over her.

"It was you who screamed?"

She nodded.

"You opened that door!"

She began talking rapidly, excitedly,

"No, no, I didn't even go near the room. I was frightened, horribly frightened; the shadows frightened me. I remembered that the others should be on their way back and walked to the rail to look for them. As I passed the lamp an enormous insect fluttered down from the ceiling and circled round it. I saw its outline at first and thought it was a huge moth; and then I realized it was a butterfly—and saw it was red! It's over there now—don't you see it?"

She clutched at his arm and a cold sensation passed down his spine, but the approach of the magistrate's men brought him to his senses.

The two black soldiers shuffled on to the verandah buttoning up their coats and looking profoundly uncomfortable as they received Trevor's instructions in Malay to remove Mai-Heng's body.

Suddenly a remark from the girl aroused him to action.

"It's crawling up the wall," she cried. "Look!"

His glance fell upon a butterfly net. He plucked it from the shelf upon which it lay and hooked a small chair through the living-room doorway.

Trevor placed the chair a couple of feet from the wall and mounted it, while Joyce possessed herself of a tennis racquet and watched breathlessly.

The insect had crawled into the angle the ceiling made with the wall, a position that presented difficulties.

To the girl it seemed countless ages before he brought back his arm and the net with it, remained motionless, as if taking careful aim, and brought the frame of the contrivance against the boarding.

The uppermost edge of the frame scraped against the ceiling and Trevor hit a couple of inches too low on the wall. A fraction of the body remained imprisoned for a fleeting second, and before he could make the necessary movement to ensure his capture the insect had struggled free and fluttered out into the night.

"Damn!"

He stepped from the chair, regarding the net ruefully.

She pointed into the darkness.

"It flew out there." She contrived to speak easily. "Anyhow, you've driven it away."

He put the chair back in its place and threw the net on to the table.

Joyce frowned.

"That was the crimson butterfly," she declared.

"I believe so."

She bent forward.

"Was it that that caused Mai-Heng's accident?"

"You ought to go in for law," he replied; "you'd make a charming and efficient barrister."

"But you haven't answered my question."

He racked his brains for an evasive reply.

"I don't think it wise for any of us to jump to conclusions until we've had a look at Mai-Heng in the morning."

"You didn't send for a doctor."

"No, because there isn't one available at the moment."

She looked straight into his eyes.

"Mr. Trevor, why take such elaborate precautions to try and deceive me? I know that Mai-Heng is dead—and that he died as Mr. Moberly died this afternoon. It's true, isn't it?"

The assistant rubbed his chin.

"Mai-Heng is dead," he admitted, "but as to how he met his end—that's a doctor's affair, not mine. D'you mind if we discuss something else."

"Not in the least; but I should like to say just one thing. I'm not for the defence of my sex now, Mr. Trevor. When you told me about the other affair you seemed inclined to associate Mrs. Battiscombe with the crimson butterfly."

"Did I?"

"Well, you did, didn't you? Now this second tragedy proves her innocence conclusively. Her ornament—which you found near Mr. Moberly when he died—could not possibly have been near that wretched Chinaman."

"No," he conceded lamely, "it couldn't, could it?"

At that moment one of Armourer's men came forward.

"Tuan," he stammered. "When we carried Mai-Heng away we did not see it; but we felt it as we put him down. It was fixed between the fingers."

Joyce, bending forward excitedly, saw a ruby ornament on a gold chain pass from the soldier's grubby brown hand to Trevor's palm.

CHAPTER XII

A Strange Phenomenon

Trevor looked at Joyce and there was a wealth of meaning in his eyes.

He waved his hand to indicate to the orderly that the interview was at an end and remained silent until he was out of hearing.

"How does the counsel for the defence feel now?"

The girl winced.

"Rotten!" she returned; "decidedly rotten. But tell me, do you think Mai-Heng meant to steal the pendant?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I scarcely know what to think. Armourer's discarded clothing was lying all over the floor, and it's just possible he left the Butterfly in a pocket and Mai-Heng had only that moment discovered it. Whichever way it was, his luck was badly out."

He rested his elbows on the table and buried his head in his hands.

"I haven't the remotest idea what it all means," he announced suddenly; "have you?"

"How should I?"

"No, that's just it. How should anybody? This cursed charm appears to be at the bottom of the trouble."

She glanced at it apprehensively, while her eyes sparkled.

"You can't imagine any sensible woman refusing a gift like that."

Trevor blinked.

"How d'you know it was a gift? She might have bought it."

Joyce smiled.

"Women like Mrs. Battiscombe don't have to buy pretty things; there is always somebody ready to buy them for them."

"Why only women like Mrs. Battiscombe?"

The girl colored slightly.

"Oh, I don't know. She's just a type. The majority of women won't accept presents of that sort from just any man."

"And you suggest that she does?"

"I suppose that was rather a catty thing to say and not at all consistent with my defence-of-the-sex idea; but I don't claim to be any more consistent than most other women. Everybody in Jesselton was talking about her when we arrived."

Trevor allowed the links of the filigree chain to fall from one hand to the other.

"And you think Mr. Moberly gave her this pendant?" asked Joyce, her eyes on the chain.

"She sent it back to him with a lot of other things, so I suppose he did."

"Then how and where did the real butterfly come in?"

Trevor threw up his hands.

"Ask me another!" He glanced at his watch. "Jove! they're late! I wonder if they've struck any snags."

Joyce was not to be thrown off the main topic of conversation so easily.

"Oughtn't we to do something to prevent the butterfly coming back?"

Trevor wrinkled his forehead.

"I don't suppose it'll want to after that swipe I gave it."

"There may be others."

He shuddered.

"Don't let's get too morbid. I was just lulling myself to sleep with the thought that our friend was a rare and unique specimen."

"Can't we do something with it?"

She was looking at the pendant.

"We'll have to keep it until Armourer comes back, otherwise I should suggest burying it as far away from any human habitation as possible."

Joyce nestled back in the cushions and sighed.

"Doesn't it seem a pity?—to have to bury a beautiful creation like that? It's so wonderful, so utterly unusual. I know a dozen



women at home who would cheerfully risk the trail of tragedy it seems to drag after it only to possess it. And it's got to be stuck in the ground and have nasty damp earth stamped all over it!"

A perfectly obvious retort occurred to Trevor, but he refrained from expressing it. "It's an uncomfortable possession," he said instead, and tossed the thing deliberately into the farthest corner of the verandah. "I don't know that even that is a safe precaution against following in the footsteps of Moberly and Mai-Heng; but I feel a great deal more happy with it at a distance."

"It happens to be outside my door," she reminded him.

"I don't think that matters very much. It's closed—and the others are bound to want to look at it again when they hear what's happened."

He stared into the night.

"Hello! there's a light at last. They'll be here in a few minutes."

Both of Armourer's terriers pricked up their ears, shook themselves and plunged, barking down the stairs.

Trevor rubbed his hands together and smiled queerly.

"Wonderful thing, a crowd, Miss Standen! It's difficult to imagine what any or all of 'em could do if the butterfly rolled up again; but the arrival of a bunch like that undoubtedly promotes a sense of security!"

He crossed to the stair-head and Joyce joined him there.

Making a megaphone of his hands he called:

"Hello, there!—Are you all right?"

A faint cry floated back to them.

The girl glanced at her companion.

"Who was that?"

"Armourer, I fancy."

"What did he say?"

"I didn't catch; but the tone sounded cheery. I wonder if they've brought the black gentleman with them. Judging from the time they've been away, they ought to have arrested an entire village!"

Something made her turn her head. She clutched at Trevor's arm with both hands.

"What is it?"

His eyes followed the direction of her gaze.

"An arm," she whispered fearfully, "a white arm came through the doorway and went back again."

He laughed uneasily.

"Which doorway?"

"The far one—my room, you know—and the pendant's gone!"

He went a couple of paces and bent down, staring at the floor.

"So it has, by Jove!"

She clung to the rail for support.

"What do you think it was?"

"Mrs. Pattiscombe walking in her sleep."

"But why did she take the Butterfly? She couldn't possibly have known it was there."

"One wouldn't imagine so."

She leaned back, gasping for breath.

"It's horrible! I'm so glad the others are here."

"Here, pull yourself together," said Trevor sternly. "You've got to go into that room and find out what's happened."

"I daren't."

"I'm coming with you. It's no use waiting about for the rest. If it was Mrs. Battiscombe, so much the better. She has had the thing before—and nothing killed her. There's just the faintest chance it might be somebody else—and I rather hope it is. It'd help to clear up a lot of things."

He tip-toed across the verandah and opened the door to its fullest extent. The lamp was still burning within, and, on a bed at the far end, he could just make out the outline of a slumbering woman behind mosquito curtains.

He beckoned to Joyce.

"Come on. There's nobody here. I want you to draw back those curtains."

She looked past him like a frightened child peering into a dark cupboard and fearful of bogies, then walked towards the bed.

They stood presently side by side, gazing down at the sleeping form of Vera Battiscombe.

There was not a sign that she had stirred.

She was breathing regularly, there was a healthy color on her cheeks, and the soft fair curls encircled her head like a wondrous halo.

Joyce uttered a little cry and pointed to her throat.

The filigree chain was clasped securely round her neck and the Crimson Butterfly nestled in the gossamer folds above a gently heaving bosom.

CHAPTER XIII

An Important Capture

When the others arrived, Trevor and Joyce informed them of the red butterfly, the recent death of Mai-Heng, and the mysterious transferring of the Crimson Butterfly from the dead servant to the sleeping Mrs. Battiscombe.

Armourer and Mr. Battiscombe were aghast at the news, but Professor Standen listened with scientific interest and when Trevor finished he propounded a new theory.

The professor announced as his idea that a red poisoned butterfly constantly followed the pendant itself and added that all who wore it or were near it were doomed—except Vera, who certainly seemed to be immune. In extenuation of his theory Standen asked Armourer to build him a hut in the forest, where he planned to equip a rough laboratory.

"You see," expostulated Standen, as Michael nodded in agreement, "if *Samar* breeds these insects he may one day let them loose by the million to pick off humanity as locusts pick off grain; and to discover an antidote one must know one's poison first. I shall keep the clam hanging there, cover the windows with netting and smear the outer walls with what is commonly known to naturalists as treacle. If there is something about the talisman which attracts this form of insect-life, the crimson butterfly should obviously be attracted to that spot."

Then, as there was nothing more they could do that night, at Armourer's instigation, everyone went to bed. Trevor, who announced that he had had enough of the bungalow for one evening, rode back to his own diggings.

The next morning, as Mrs. Battiscombe's condition was still serious, Professor Standen announced that he would run into Jesselton the next day and get some appliances from a hospital.

"It'll mean spending the night there," said Armourer.

"I must put up with that. Your own medical men should be here by then, and I know my daughter is in good hands. It's an extraordinary world altogether. Which of us would have imagined, when Joyce missed the train the day before yesterday, that we should all be involved in a problem like this within a few hours!"

Armourer laughed.

"I believe you're thoroughly enjoying yourself, professor!"

"In some respects I suppose that is the case. My small share in the task which confronts us is one after my own heart and I was just beginning to find a long period out of harness a little irksome. If I actually lacked incentive, a moment's reflection on the enormous issues at stake could not fail to provide me with it. So there you are!"

As soon as his clothes arrived, Battiscombe breakfasted and rode back to Rembakut. Armourer descended a few moments after his departure and took up his duties in a sweltering and somewhat primitive court of justice. The professor fidgeted upon the verandah for a matter of three-quarters of an hour, then stuck the butterfly-net under one arm and sauntered out into the brilliant sunshine.

He said little at lunch and disappeared again shortly after the meal was finished.

At a quarter to four he came slowly up the steps, and Joyce and Armourer, who dozed in long chairs at separate extremes of the verandah, glanced up simultaneously.

"For the first time in my whole existence," Standen announced, "I find the secrets of the Orient worthy of attention. What magnificent conjurers these fellows are! It would almost seem as if their normal audiences had grown so critical that it was necessary to constantly increase the wrappings of mystery around their artifices to enable them to continue to deceive. Because," he added defiantly, "they are only tricks, you know, picturesque, elaborate tricks. However improbable it may seem to you, there is a satisfactory, rational reason for everything."

Joyce gave vent to a chuckle that was lacking in respect towards an elderly and distinguished parent.

"Daddy's been forced to change his mind about something," she told Armourer, "and is endeavoring to justify his first opinion! He does so hate being wrong!"

The professor tapped his pocket significantly.

"The crimson butterfly flies to its image like a common or garden moth to a flame." He found a chair and leaned back in it, fanning himself with his hand. "I've really had a most successful afternoon. I've proved conclusively that the ornament and the insect, as we more than half suspected last night, act in concert. Whenever it is free to do so, the animate flies in search of the inanimate."

"It sounds frightfully impressive," broke in Joyce, "but what does it really mean?"

Before the professor could embark upon his explanation, Armourer spoke.

"You say, whenever it is free. Do you suggest, then, that there are times when the creature is not free?"

"Yes, most decidedly, I hope I shall never be forced to admit that an insect can discriminate between man and woman. Since this extraordinary sequence of events began, there have been two victims—and both of them males. Mrs. Battiscombe wore the pendant with apparent impunity. The custodian of the butterfly, the man who discovered the partiality of the insect for that particular type of stone must obviously assure himself as to the approximate position of the pendant before he releases the butterfly on its mission of vengeance."

"Abu-Samar."

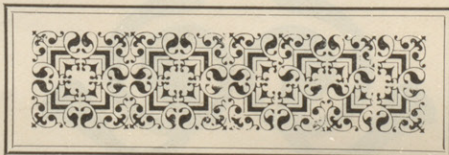
Standen nodded.

"But how do you know all this?" inquired his daughter.

"Because," said the professor, "a crimson butterfly in a rather battered condition found its way to the spot where I buried the ornament. And I have it here now!"

During the week following the discovery of the butterfly Professor Standen found it necessary to go down to Jesselton twice—and on the second occasion he took Joyce.

Armourer had pressed him to do this because he felt certain she desired a change, if only for a few hours.



Mrs. Battiscombe's illness, prolonged as it had been, had taken a decided turn for the better, and in the case of an unexpected relapse Dr. Macnally was now within easy call.

The magistrate saw them off.

"Have a good time," he said to Joyce, "and don't let your father drag you around with him."

"I shan't," declared the girl. "I shall call on Mrs. Anderson and stop at her house until he chooses to fetch me. I know what father is when he gets with medical men."

Standen patted her arm affectionately.

"You shall do just as you like, my dear, and if you care to stop behind until I've finished my task you're quite at liberty to do so."

He strode to the far end of the coach to blow an obstruction from his cigarette-holder.

"Why, don't you want me to come back?" she asked Armourer softly.

She looked up suddenly and he felt himself crimsoning to the roots of his hair.

"I do," he said earnestly. "It'll be rotten up here without you. I only suggested you might stay away for a bit because I was afraid you would have a breakdown. You've been dancing attendance on Mrs. Battiscombe for days and your system can't possibly have had time to accustom itself to our climate."

The train jolted forward and Armourer swung himself off.

"Good-bye," he shouted, keeping pace for some yards with it. "I'd like to come with you, only I daren't show my face in Jesselton until I've achieved something definite."

Joyce leaned out of the window.

CHAPTER XIV

Alone with Vera

"Good-bye. Mind you look after yourself—and Mrs. Battiscombe!"

He stared after the jolting line of white coaches until they were lost to view amid jungle-clad banks.

He tucked his malacca under one arm and turned to regain the path.

"Now what on earth did she mean by that?" he demanded of his inner—and presumably wiser—self.

He was becoming desperately infatuated with Joyce Standen and her thrust had found its way home with an accuracy that was astonishing. Nobody realized more than he did what an uncomfortable guest Mrs. Battiscombe was to a man in his position, and the fact that Joyce had reminded him of this, hurt. For more than a week he had been trying to live down that other incident on the verandah at Rembaku, when Vera Battiscombe had somehow bewitched him into kissing her—and Jim had surprised them in flagrant delicto.

Unless Vera had told her in an outburst of confidence, Joyce could not possibly know anything about that. Lord! how contrary this wicked world was! He had tried to keep Vera and Joyce apart, and, following upon the heels of this desire, Fate had landed them in a proximity that was too close to be pleasant.

He thanked his stars as he strode through the undergrowth, that Battiscombe was coming over to sleep. To spend a night with only the bewitching Vera under his roof would be tantamount to provoking a scandal that would electrify the island!

He was beginning to wish he had never brought her there at all. When she fainted on Moberly's bungalow he should have dispatched her instantly to her husband's house and left it for Jimmy to cross-question her as to her knowledge of the Crimson Butterfly.

As for the redoubtable Abu-Samar, he had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up.

A coronor's jury, hastily scraped together, had disposed of both cases under the vague heading of Death by Misadventure and had followed this swiftly decided verdict by drinking Vance's cellar nearly dry. The Commissioner had put into circulation a type-written order advising all settlers to take special precautions to protect themselves against a new and poisonous type of butterfly and requested an immediate report in the event of a further specimen being seen. A reward of \$250 was, moreover, offered for information which might lead to the apprehension of Mr. Abu-Samar—a reward which, in view of Samar's former escapades (and with dollars rating at 2s. 4d.), was pronounced by the indignant Battiscombe as grossly inadequate.

In an interview with Professor Standen the Commissioner had declared that, while he was instructed by the Governor to sanction and assist his researches for such a time as he should deem reasonable, he was by no means satisfied that the absconding pseudo-doctor was in any way responsible for the recent tragedies. He looked to the professor to supply information, if possible, as to the habits and breeding-places of the new insect, the nature of the poison it exuded and the type of antidote to be employed—and suggested that a month or, at the most, six weeks would be ample time in which to furnish the required data.

The task of hunting down Abu-Samar he relegated to his local magistrates and a sort of flying squadrom of native infantry under a fresh-comer from England, named Lindsay. It should, perhaps, be recorded here that Lindsay's handful of brown-skinned soldiers certainly flew, but beyond that achieved nothing—a fact which, considering their leader's limited experience of Borneo, was scarcely to be wondered at.

Armourer was greeted on his arrival at the bungalow by a short missive from Battiscombe.

"Dear Michael," it ran, "I had intended to be with you this evening, but Fate—and the Commissioner—willed it otherwise. I am embarking forthwith upon the ninety and nine wild-goose chase into the interior. Some optimistic village headman, with an eye to the main chance, believes he has located our friend Abu. Of course he hasn't but that's neither here nor there! The interesting fact remains that I've to go—and I've a devil of a liver!"

"Explain things to Vera."

"Heaven knows when I shall be back, but at some point or other I shall get covered in leaches; I feel it in my bones!—Yours ever Jimmy."

Armourer read it through twice, crumpled it up between his fingers, smoothed it out again and perused it for a third time.

"Damn!" he ejaculated savagely, and wedged the letter between two volumes on the shelf.

Five minutes later he scribbled a line to Vance and handed it to an orderly. Whatever happened he was not going to be left alone with that woman. Since his experience at Rembaku he had a pious horror of Vera—even when convalescent!

It was two hours before a reply came back.

Vance was sorry he couldn't get away, but he was sending Trevor who would ride over

some time after dinner. They were short handed and very busy and there was a good deal of sickness in the coolie-lines.

Armourer stared at the ceiling.

After dinner! That might mean ten o'clock—and it was now barely five. Five long hours with Vera Battiscombe; the prospect made him shudder. She would profit by her privileged position as an invalid to wear as few clothes as possible—and she would commence proceedings by calling him Michael.

What a pleasant evening it was going to be!

The only sensible move would be to go out until dinner; but he remembered to his disgust that she was still regarded as on the sick-list and could not be left to the tender mercies of a new cook-boy.

Vera did not appear at tea, an occurrence which, far from raising his hopes, merely aroused suspicions. Like a skilled general meditating a surprise attack, she was planning to commence her assault at the hour when she counted she would find him at his weakest!

He was having his first whisky of the evening and meditating a hot bath, when the door opened.

The sun had dropped—a flaming ball—into the western sea, and in those few fleeting moments of half-light the universe seemed hushed. Beyond the pall that was swiftly creeping over everything big stars were already showing. There came a timid murmuring of insect voices, working up like a distant orchestra in some frenzied Russ an composition, until the atmosphere seemed full of it.

A great hour this—second only to the dawn and Armourer saw in it Vera's zero-hour.

She appeared to sail towards him out from the gloom, pale, beautiful, ravishing. He could see that her cheeks were as white as marble and her lips as crimson as the fatal Butterfly.

He stood there trembling, aghast at the immensity of her beauty, powerless. She dropped suddenly at his feet and he touch of the crepey substance of her pale blue kimono on his wrist set his teeth on edge.

"Michael," she murmured tremulously "why have you kept me here? What have you done with my beautiful Butterfly?"

CHAPTER XV

The Siren Speaks

"Your butterfly left my possession some days ago and will probably never come into it again," announced Armourer, with firmness.

She slipped from her perch and came right up to him her eyes never leaving his face.

"You are lying to me," she cried hoarsely.

"You have it here—in the house somewhere. I must have it. I tell you it belongs to me."

She threw a glance round the verandah as if contemplating a thorough search for the missing ornament.

Armourer felt for his pipe.

"I tell you I haven't got it," he said.

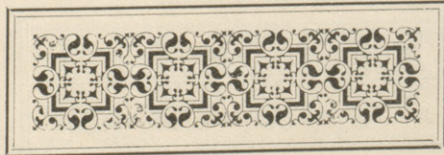
"But you have; you can't have sent it away. You found it over there—where Dick died."

He pressed the tobacco firmly home with his forefinger. He was beginning to feel himself again and was relieved to discover that this new Vera seemed a good deal less dangerous at the outset than the old.

"That's perfectly correct. I found the Butterfly on Moberly's table and brought it here; but it's not here now and hasn't been for some days."

She clutched at his arm.

"Michael! Stop teasing me! You have locked it away in some drawer." She began pleading with him, fondling him, coaxing him with all the nauseous persistence of a confirmed drug-taker. "You don't understand



what it means to me—this thing. It is essential to me for my health—for everything. Without it I believe I shall die."

This fresh attitude of her presented too good an opportunity to be allowed to pass by. He resolved to ignore the professor's advice and endeavor to glean a little information.

"Didn't Moberly give you the Crimson Butterfly?"

"No."

"It came from a man you disliked?"

"Yes."

"Then why are you so mortally anxious to have it back again?"

Armourer looked round to find Mrs. Battiscombe in tears, as she tried to evade his question.

"Now look here," he said sternly, "I haven't got this wretched ornament, and for reasons which I believe you partly understand, I never want to handle it again. The best thing you can do, in your own interests and those of your husband, is to make a clean breast of the whole matter. I want you to tell me how the Butterfly pendant killed Dick Moberly."

She stared at him wildly.

"What do you mean? Why do you stare at me like that?—I didn't kill him; surely you don't think that?"

"The professor has the pendant," said Armourer at length. "He is employing it for some experiment in the little laboratory we have managed to fix up for him. I am sorry, Mrs. Battiscombe, if I have upset you. None of us actually supposed that you killed Dick Moberly. I shall be able to tell them that you were merely an instrument."

She bent forward.

"Whose instrument?" she inquired fearfully, trying to discover how much he knew.

"Abu-Samar's," said Armourer steadily—and Vera Battiscombe hid her face.

A few minutes later she partly recovered her composure and retired to her room while Michael went upstairs to his bath.

After he had dressed for the evening meal, feeling clean and refreshed after the bath, Michael strolled out on the verandah.

As he leaned there, gazing out into space, a familiar sound broke upon his ears.

He drew himself erect listening intently.

There was no doubt about it. Somebody on horseback had already left the trees and was cantering towards the house.

Five minutes later he moistened his lips and called.

"Hullo, there! That you, Trevor?"

The planter's assistant came up the steps.

"Hullo, Armourer! Here I am and here's my kit."

He unhitched a haversack and let it fall to the floor.

"Just in time for makan; we're late to-night. I let my bath-water get cold and Chang-Si had to boil me some more. How are you?"

Trevor found a chair.

"First class, thanks. How's the mystery progressing?"

Armourer lowered his brows.

"Slowly."

"And Abu?"

"He's still at large. Battiscombe should have been there tonight, but he's gone up-country. That's why I sent for one of you fellows." He lowered his voice. "Jimmy doesn't seem to mind much how or where he leaves his wife; but I do. You follow me, don't you?"

Trevor winked.

"She's still here, then?"

"Oh, she's here right enough; though I don't suppose we shall be favored with her company tonight. She has signified her intention of dining in her room. The professor and his daughter are in Jesselton."

They strolled in to dinner.

"And so," murmured Trevor as Chong-Si set down the soup, "the distinguished magistrate has found it necessary to seek moral support."

"He has, indeed!"

He flicked an insect from the rim of his plate with his thumb-nail.

Trevor looked thoughtful.

"Well, I can't say that I blame you. Mrs. B. would be the most delightful woman in the world—if she were a little less cosmopolitan in her tastes. But a flirtation loses half its charm when there's every possibility of it developing to something more serious. After all, there's no particular fun in attempting to conquer something that's in a constant state of surrender. Rather clever for me, what?"

"There are times," declared his host, "when you verge upon genius!—Have some more soup?"

"No, thanks. Now if it had been Miss Standen instead of the aforesaid female, things would have been very different."

Armourer looked up sharply.

"How so?"

"You wouldn't have sent for me."

Trevor stared at him hard.

"Armourer," he announced at length, "you're bitten! You have fallen a victim to the innocent charms of your dark-eyed visitor. Now isn't that just my luck!"

Armourer was crimsoning beneath the tan.

"You are jumping at conclusions."

"They don't need much jumping at. I suppose I ought to offer my congratulations!"

His glance fell upon the bottle before him.

"I say, are we supposed to celebrate an occasion like this with beer?"

"Trevor," said Armourer, coldly, "you are not a genius; you never were, and I see no reason to suppose that you ever will be! You can have champagne if you like; but I can frankly assure you at the same time that there's no need for any celebration. Miss Standen is merely an extremely welcome guest at Jelandang; nothing more and nothing less."

He rang the bell.

"Which means," said the irrepressible Trevor, "that the lady has not yet been consulted on the subject! Nevertheless, I simply refuse to refrain from drinking your health in the only fluid worth drinking it in. Taking into consideration your undeniable dash and elan, I regard the forthcoming engagement as a fait accompli. Tell Chong-Si to make it two bottles!"

The servant shuffled in from the kitchen.

"Chong-Si," ordered Armourer, "bring me two bottles of champagne." He detached a key from a ring and tossed it to the cook-boy. "And, oh—just a minute. You'd better ask the mem if she would care to take wine. Tahu?"

Chong-Si made off.

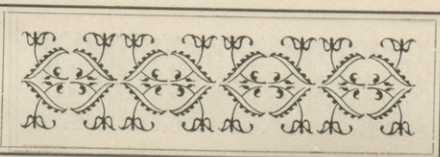
He was back again in under two minutes, a bottle in either hand and a look of consternation on his face.

"The mem has gone out, Tuan," he stammered.

The magistrate came to his feet.

"Gone out?"

"Yah, Tuan. As I went to the cupboard I saw something pass the door of the store-room. I looked down the passage—and found that it was the lady, with something white thrown over her head. She went out by the back door." He placed



the bottle on the table and groped in the depths of a pocket. There was this letter on the tray in the lady's room."

He handed Armourer a note addressed to himself.

CHAPTER XVI

The Hut in the Forest

Armourer read the missive through and handed it to Trevor.

"What do you make of that?" he demanded.

The other scanned it.

"Dear Michael," it read, "I can bear it no longer. Whenever I close my eyes I see him. I see the rocks in the wilderness, the red light from the brazier—and him, beckoning me. This evening your pitiless catechism broke down the last rampart of my resistance. The call came again—and I could only obey. A mysterious something guides my pen and I have had to force myself to write even these few lines. I find it impossible to inscribe his name, but you, who have guessed so much already, will understand. The wretchedness that my follies have brought to everybody has descended at last upon myself. What ghastly fate awaits me in the beyond I know not, but if it is because of my looks that he has sought me I pray that some horrible disease may mar my features before I encounter him alone."

"Good-bye."

"Vera."

Trevor stared at his friend in amazement.

"Holy Moses! what's it all mean?"

"The him," said Armourer, "is Abu-Samar. It was he who gave that ornament to Mrs. Battiscombe."

Armourer's first move was to turn out his men and dispatch them with instructions to scour the neighborhood thoroughly.

"We'll try the path through the trees first," he told Trevor, "follow it as far as your wire and come back by the professor's shack. She's only ten minutes start of us."

The other nodded.

"She can't have got far and the white thing over her head should render her fairly conspicuous in the darkness. Going to ride?"

Armourer reflected.

"No. Ponies will only be in the way if we have to leave the track. We shall be far more comfortable on foot."

They strode on in silence, filling their pipes as they went.

"I hope we find her all right," said the magistrate, suddenly. "I feel kind of responsible for this."

Trevor glanced up at his companion.

"That's pretty good nonsense, isn't it? Jim couldn't expect you to spend your time in her room."

"I know all about that; but, you see, I asked her a lot of questions about the pendant just before makan, and the professor had previously warned me not to do so. It might quite easily be supposed that my attitude was responsible for her flight. You remember what she said in the letter about my pitiless catechism."

Trevor struck a match and puffed furiously for some seconds.

"I shouldn't say anything about that letter. It struck me as being rather intimate. It started Michael, I mean—and finished Vera. And the professor and Miss Standen? Supposing they get to hear of it?"

The magistrate held out his hand.

"Give me the matches, Trevor. Thanks. You've a particularly irritating way of hitting the right nail on the head. I'm not going

to commit myself to destroying or withholding anything, but I shall certainly think over the wisdom of divulging the contents of that confounded note."

A hundred yards farther on a man with a hurricane lamp stepped suddenly from the bushes.

"Who's that," called Armourer sharply.

"Sembilan, Tuan," came the startled response, and a little black private came respectfully to attention.

"Sembilan, is it? Have you found the white lady?"

"No, Tuan-Hakim. The mem is nowhere to be seen; but I have found this on a thorn-bush."

He held before them a white silk wrap with a long fringe.

Armourer recognized the scent which still clung to it long before he had time to examine the texture of the material.

"Where did you find this?"

The soldier pointed behind him.

"Just there, Tuan, but a few moments before you came. The grass had been trodden down and the track points this way—across the main path and into the trees on the other side."

"Carry on, Sembilan," commanded Armourer, "we will follow."

They followed their guide through dense undergrowth, parted in places as if something had recently passed that way. Mosquitoes whined everywhere, monkeys crooned sleepily overhead, and presently a patch of cool air brought them to the bed of a trickling forest stream.

Sembilan came back, holding his lamp above his head, and pointed excitedly at the ground.

"By Jove!" murmured Trevor, "we're on the right track. That's a woman's heel or I'm a Dutchman. See! There it is again."

Armourer followed the direction of his gaze.

"Thank heaven for that!" he announced presently. "We've discovered something! Don't hang about there, man, gibbering like an infernal ape! Get on with it!"

The native grinned and moved forward.

"What the dickens made her take to the jungle?" asked Trevor after a long pause.

"Don't know," responded the other. "Perhaps she's following some course dictated by that scoundrel Abu. She must be in a sort of trance, or she surely wouldn't have left this shawl behind."

Trevor was thinking.

"We'll hunt up a map when we get back," he said, "and draw a line on it from your place to this point and on to infinity. If she's bound to steer a direct course to where he now is, we might follow that line until we find him." He dug Armourer in the ribs. "That's pretty sound reasoning, eh?"

"Marvelous! Any idea where we are now?"

"No."

"Well, how are you going to find it on the map?"

"Don't know. I was leaving that to you. Do you know where we are?"

The magistrate sucked at an empty pipe.

"We're about a hundred yards from the professor's laboratory, and Mrs. Battiscombe in her wanderings has covered three parts of a circle. Rather knocks your theory on the head, doesn't it?"

This sudden revelation left Trevor utterly unabashed.

"It was very stupid of me," he announced cheerfully. "I had forgotten to allow for feminine instability of character!"

Two minutes brought them to the hut.

Armourer uttered an exclamation and ran the final ten yards.

"What's up?" demanded Trevor, following suit.

"This," declared the other, and swung the door to and fro on its hinges. "The padlock's

been forced off. Sembilan! bring that lamp inside."

Trevor, picking his way gingerly, was greeted by an odor of chemicals that set him coughing.

He touched his companion's arm.

"There's a bottle been knocked down here," he said. "I should be careful how you go. Some of these things burn."

Armourer held the lamp so that its rays illuminated the roof. He pointed to a few links of gold chain that still swung from a hook.

"That's what she was after, old son. She plagued me for it this evening. You see, the pendant's gone."

Trevor gasped.

"But man alive, she didn't know where the shack was, she couldn't possibly have forced that door—"

The magistrate waved his arms in the air.

"It's no use asking or implying questions. All I can tell you is that the Crimson Butterfly has gone, that she's got it on her now—and that we've got to find her and bring her back."

CHAPTER XVII

The Goddess—in Person

After a brief conference, Trevor and Michael decided to divide forces—the former and Sembilan, the native guide, to continue the search for Samar and Vera while Armourer was to reconnoitre from the hut itself.

When the others had gone, Michael sat still in the hut, smoking. Five.... ten.... fifteen minutes passed and then he went to the door, slipping the torch into his pocket. Moonlight was filtering through the trees, throwing ghostly patches of jet shadow, describing a barbaric patchwork of black and gold.

He stepped quickly back, feeling for the automatic at his hip.

Some large object had passed between two trees not a score of feet from the hut.

It was coming closer.... he could hear it now.... soft, padding steps in the open.

He hazarded a look.

A vague indefinite body, that might have been a man or even a giant ape, stooped and grunted almost on the threshold.

He leveled his pistol and flashed on the torch at the same time.

A shrill scream pierced his ears, two arms swept wildly heavenward, and a native woman stood erect before him, writhing and moaning in mortal terror.

She was lithe and better looking than the majority of her kind; there were ornaments of silver and gold at her ears and wrists and the Crimson Butterfly, the ends of its chain held together by a strip of leather, hung at her throat.

He caught her arm and threw her roughly behind him into the shack. He fixed the switch of his pocketlamp and rested it on its side on the bench.

The magistrate tucked his revolver out of sight.

"Who are you?" he asked.

She held herself proudly, the crimson ornament sparkling at her neck.

"I am she whom men call Dara, whose home is where no trees grow, where there is

a tall hill and a fire that never burns out. I am the goddess of the Crimson Butterfly."

Armourer scratched his chin.

He stood for some moments looking at her, then picked up his torch.

Presently a smile illuminated his features and a great hope rose within him, warming his blood and surging to his head like strong wine.

"Come with me, Dara," he said softly. "I have been seeking you for a long while."

Arnold Trevor, hot on the track of Abu-Samar's men, found it increasingly difficult to keep up with his guide.

They came presently to the summit of a hill and stood gazing across a stretch of open country bathed in yellow moonlight, pitted with holes, tossed and denuded by some far-off volcanic shock. A hundred yards to the eastward yawned a gaping chasm and, on the far side, two figures had just emerged, carrying something swung from a pole that stretched between them.

Before Trevor could stop him Sembilan had unslung his rifle and fired. A second shot followed the first and the nearest native stumbled forward on to his knees, dropping his end of the Pikul to the ground.

His companion crouched low and, shouldering the rough hammock, pole and all, slid down a steep bank out of sight.

Trevor and Sembilan came to their feet together and ran for all they were worth. The brink of the chasm held them for a couple of minutes, for its depths defied the moonlight and the path by which the others had travelled was difficult to find.

By the time they had crossed, their quarry had reached the trees.

The planter paused by the side of the man whom Sembilan had shot and marvelled at the accuracy of the soldier's firing. The native was still kneeling, his head against a boulder, and it took but a moment to discover that he was dead.

Trevor looked up to see that his dusky companion was still pressing forward, and that he was in imminent danger of losing sight of him in the forest towards which he was now heading. In a few minutes he did lose sight of the native and for half an hour Trevor plunged blindly about in the darkness.

Then Trevor stumbled upon two dark figures wrestling on the ground—and one of these he recognized as Sembilan.

As he plunged with a wild cry to his assistance something swept his cheek so closely that he felt the breath of it—and the lamp, which he had picked up from beside the struggling figures was dashed from his hand.

The impact of the blow sent him stumbling.

Supporting himself on one hand, he wrenched his revolver free from the pocket in which he carried it, and fired into the shadowy mass that hovered over him.

The mass swayed away from him, uttering wild, unearthly yells that woke the hairy denizens of the trees and sent them screaming and whining in chorus.

Sembilan then called to Trevor, who relit the light and observed that the native had killed his man.

Trevor rested his back against a tree and mopped his forehead. He was conscious of acute fatigue and an aching void within, but it went badly against the grain to give up all hope of rescuing Mrs. Battiscombe.

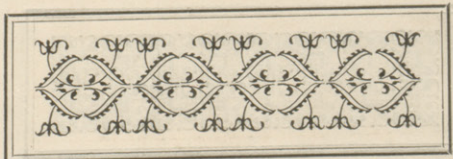
"How far are we from dawn?"

The native consulted a patch of sky just visible through the trees.

"More than three hours, Tuan," answered Sembilan, who then thrust an arm through the sling of his rifle and began threading his way through the trees.

"Where are you going?" asked Trevor.

"Back to the open again. There is no good to be done here. It is not so easy to shoot a man when he hides behind a tree



If Abu-Samar's men come in search of us, there are holes out there where we can lie in ambush for them and pick them off before they find us with their blow-pipes."

The planter hesitated and then agreed.

He reached over suddenly and knocked out the light.

Five minutes later, when they were in the open again, with the stars shining reassuringly down on them, Trevor turned to Sembilan.

"What did you think you saw?" he asked.

"I saw shadows," said the soldier, long patches of shadow that were swiftly closing in on us—and the shadows had eyes!"

"There are apes in the forest," suggested Trevor.

"Those were not apes," retorted Sembilan grimly.

He cast an apprehensive glance over his shoulder and, catching the planter's arm, drew him behind a boulder as a shower of tiny objects pattered at the ground like the first drops of a thunder-shower.

Without waiting for a second occurrence of this phenomenon they ran until they had placed the chasm between them and their unseen enemy.

"Apes do not use the sumpitan!" announced Sembilan, as they came to a halt.

They were staring back at the trees, trying to get a glimpse of the attacking party, when the soldier—who seemed to have eyes all round his head—touched his companion and pointed to two figures swinging towards them from behind.

Trevor gripped his revolver-butt tightly, thinking for a moment that the enemy had outflanked them.

A reassuring remark from Sembilan set him laughing.

"It is the Tuan-Hakim's men," he said. "He has sent them after us."

They ran to meet them.

The taller of the two men saluted and handed Trevor a note from Armourer:

"My Dear Old Thing,

"Use your own judgment. If you have any hope of success, take these men with you and go right ahead. I'll square things with Vance. If, on the other hand, you have come to a dead end, come back here at your leisure. I am sending some grub along. I daresay you can do with it!"

"(M. Armourer."

The second man handed him a basket.

It contained a loaf of bread, some butter and cheese, a tin of salmon, a tin-opener, and an assortment of cutlery.

But the thing which amused the planter most was a glowing tribute to Armourer's thoughtfulness and sense of humor: it was a bottle of champagne, the gilded neck of which towered above all the other contents of the basket!

CHAPTER XVIII

Dara Decides

Armourer posted a man at either entrance to his house, and, by dint of patient reasoning with the brown girl, eventually succeeded in persuading her to accompany him to the verandah.

He tossed a cushion on to the floor and she squatted down on it, never for a single moment withdrawing her gaze from his face. The cigarette-tin caught his eye and he held out to her.

"The Tuan-Hakim is kind," she murmured, extracting three.

"How do you know that I am a magistrate?" he asked.

The girl smiled.

"Because of the soldiers, Tuan, and because once I lived in a house not very distant from here."

"Abu-Samar's?"

She exhaled a wreath of blue smoke and nodded.

For some minutes the magistrate smoked in silence.

Dara was not quite such an enigma after all. She had lived with Abu-Samar and it was probably in his bungalow that she had learned to smoke cigarettes. Already he was beginning to see hopes of drawing her out.

"And yet you are the goddess of the Crimson Butterfly?"

She started.

"Yah, Tuan, that is so."

He looked at his hands.

"Tell me," said the magistrate, "all about—"

"About what, Tuan?"

"About Abu-Samar and the temple in the wilderness where there is always a fire burning. Tell me how you came to leave that place and go with Samar."

She set her lips obstinately.

"I cannot."

He played his trump-card.

"Listen, Dara: Tonight there was a white woman in this house and Abu-Samar called to her and she went to him. Possibly she will live in his house, as you have lived; she will wear the ornaments that you have worn. He will take her to the temple and say to the people who worship there: 'See, this woman is very beautiful, more beautiful even than Dara. She is the real goddess of the Butterfly!'"

The native girl started.

"Great Tuan, I was goddess of the Crimson Butterfly. I wore the ornament at my throat and the big red butterflies flew in the light of the brazier, hovering there to protect me. There were no other butterflies anywhere; only those. Then Abu came and saw me. He came many times after that. He brought presents and presently he spoke to me. He asked me to leave the temple—to go away with him, and I was afraid because of his eyes. I told him that the kiss of the goddess was death, because the butterflies watched over her, and he went away. He was gone for many moons and suddenly the butterflies left the temple and flew away. Then Abu returned and took me."

Armourer crushed out his cigarette and felt for his pipe.

"How did he make the butterflies go?"

She shook her head.

"Who can tell, Tuan? Abu has a magic that is very powerful. One morning when I woke I found that the ornament was gone from my neck. I spoke to Abu and he said that he wanted it for his magic. When we were in the house in the trees that was burnt, the white lady came."

The magistrate crossed his legs.

"Oh, yes?—Many times?"

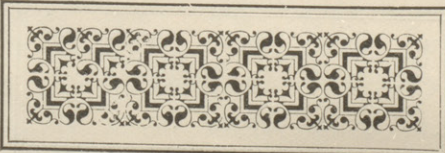
"Only once, Tuan. Abu made her come. He sent me away, but I watched through a hole in the wall. He took the Crimson Butterfly from a box and fastened it around her neck. She was very frightened and ran away into the trees. But she kept the Butterfly."

"Where is Abu-Samar now?"

She clasped her hands over her ears and rocked to and fro.

"Do not ask me, Tuan. If I were to tell you, Abu would most surely kill me."

Armourer leaned forward.



"Dara," he said earnestly, "in a little while you will find here an old white man with a beard who has a magic more powerful than either Samar or myself. We shall go to Abu together, the old man and I, and you shall take us to him. We shall take with us many men and guns. We shall take this white lady from Abu and send her across the black waters in an engine-kapal. Abu we shall bring back in chains. The servants of the British Raj will sit in judgment over him and hang him from a tall tree—and you will be the goddess of the Crimson Butterfly again."

He watched her keenly, anxious to discover what impression he had made.

She squatted there, still swaying a little, gazing thoughtfully at the boards. "Before she came," she said softly, "I was everything to Abu. He made me many promises. He swore to me that with the magic he had stolen from the butterflies he would drive the white people from my country. When they were quite gone he would be king—and I his queen. The chieftains would be grateful to him and give him gold and ivory and precious stones—and I should have wonderful things to wear."

"A king has many wives," suggested the magistrate.

She looked up at him and her face brightened.

"That is true, Tuan; but I was to be his first wife—always. Now she is there—and I am alone. Would that I had waited for her in the hut in the trees—and killed her!"

She rose suddenly and came across to where he sat. Dropping to her knees by his chair, she clutched at his sleeve.

"If I lead you to him, Great Tuan, will you swear to do all that you have promised?"

He surveyed her steadily.

"By the word of an Englishman I swear it."

"You will send her away on a boat that moves without sails, so that she may never come back to him?"

He nodded.

"And to my people in the wilderness you will say: 'This is Dara—the real goddess—that was taken from you by the Evil One against her will. See, I have brought her back to you.' Then one of them will say to you: 'This is not so, for it is written that the kiss of the goddess is death—that he who takes her—dies.' And you will show them the body of Abu!"

Armourer suppressed a smile with difficulty. It amused him to hear this child of the forest dictating to him the line of action he should take.

"I shall take you back, Dara," he agreed without committing himself too far. "I shall take you to the temple and talk to the wise men. After I have spoken, they will keep you there. There will be rejoicing in the villages and they will light fires and beat their gongs because you have returned. It will be hari besar—a great day, Dara."

She stretched out an arm and gazed at the many bracelets that hung from her wrist. A dreamy look came into her eyes and her expression softened.

"Many men will desire me," she murmured.

"And the red butterflies will come back to protect you," he added, calling upon his imagination.

She sighed.

"Hari besar! and Abu will be dead! It is a great pity, Tuan. I loved that man more than all others."

Armourer recognized that they were running into dangerous waters.

"The kiss of the goddess is death," he reminded her quickly. "While he lives the wise men will not believe that you went away unwillingly. Abu has travelled far. Perhaps even he will seek out the white lady again—and forget you."

She trembled visibly.

"Abu must die!" she cried hoarsely. "I see that he must die."

The magistrate tried not to appear too eager.

"I'm afraid so, Dara. In a day or two you will lead me to where he has taken the white mem."

"Yah, Tuan-Hakim," she responded slowly, "I will lead you—and you and the other white man will protect me against him!"

Armourer promised.

He reached over and rang the bell for Chong-Si.

CHAPTER XIX

The Antidote

When Trevor and his companion reached Michael's bungalow later that night and appraised the latter of their adventure, Armourer, after relating his own important news about Dara, decided to wire the Commissioner for permission to organize a regular expedition to hunt Abu-Samar.

The Commissioner's reply was brought to Armourer at a little before seven in the morning.

Like the greater portion of official messages, it was at once highly satisfactory and intensely irritating, but it gave consent to the expedition and provided eleven additional men who were to arrive soon. Cases of ammunition and rations would be placed on the morning train, and the magistrate was advised to have bearers waiting at the nearest halt in readiness to receive them.

The Commissioner was endeavoring to get in touch with Battiscombe, and Armourer was enjoined to leave a suitable guide at Jelandang who would proceed to Battiscombe, as soon as his party had been located, and bring him along in support of the main body.

The delay irritated him. But argue with himself as he might, he could not deny the wisdom of waiting for those eleven additional men. Then there was the question of the cases to be fetched from the railway. The train was due at the halt at ten minutes past eleven. More than probably it would be late—and the goods had to be handled and brought across to the starting point. More delay. It meant postponing their departure until after lunch, and perhaps till the evening if they lost their way.

Chong-Si brought in the tea.

Armourer poured out two cups and, opening the door of his own room, carried them to where Trevor was sleeping. The planter stirred as the mosquito curtains parted, and looked up sleepily.

"Hullo, old son!"

"Hullo," responded the magistrate. "How d'you feel?"

Trevor sat up.

"O.K. thanks. What's the time?"

"Somewhere around half past seven."

Trevor slid his feet to the ground and took his cup. He stirred it thoughtfully.

"Suppose we'll be pushing off soon?"

Armourer shook his head.

"I don't see the slightest hope of starting before evening. Stewart wants me to wait for my relief to arrive. That in itself is damnably annoying, but he's bringing us eleven men, for which I suppose we ought to be thankful. Then there's a lot of junk to be fetched from the railway. It won't be there before eleven and I thought, if you don't mind, that you might take the bearers over and see that they won't hang about on the way."

Trevor felt for the slippers he had brought over in his haversack. "Right you are! I'm game."

"I shall leave two of my own fellows with the new chap and a third to join Battiscombe and bring him along after us as soon as the Commissioner locates him. That leaves us

fifteen men—eleven of Lindsay's and four of mine. Jimmy's probably taken half a dozen on his little jaunt, so we ought to have ample for the job."

Trevor blinked.

"Got plenty of ammunition?"

"I've an air supply already—and there's more on the way."

"And the brown girl?"

Armourer nodded his head towards the verandah.

"She's still out there. As far as I can gather she seems fit and shows no signs of wanting to go back on her bargain."

He took Trevor's empty cup and, having disembarrassed himself of both, perched himself on the foot of the bed.

"I've been trying to reason myself into a sensible state of mind regarding Mrs. Battiscombe's predicament," he continued. "She was only convalescent when she bolted from here, and, although Jimmy insists that she has a wonderful constitution, I'm convinced that this last experience has brought on the fever again."

"Yes," agreed Trevor, "I fancy you're right there. But even if she went away in some sort of a trance, she must have come to her senses by now, and be scared into the bargain."

The magistrate placed a hand on either knee.

"That's just how I figure it out. You see, Trevor, that all this confounded delay, although intensely annoying, means that we shall have time to collect our wits and organize. We shall move as a well-equipped, well-provisioned column, instead of straggling along in little detachments that might come to grief, if suddenly surrounded and cut off by Samar's men."

Trevor began spreading the contents of his haversack over the bed. "I'll get dressed at once," he announced, "and you'd better turn in for a spell."

Armourer smiled.

"I shan't attempt to sleep before lunch," he said. "If by that time I see no prospect of an early departure, I may try and squeeze in a couple of hours. There's a deuce of a lot of spade-work to be got through yet."

The planter was surveying his mud-stained garments of the night before.

"I'm afraid I'll have to borrow some clothes. If you happen to have a suit that's shrunk in the wash so much the better! You're a good deal bigger than I am."

"I'll see what Chong-Si can do for you," laughed the magistrate.

He shouted for the servant who appeared at the door.

"The Tuan Trevor wants some clothes," said his master. "Bring everything you can find and let him choose for himself."

The Chinaman reflected for a moment and began pulling open drawers and diving into the inner mysteries of a zinc-lined trunk.

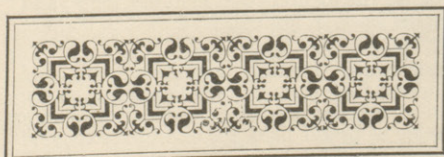
When Trevor met the train he found not only the cases he had come there to collect, but the genial professor and his pretty daughter.

Standen was in great spirits.

"Morning, Trevor," he shouted from the coach.

"So you've been raked into this little affair too?"

The younger man hurried forward to assist Joyce.



As soon as both were on terra firma, Trevor turned to Standen.

"You know what's happened?" he suggested.

The professor nodded.

"The Commissioner sent me news last night, and I made arrangements to return immediately. It's a regrettable state of affairs, of course, and I feel extremely anxious about Mrs. Battiscombe, but the incident has brought the Samar business to a head, and I suppose that's something."

"Give me your barang," said Trevor; "my men can carry it up with the rest of the stuff. How d'you do, Miss Standen? You've arrived just in time to see the start of what promises to be a really interesting adventure."

A man poked his head from a window and called.

"Say, Trevor, tell Armourer that young Lindsay with the reinforcements is on his way now and should be at his place this afternoon. He'll understand."

The planter waved an arm.

"All right, Barnes, and many thanks. He'll be glad to hear it. You keeping fit?"

"Fit as a fiddle. You look well."

The train moved on.

They were on their way up the slope with a straggling line of bearers behind them, when the professor spoke again.

"I suppose there is such a thing as luck," he declared suddenly. "Abu-Samar's had it all on his side up to within the last couple of days—and now it's swung around to ours."

Trevor glanced up sharply, a puzzled expression on his face. "It's swung round, has it?"

"Absolutely." He tapped a large water-bottle which was slung from his shoulder on a leather strap. "Everything depends on the contents of this flask. I hit on it yesterday, after countless futile experiments. Joyce and I are joining your expedition—myself because I believe my presence is essential, and my daughter because she refuses point blank to be left behind."

Trevor gasped. "You don't mean to say you've found an antidote?"

"There's not the least doubt about it."

Joyce laughed.

"Poor old daddy!" she said. "He's so pleased with himself. Everybody's been praising him and trotting round after him—and he does just love being praised and trotted round after!"

The professor shook his head delightedly.

"There's a daughter for you, Mr. Trevor! Her sole object in existence is to hold her poor old father up to ridicule—but we've found the antidote, my boy, and that's all that really matters."

Lindsay reached Jelandang at four and at five-thirty Armourer rode out at the head of his column, with a fierce sun on its downward course and a pleasant breeze shaking the top-most leaves of the palms.

Joyce rode between her father and Trevor, and Lindsay leaning over the verandah rail with two rebellious terriers tethered beside him, watched them off.

CHAPTER XX

In Samar's Clutches

When Vera Battiscombe came to her senses, she found herself lying on a sort of hammock made from the entire skin of some animal and fastened at either end to a wooden frame by means of leathern thongs.

Presently she raised herself on her arms and endeavored, from a mingling of memories, thoughts and fears, to discover something that might account for her presence in so primitive a dwelling.

At the foot of her bed, a strip of matting concealed what she surmised to be the only

door; there were no windows and the light filtered in through great chinks in the walls and gaps in the thatching above.

The atmosphere was one of intense heat and from somewhere close at hand came the incessant buzzing of flies.

She sank back again, one hand pressed to her forehead, and tried to think.

Gradually, as she groped for a starting-point, the picture of Joyce's room in Armourer's bungalow built itself up before her. How had she come to leave it? A Chinaman had brought her food—that would be Chong-Si. She had found a pencil and written, and presently she had gone out. She remembered that it was dark and that there were stars. She remembered being frightened under the trees when she found that she had lost her way, and a queer house with an open door. Something had made her enter. She had been looking for something—something which persisted in eluding her.

"The Crimson Butterfly!" she exclaimed aloud—and then laughed at her own folly in voicing what must have been an absurd hallucination—a dream-phantom.

She looked at her clothes. They were stained, crumpled and torn, and, except for her shoes, she was in outdoor attire. Becoming curiously scrupulous as to details, she stared round in search of those shoes. She looked at the stool. There was something lying on it that she had not noticed before. She leaned forward. It appeared to be a hat—a red hat with a black tassel. She wanted to go over to it and examine it, but her initial attempts to gain her feet sent her staggering stupidly back on to the couch.

She laughed weakly and suddenly dissolved into tears, her face buried in her hands.

Presently she choked down her sobs, summoned all the strength at her command and made a further effort. This time she stumbled on to her hands, pushed herself up again and finally fell in a heap to the floor, setting the entire building rocking.

She crawled the remainder of the distance and was within an ace of touching the hat when horror seized her and she shrank from it as from some ghastly apparition.

It was a red fez!

Abu-Samar! Where had she heard that name before?

She had gone to his house; but not this house. There were orange colored curtains and a cedar-wood box brimming over with precious ornaments that glistened and sparkled in the light. He had given her a Crimson Butterfly—a ruby thing with emerald eyes, on a chain of gold filigree. He had clasped it round her neck—and she had run away, leading her pony after her. There was a blank here which she strove to fill. She had lost that ornament somehow, found it, then lost it again. That was why she had wandered out that night into the trees. She went into the hut because she thought it was there. Somebody had told her it would be there.

She had wandered from the hut again into the open and shrunk back into the shelter of a big tree. She had been very tired, had sunk to the ground exhausted. After that she remembered little, save a sensation of being whirled into the air by some mysterious force—and rocked into a deep sleep.

A sense of unutterable loneliness gripped her, and, creeping over on all fours, she drew back the matting from the opening. The scene that met her eyes startled her.

The hut in which she was revealed itself as a tree dwelling, a crazy crow's-nest, nestling among the branches, with a flimsy ladder leading down to the ground, twenty or more feet below. Beneath her was the long thatched roof of another building, to her right a few more trees—and then, stretching to the horizon, a wilderness of moss-clad boulders, over the whole expanse of which no living thing was visible.

The mystery was deepening. The landscape was entirely strange to her. How had she crossed that cheerless desert—and why?

She thrust her head and shoulders forward cautiously, trying to see what was at the foot of the ladder—and drew herself quickly out of sight again.

She had seen a colossal native, immobile as an ebony statue, with a parang sheathed at his side and a spear-shaft nestling in the crook of his arm!

She was a prisoner. Abu-Samar's prisoner, for there on the stool was irrefutable evidence.

As he had prophesied at their first meeting, she had walked from her own people—and come to him, apparently of her own accord, but in reality in obedience to an insistent command that he had somehow succeeded in transmitting through space. He had plagued her, tormented her, haunted her sleeping and waking hours until all the barriers of her resistance had been broken down.

Contrite now and immeasurably sorry for herself, she saw the Gehenna that her own follies had wrought, stretched out her arms to the cruel flames, recognizing them, acknowledging the right to envelop her. She had been faithless—faithless to Jim, faithless in a more limited degree to Dick Moberly, who had paid bitterly for his infatuation. Her thirst for conquest, her recklessness, her mad desire to employ her beauty to ensnare every decent man who came in her way, had brought her to this.

She beat her forehead with her clenched fists in her misery. If there were indeed a kind fate of any sort watching over her, she promised it that, in the unlikely event of being snatched from the horror that threatened her, she would act squarely with Jim for as long as she lived.

And then she fell the victim to another mood.

After all, a voice within her argued there must have been countless women more culpable than she who had never been called upon to face the consequence of their misdeeds like this. The instincts that had impelled her to embark upon the course she had followed were inherited ones, her looks had been given her at birth, the climate that gave men fever had been her inspiration. This Samar, this primeval savage, masquerading in civilized attire, had planted himself deliberately in her path, shaking her limited world from its very foundations.

The thought of him made her shudder. She remembered the loathsome touch of his fingers when he gave her the crimson pendant, and she was in his power!

She gazed round her helplessly.

She must do something, feign sickness, madness, anything! She ran her fingers madly through her hair, disheveling it until she imagined it encircled her head like an unkempt mop.

She must disfigure herself, make herself so distasteful to him that he would recoil from her.

She wondered if anywhere among that pile under the sacking there were a mirror.

She was about to make for it when the sound of voices below brought her to a standstill. Her heart beating a devil's tattoo, she listened.

Abu-Samar! The soft tones were surely his and the queer guttural utterances those of the sentry outside. Somebody was coming up the ladder.

For seconds she remained there, rooted to the spot. Suddenly with a great effort, she threw off the incubus that held her there, and creeping back to her couch, drew the blanket over her.

Frightened—horribly, genuinely frightened—she watched through half-closed lids as the strip of matting swung upwards, revealing a triangle of bright light across which extended an arm in a blue serge sleeve.

Abu-Samar, bending almost double, came into the room and the matting dropped back into place.

CHAPTER XXI

A Death Struggle

It was five days since the punitive force had left Jelandang, and during all that time Armourer had never let the brown girl out of his sight.

Night and day they had pressed forward, halting only to ease the bearers when the sun was at its height, and, of the European members of the party, only Joyce had enjoyed more than a few moments of sleep. They had made a rough hammock for her which the magistrate's men carried in turn.

Battiscombe's expedition came tip with them as they paused in the last belt of trees before descending in skirmishing order upon the stretch of open land in which Dara assured them Abu-Samar's hiding-place lay.

Upon learning of his approach, Armourer himself went back to meet his colleague, taking the native girl with him.

He sighted Battiscombe, still red of face and decidedly thinner, marching at the head of a ragged line of troops and natives. In a few words he told him of his wife's disappearance with Abu-Samar.

Battiscombe staggered back as if he had been struck.

"Gone to Abu-Samar!" he echoed, and caught the other's arm. "How did this happen? What in the name of heaven were you doing to let her go?—Good Lord, man! I left her in your charge."

"I know that. Trevor was dining with me when she went. She had decided to take dinner in her room and Chong-Si was looking after the three of us. He came in suddenly with the news that the men had gone out—and brought me a note from her. We didn't stop to do anything, but dispatched every man we could lay our hands on to look for her, and joined in the hunt ourselves. I collared Dara—the woman I have here now. I cabled Jesselton for instructions, spent the whole night organizing an expedition, and have been on the go ever since."

He could not see his friend's face—it was hidden in his hands.

"Good God!" he muttered, and then: "Poor little woman!"

He squared his shoulders and turned fiercely on Armourer.

"We must get back; don't you understand? We must move now."

"I know," returned Armourer. "We're only waiting for you."

They left both bearers and horses in the forest. Joyce was to follow a little after the main body, with her father, Trevor and two of Armourer's men. The remainder spread out like a fan—Michael and the girl in the centre, Battiscombe on the right and Corporal Kuraman on the extreme left.

They had covered about three hundred yards when they noticed Samar retreating with Vera in the distance. A large force of natives sprang suddenly into being, emerging from behind the cover of the boulders, and greeted the attacking party with wild, defiant yells, followed by a shower of darts.

"Drop!" yelled Armourer, "drop down, all of you. Don't fire wildly; pick out your men!"

He snatched a rifle from the soldier who was nearest and dropped a big native before he could draw back into cover.

The battle had opened. Shots rang out on all sides, bullets found their mark, flattened themselves against boulders or whined plaintively on into space. The natives replied vigorously, sending over showers of darts with so reckless a profusion that Armourer smiled grimly to himself.

At the end of the fourth big hostile shower, he waved his handkerchief and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Fix bayonets! Up—all of you—and let 'em have it!"

There were casualties then—three of them, but they had the satisfaction as they ran, crouching low, to see big bunches of men break from cover and scuttle like rabbits, tumbling one over the other.

A hundred yards and the Government troops had flattened out again, preceding their antagonists by minutes and wreaking fearful havoc before the knots had gained time to disperse.

A couple more similar manoeuvres, and blow-pipes had been flung aside for parangs and kris. A brief determined stand, and the rout which Armourer had fervently hoped for began to set in.

At the fall of darkness, Armourer's whistle brought together Battiscombe and twelve men, and a few moments later the professor's little rear-guard joined them.

"Better see what's inside that long hut over there," Battiscombe suggested—and they moved forward again.

They advanced warily until the clump of trees and the building which ran beneath were completely encircled.

It was a long hut with a door at either end. Armourer tried the nearest one without success, but Trevor, who had moved round to the far side, called out:

"I say, you fellows, we can get in here; it's propped open."

Armurer selected three men, sent them forward to reconnoitre, and joined Trevor. "Be careful how you go; there may be a trick here." He remembered suddenly that he had not noticed Battiscombe for some minutes.

"Seen Jimmy, anybody?" he asked.

"Yes," said Trevor, "I caught sight of him a short while back. He was sending one of the fellows up that ladder to see if the shack up there was inhabited."

Armurer shouted for a lamp.

As soon as one was brought, he kicked open the door and, holding it open with one hand, stepped inside.

Trevor was at his heels.

The planter, who was staring round curiously, suddenly uttered a cry.

"Look out! There's one of those confounded butterflies!"

He made a shot at it with his hat and it fluttered past Armourer, who snatched up the piece of wood that had held the door open and knocked it to the ground. Before he could put his foot on it, it had crawled out into the darkness.

"Standen," he cried at the top of his voice, "one of Samar's insects has got loose." He held the lamp through the doorway. "I don't see it anywhere, but I know I hit it."

He stepped back into the hut and the door swung to behind him.

There was something unpleasantly definite about the way it closed that made Armourer attempt to open it again. He tried it several times, then picked up the lamp and held it close to the lock.

"What's up?" asked his companion.

Armurer looked at him.

"We're locked in, old son, like the pair of idiots we are."

The planter shrugged his shoulders.

"It's not made of cast-iron; we can soon break our way out."

Armurer made his way down the centre of the building.

"It's not that that worries me," he informed him, "but the fact that there may be a lot of unpleasant surprises in store for us before we can break out. Lord! what's all this?"

He held the lamp until its light fell upon tier upon tier of broadwood on trays, strewn with freshly-picked green leaves.

Trevor possessed himself of a leaf and, dropping it quickly, put his foot on it.

"Caterpillars," he declared. "Nasty striped things, with horns!"

Armurer stuck an empty pipe between his teeth.

"I tell you what, old son," he said, "we've struck an uncommonly pleasant little packet this time; we're in his breeding-house!"

The color left Trevor's cheeks.

"What's that?"

"This is where he breeds the crimson butterflies."

CHAPTER XXII

Battiscombe Brings News

The planter turned on his heel.

"In that case we'd better get out before they make nasty-looking patterns all over us. I'll see how a round or two'll influence his patent lock."

"All right," returned the magistrate, "carry on with it. I'm going to see what there is at the far end." He blundered into a wooden partition and opened the door it contained carefully. There was a light inside, and he set down his lamp on the floor behind him. His automatic and his face came into the opening together, and, as they did so, he caught sight of a figure standing erect, one hand on a wooden bar. It was Dr. Abu-Samar.

"Hands up, Abu!" said the Englishman coolly. "I've got you."

"Not yet, O Englishman!" came the muttered reply, and at that instant the light went out.

It was only then that he realized why Samar had waited.

The walls were lined with countless small cages, all of which were now open, and the air was alive with the flapping of wings.

He plunged quickly to his knees, and drawing himself through the aperture of the trap, thrust in an arm and pulled the boarding back into place. As he did so he felt a sharp burning sensation at his wrist. He crushed the butterfly against the outer wall, but already the damage was done.

His shout brought a soldier to the spot, and almost immediately afterwards the professor, Joyce and Trevor.

They found him pitched forward on to his arms, and in those last few seconds of consciousness he recognized them.

"They are all in there," he muttered, "the butterflies—don't open anything—Samar got out first—one of the brutes stung me."

He rolled over on his side, and the professor felt for his hypodermic syringe.

Acting on the professor's instructions, they brought down the rough bed that had been Vera Battiscombe's couch such a short time before, and laid Armourer on it.

The bearers, led by a runner, had already joined the main body, and a brown canvas tent was quickly erected over the sick man.

Thereafter Trevor—in the absence of Battiscombe, who had mysteriously disappeared—took charge.

Trevor realized that an advance into hostile country before dawn with so small a company would be distinctly unwise.

At length the professor came out and Trevor addressed him.

"How is he?" asked the younger man anxiously.

The professor rubbed his beard.

"Oh, we'll pull him through all right. You can't accomplish these things in a few minutes, but we got him in time. Pity that Samar fellow slipped through our ring. Have you found Battiscombe?"

Trevor shook his head.

Standen struck a match and looked at his watch.

"Nearly nine," he announced. "What about some food?"

Trevor piloted him to a spot where a hurricane lamp stood on a case with a miscellany of enamelled ware and cutlery encircling it.

They were lighting their pipes when Battiscombe appeared from nowhere and grabbed at a hunk of bread.

"Jove! I'm hungry!"

Trevor raised his brows.

"Where the deuce have you been?" he demanded.

"A dickens of a way. I took charge of those three men Armourer sent out. We scoured the country pretty thoroughly and eventually got into touch with a score or so of disconsolate tribesmen, who capitulated without offering resistance. I think they imagined we had the whole British army behind us. Lord! they were scared."

The professor blinked.

"Well?"

"Oh, we had a long palaver, conducted mostly by signs, until I discovered that their leader understood some Malay. After that we got along famously. It's queer what fat-headed notions some people get into their heads!—these chaps worship that confounded Butterfly, you know!"

He munched for some moments in silence.

"All I wanted to know was what had happened to my wife. It seems that this confounded Samar promised them a white goddess instead of a black one they already had. Vera was to be the goddess. They've taken her up there now and there's to be no end of a big ceremony tonight. I explained that the lady in question was my wife, the child of quite ordinary human beings, and that I could vouch for the fact that she hadn't at any time dropped from the skies. That set them thinking. They gibbered away for some time and then announced that they, personally, had lost all faith in Abu-Samar and would cheerfully exert their influence on our behalf upon their fellow tribesmen. I've brought 'em back with me."

"This is a time for tact," Battiscombe further declared. "We'll leave half our men here, and taking the remainder with us proceed directly to where this gigantic jamboree is being held. We'll carry arms, of course, but I don't think we shall require to use them. One of the most important points against Abu-Samar is that his new goddess isn't wearing the pendant. She can't be, because I noticed it on the brown girl this evening. Abu'll have his say, and then I'll address the meeting through an interpreter. I've had one or two experiences of this sort before—and I'm still here to tell the tale. Let's see what Armourer thinks about it."

Trevor told him the news—and his face fell.

"Hanging's too good for a chap like Abu-Samar," put in Standen.

Battiscombe screwed up his face.

"I wouldn't like to tell you how I feel about it," he said. "If I hadn't had something to keep me from thinking too much, I fancy I should have gone mad."

Standen nodded gravely.

"You've taken your gruel better than most men, and I admire you for it. I know the state your nerves are in and the effort you had to make to persuade yourself to come back here to us instead of going on after Mrs. Battiscombe. If you'll listen to the advice of an older man, and one who has had some experience, you'll stop fidgeting about and sit down."

The magistrate planted himself on the case next to Trevor.

"And what's your next advice, professor?"

"Finish your meal slowly, take a good strong tot, and light your pipe.—How soon have we to start?"

"I should like to get away at once, but we've ample time if we push off in half an hour. As far as I can make out, nothing useful can be accomplished before midnight. Somebody's got to stop here and look after these chattering niggers. Who's it going to be?"

Standen looked at the planter.

"Under any other circumstances, I should have cheerfully volunteered; but my experience as a leader of men is insignificant and here may be more of the insects at the temple."

"I see," said Trevor. "You mean that the antidote may be required again."

"Precisely. On the other hand, of course, there's Armourer and our wounded men to be considered. I could make them both comfortable before I started and leave instructions with my daughter how to act if either took a serious turn for the worse."

"I'll stop," declared Trevor promptly. "How long are you likely to be away?"

Battiscombe frowned.

"We'll be back before dawn, in any case," he decided.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Trevor," said the professor.

The other laughed.

"I'm not grumbling. I've had more than my share of the excitement, and—well, there's nothing else for it, is there? We can manage all right here—and it's more than likely you'll be wanted up there. Take Dara with you. She's the real goddess of the Crimson Butterfly and you can't very well deprive these people of one of them without returning them the other."

Battiscombe started.

"By Jove, Trevor!" he ejaculated; "that's the ticket! I didn't know that she was the important personage."

He rubbed his hands together.

"If some kind person'll oblige me with that tot, we'll get busy." He looked from one to the other. "If any harm's come to Vera," he added fiercely, "I'm not altogether certain that Mr. Abu-Samar will come back with us alive."

CHAPTER XXIII

Plotting and Planning

James Battiscombe's long experience as a magistrate in remote districts had taught him the value of stage-management where native religions were concerned.

Consequently, when he and the professor, with their handful of men, joined the tribesmen who squatted outside the breastwork, he led Dara forward, holding a lamp so that its light fell upon her face and shoulders and upon the sacred emblem that glittered at her throat.

The natives, who had arisen at their approach, stared in hushed amazement at her coming and presently prostrated themselves before her.

She folded her arms and addressed them in their own tongue, and the fervour of their mingled responses inspired the magistrate with hope.

The girl turned to him.

"I have told them," she said in Malay, "that I was spirited away from them by Abu-Samar; that he is a bad man and that, before the sun rises again in the east, he must die."

Battiscombe nodded.

"And the men said," pursued Dara, "that my words were wise ones and that they would take me back to my temple and tell the others what I have already told them."

They moved forward presently, under a violet dome where stars hung like jewelled ornaments amid windblown clouds.

The first half-mile was rough going, and then, on the far side of a gorge, they wheeled on to a recognized track, which, in spite of

fragments of stone occurring at frequent intervals, offered them better foothold.

They climbed a stiff hill and began descending into a valley where a keen wind met them, carrying to their cheeks the spray from an adjacent cataract.

A native who spoke Malay caught them up.

"We will stop at the foot of the slope, Tuan. On the other side of the hill is the road by which our people must pass on their way to the temple."

"Baik," replied Battiscombe shortly, and pressed onward.

They called a halt in the hollow and the professor selected a boulder upon which he promptly sat. Dara reclined at his feet, while the magistrate strolled off to interview his guide.

When he returned he explained their position to Dara and Standen. Also he set Dara's mind at ease about her position.

"We are moving on in but a little while," he told her, "and when the white men has been restored to me; I shall see that these people believe and take you back again."

She observed him doubtfully.

"If Abu does not die," she declared, "very surely they will kill me after you have gone."

Battiscombe did not answer.

"Some of their fellows have gone ahead to explain the position to any of their friends they may encounter in the road," he remarked to Standen. "If they're not back in a quarter of an hour, I'm starting without them. My interpreter thought it best to get a decent number of 'em on our side, in case our mission got misunderstood and we were attacked. On the whole I fancy he's right."

"It appears very sound to me," said the other.

"We want a good backing," continued the magistrate. "We're not going to put up much of a show, if it comes to fighting, with seven men and a bunch of others who won't know quite on whose side they are. They tell me the far side of the ridge is just teeming with the black-skinned blighters. Wouldn't some of our padres at home give their cassocks and waistcoat buttons for a congregation like this?"

"By God, they would!" chuckled the professor.

"And think of the collection!"

Standen blew his nose vigorously.

"I suppose they have one?"

"You bet they do. Witch-doctors, juju-merchants and high-priests of native cults don't just hang around producing mysteries for nothing."

"What form do you suppose it takes. I mean they wouldn't bring money."

"No," said Battiscombe, "they probably trot along a bunch of bananas, some nuts, or a cocoanut or two—and the priests await an opportunity and dispose of it in bulk to the first merchant that crosses the interior. There's usually a commercial side to all these things. Nobody grumbles as long as there's a good show. Your native likes his show. That's why Dara's position presents complications. We've got to convince the priests—or whatever they style themselves—that she's the genuine article—and we've to convince them in such manner as not to arouse too many suspicions in the native mind. Their principal creed is that the butterflies protect their goddess and that no man who tampers with her survives the experiment. We can't produce a butterfly and make it sting Abu-Samar, and we haven't time to find and dispose of him and tattoo on him a fair imitation of the mark the Butterfly makes when it does sting. If we're driven to extreme measures, we may have to pick the beggar off with a rifle-bullet, just to show 'em that the man who abducted Dara did die, anyway. Hullo! here are some of our men back. We'll fall the fellows in and get on."

CHAPTER XXIV

At the Temple

The summit of the next hill revealed to them a vast circular amphitheatre from the centre of which a path led up to the spot where, at the top of a huge mound, an enormous brazier was burning. Behind the brazier they could just make out the entrance to what appeared to be a cave and, standing before it, three figures.

Packed closely into this hollow, partly in the moonlight and partly in the shadow of the cliffs, was a multitude of crouching forms.

The magistrate unhitched a pair of binoculars and focussed them on the temple.

"Vera's there," said Battiscombe huskily, "and Samar. There's a black chap with them with nothing much on but paint."

Their guide halted before them.

"It is time, O Tuan," he said.

They began to descend and came presently by way of a winding path, to a flight of steps roughly hewn from the bare rock, and ten minutes later they embarked upon the two sections of worshippers at the shrine of the Crimson Butterfly.

Battiscombe was within twenty yards of the shrine itself when the native who spoke Malay appeared at his side and signed to him to stop.

Just above them a man was speaking in the queer, discordant dialect these people employed.

"He says," explained the guide, "that this is the night of all nights, that the prophecy has been fulfilled and there is once more a white goddess at the shrine of the Butterfly."

The gathering was on its knees now and rumbled in that vast hollow like thunder.

The murmuring ceased and in the grim silence that followed, Battiscombe caught the guide's eye.

"Ask him where the token is—the ornament that the goddess should be wearing."

The man raised his arm and shouted.

The priest was about to respond when Abu-Samar sprang in front of him and levelled an accusing finger at Battiscombe.

"It is he who has stolen the ornament," he screamed. "The white man who has come to rob the shrine of its goddess has taken the Crimson Butterfly."

"This is beginning to look awkward," whispered the professor in the magistrate's ear. "Can't our black friend do something?"

"Tell them," Battiscombe shouted to the guide, "that Abu-Samar is a liar and the son of liars; that he came by stealth and stole Dara—the goddess—from the shrine; that the white woman they see up there is no goddess, but my wife, whom he took away from my house when she was ill. Tell them that if they receive me in peace—all is well; and if they greet me with spears, the hillsides will flash with fire and there will be many dead in the valleys."

The man in the leopard skin waved his blow-pipe above his head and presently the shouting died down.

He spoke for fully twenty minutes by the professor's watch, an eloquent, impassioned speech, and Standen mentally thanked his stars that they had stumbled upon a local for their advocate.

When he had finished, Battiscombe turned to Standen.

"Where's that damn' girl?" he demanded. "If we could only show her to 'em now, we'd beat that brute Samar all hands down."

The professor raised a warning finger.

The high-priest was speaking again.

The guide leaned across.

"I told you so," said Battiscombe again. "He's asking for Dara. If she doesn't show up inside a couple of minutes—the game's up."

He began shouldering his way towards the shrine with the friendly native at his heels. A few paces from the high-priest himself, Battiscombe bowed politely.

"O, wise one!" he began in Malay, assuming him to be a man of superior education. "Dara—the goddess of the Butterfly—is here."

The priest regarded him suspiciously, while Abu-Samar, still in the European garb he affected, drew himself erect.

"Battiscombe," he called insolently, "you are a brave man and an optimist, but Abu-Samar holds your fate in the hollow of his hand. Yes, I stole your wife from Jelandang. You can shout it to the people again and again, but they will not believe you. They have waited for a white goddess all these years and, now that I have brought her to them, do you imagine they will let you take her away? In a moment I shall move one finger and you and your little party will be blotted out. I am lending your wife to these people. They shall keep her until I am ready to spirit her away, as I took Dara the brown girl." He pointed at Battiscombe's band contemptuously. "It will take more than that to arrest Abu-Samar. Seven little soldiers in round hats! It is an insult—the second time you have insulted me, Battiscombe!"

The magistrate held his head on one side.

"I'm afraid I shall have to inflict a third insult on you, Abu-Samar, for tonight I take you back with me—to be hanged like the dirty cut-throat you are!"

Samar drew in a deep breath and his eyes flashed.

"Dara!" he shouted to the crowd. "Where is she? They, who say they have brought her back, cannot find her. It is a lie, a trick. . . . Kill!"

And then, as Battiscombe's automatic leaped from his pocket, as grim little men gripped their rifles and a shrieking mass hesitated before sweeping down on them—a dark figure slipped from behind a rock and, drawing a long knife from her hair, buried it to the hilt in Samar's back.

Abu-Samar dropped forward on his knees and Dara waved the dripping blade aloft.

"Greetings, my people!" she cried, "Behold! here am I! I have come back to you. My white friends have brought me here—and he who stole me from you is dead!"

They grovelled before her now moaning, chanting, beating their heads upon the ground, and Battiscombe, darting forward, snatched Vera up in his arms.

"We have won, Tuan," said Kuraman at the professor's side. "The Tuan-Hakin has won—and the mem is safe again. He is a wonderful man!"

Standen smiled.

"Kuraman," replied the professor, "you are all wonderful men—all of you; do you understand?"

And he lit a cigarette.

CHAPTER XXV

The Happy Return

As the dawn was coming up, Trevor, red-eyed and weary, saw them straggling back among the rocks.

"Hullo!" he greeted them; "what luck?"

Battiscombe threw his arms in the air.

"The very best. We've brought her back, unharmed."

"Splendid! How did you manage it?"

The professor laughed.

"We'll tell you all about it as soon as we've found somewhere comfortable to sit and something warm to drink. We've had a most successful and memorable outing; but it was touch-and-go at one time, wasn't it, Battiscombe?"

The magistrate grinned.

"And Abu-Samar?"

"He's dead; Dara killed him."

"Dara?"

"Yes, stabbed him in the back at a very critical moment. We'd talked ourselves hoarse and it wanted something very decisive to convince 'em of our bona-fides. Dara supplied it!"

The last trace of anxiety left the planter's face.

"Well, that's about the end of our job, isn't it? We can burn his jolly old breeding-house at our leisure, and march comfortably back to hear the plaudits of the multitude!"

They all laughed.

"How's Armourer?" asked the professor, as they approached the tent.

"Fine, apparently. The last time I saw Miss Standen she told me he had recognized her and spoken quite sensibly."

The professor rubbed his hands together as he stopped outside Armourer's tent.

"I could sleep the round of the clock!" he declared.

Battiscombe placed his hands on his hips.

"I can give you four hours. I'm breaking camp at nine and putting as many miles as I can between us and any possible after-thoughts on the part of our colored friends."

"I don't blame you," said the other, and went in to look at his patient.

By nine o'clock all that was left of the long hut and its loathsome contents was a heap of smouldering ruins.

It amused Standen to compare the atmosphere of the return march to the outward journey of the expedition. The men, the bearers, the leaders themselves, laughed and chattered as the long line wound its way westward. The fact that their mission was accomplished and that Abu-Samar was dead had taken a weight from every mind, from the highest to the lowest. He wondered what would have happened if they had failed, if the breeding-house had broadcasted its thousands, if Samar had been free to pursue his campaign of hate!

"What's up, professor?" laughed Trevor. "You look as if you'd something on your mind."

"I had," confessed the older man; "but, thank heaven, it isn't there now!"

On the second day Vera was able to ride. "Jim," she asked suddenly, addressing the man who walked by her side, "are you really glad to have me back?"

"Rather!" he said. "When I heard that he'd taken you, I nearly went off my rocker."

"But I've been such a beast to you. It's no earthly use your shaking your head. I've treated you frightfully badly." She rested a hand on his shoulder. "But I didn't know you, Jim. I didn't know you could do things like that. I was so frightened before you came. I was more frightened still—for your sake—when you walked right through that ghastly crowd. I thought they'd kill you."

"So did I," replied her husband cheerfully.

"But you weren't afraid."

"Wasn't I, though! I was in a deuce of a panic, if you only knew."

"I don't believe it," she declared. "I absolutely refuse to believe any such nonsense. You were an absolute hero—a great, fat, dear old hero—and I don't deserve you a bit.—But honestly, dear, I mean to stick to you like anything after this."

"You've jolly well got to," said Battiscombe. "You don't suppose I indulge in jaunts of this sort just for the fun of the thing. In future I'm ruling my household with an iron hand.—By the way, I'm sending my resignation as soon as we get back."

Vera gasped.

"You're not throwing up your career because of me?"

"Not altogether. You see, Vera, the old man pegged out on the day I left Rembakut. I got the news when Armourer's man caught me up."

"Jim!"

"Yes," he continued slowly, "I haven't told a soul about it yet; I was saving it up for you. It'll mean a lot to us." You'll be able to have some decent frocks now and the only occupation I shall want is something to help me keep my fat down!—I'm sorry I wasn't home when it happened, though."

It was a week before Armourer talked sensibly again. He opened his eyes wearily and realized that somebody was bending over him. It was evening and the air was pleasantly cool.

He reached out with his hand and touched a white arm.

"Is that you, Joyce?" he asked, in so natural a tone that it startled her.

She had somehow pictured their first intimate conversation as something entirely different from this.

"Yes, Michael," she said, with just a catch in her voice, "You didn't think it was anyone else, did you?"

He drew her hand towards him and pressed his lips to it.

THE END

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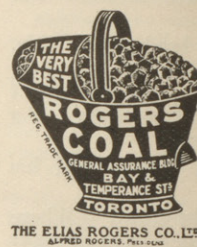
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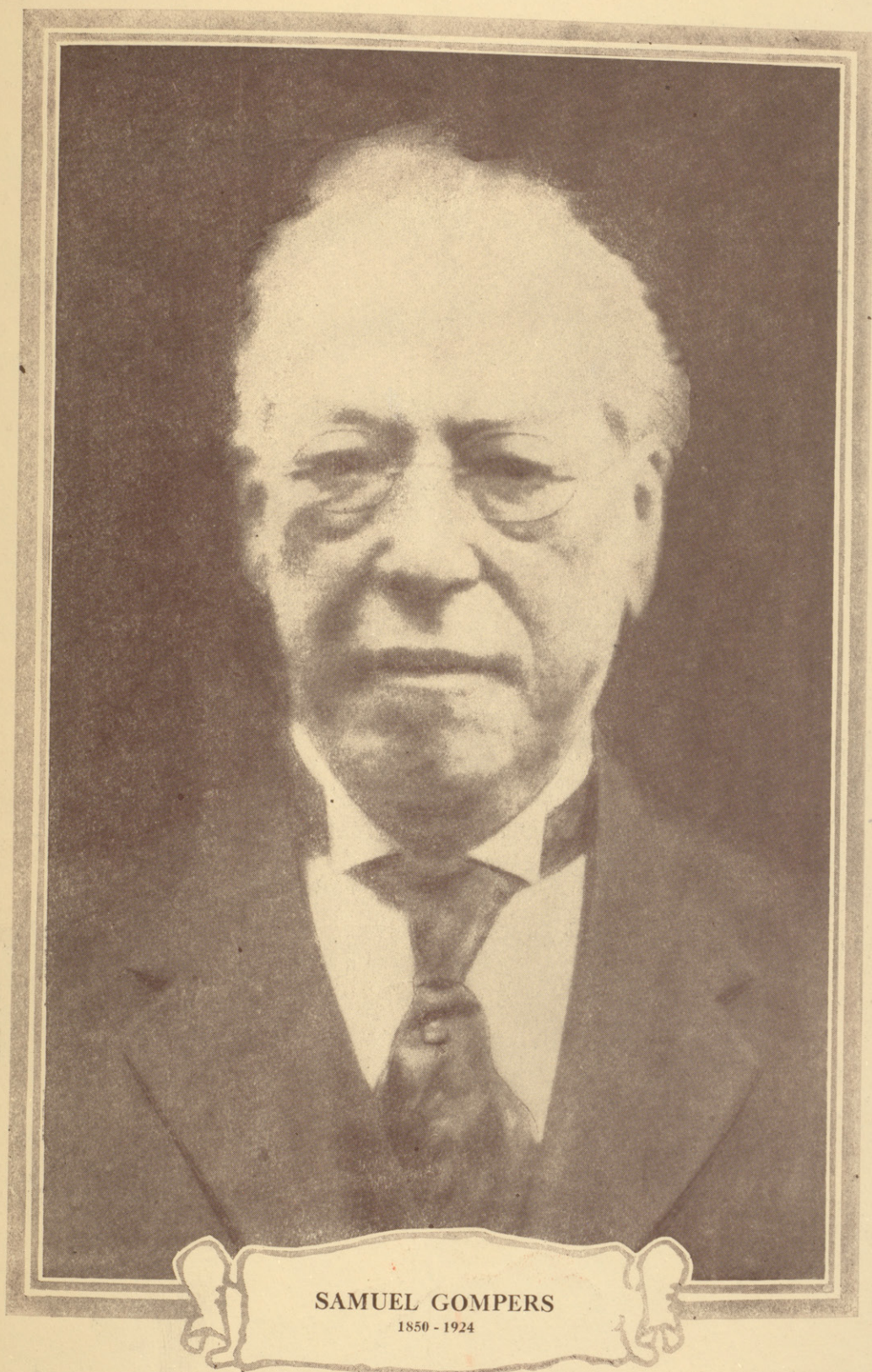
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